

## **Pavilion 121**

### **Chapter 121: Three Lives Technique, Sword Pill, Returning to the Sect**

Sword Nurturing Technique.

The Sword Pavilion had three inheritances: Nurturing Sword, Condensing Sword, and Soldier Sword.

The Sword Qi of the Nurturing Dantian contained sword intent and condensed the sword bone. It could defeat a Heaven Realm expert for a hundred breaths in one go. After unleashing the sword, one would need 60 years to unleash a second sword.

This was the Nurturing Sword Technique.

The Condensing Sword Qi was the sword of the soul. Similarly, it could match a Heaven Realm expert for a hundred breaths in one go. However, the soul would be exhausted. After unleashing the sword, there was basically no chance of unleashing it a second time.

This was the Condensing Sword Technique.

As for the Soldier Sword Technique, the cultivator fused his body with the sword. The sword was his body, and his body was the sword. The sword and the cultivator were one. It was a powerful weapon.

This was the Soldier Sword Technique.

Among the three inheritances of the Sword Pavilion, the Sword Nurturing Technique was regarded as the orthodox inheritance.

As soon as Lin Chongxiao's remnant soul entered Lin Shen's glabella, Lin Shen, who was struggling non-stop, trembled. His eyes shone like a vortex.

Pain flashed across his face, but he bared his teeth and his eyes were smiling.

"Big Brother..."

As he spoke, Lin Shen held the hilt of the sword in his hand tightly. Sword qi intertwined around his body.

The jade-colored skeleton that was locking him stopped shrinking. Instead, it looked like it was about to escape.

"What cultivation technique is this? Can it actually fuse with the Heaven Realm's Jade Bone?"

"This, Old Man Chongyun, you're crazy. This is the jade bone you've cultivated for countless years. Are you going to let others benefit from it!"

There was panic in Daoist Dayan's voice.

Han Muye saw Lin Shen's aura rise rapidly and become dense.

The jade-colored skeleton had already fused into his body. A vigorous sword intent circulated, forcing him to let go of the broken sword.

Han Muye looked at Lin Shen.

At this moment, he had done everything he could. Whether he could fuse with the jade bones of a Heaven Realm expert depended on Lin Shen himself.

“Kid, with your cultivation, are you worthy of fusing with the jade bone?” Daoist Dayan’s voice was filled with ruthlessness.

Sharp sword qi cut Lin Shen’s body, leaving behind traces of blood.

“Be good and give this body to me!” The sword qi rushed into Lin Shen’s body, making him, who was already in extreme pain, bend down and tremble.

“No way, no way!” Holding the broken sword in his hand, Lin Shen shouted in a low voice. Then he raised his sword and did a forward slash.

“Boom—”

The 10-foot sword light smashed into the stone wall, causing a large portion of the wall in front of him to collapse.

“Swing the sword ten million times and shatter the mountains!”

With every swing of his sword, Lin Shen roared.

The sword qi on his body became denser, and Han Muye had no choice but to retreat.

“Senior Brother Han, are you alright?”

An anxious voice sounded as Bai Suzhen landed beside Han Muye.

Shopkeeper He, whose aura was rising, held a green bone fan and protected Bai Suzhen.

Han Muye shook his head.

He didn’t blame Shopkeeper He for escaping with Bai Suzhen first.

There were not many people who would shield him like Instructor Lin.

Therefore, he gave this opportunity to Instructor Lin.

“Boom—”

The sword light in Lin Shen’s hand became deeper and brighter. Every time the sword qi slashed down, countless rocks shattered.

On his body, a jade-colored halo kept circulating.

“Boom—”

The sword beams exploded and the entire cave began to collapse.

Countless rocks fell, and clouds of smoke billowed.

“Let’s go. We’ll wait outside.” Shopkeeper He waved the Green Edge Bone Fan in his hand, and the astral wind turned into a tornado, protecting Han Muye and Bai Suzhen in it. They flew into the sky and left.

The three of them landed 1,000 feet above the ground and watched as the sword beams exploded.

“The power of this sword qi is already comparable to an Earth Realm expert,” Bai Suzhen said in a low voice.

Lin Shen had not even reached the Foundation Establishment realm before. At this moment, the sword light in his hand was already at the Earth Realm.

This improvement was more than a hundred times.

“The jade bone of an ancient cultivator has fused with his body. The danger involved...” Shopkeeper He shook his head with a hint of envy.

Once the jade bones fused with his body, he would reach a higher realm all at once.

But he had to stay alive to fuse with the jade bones.

Not to mention that Lin Shen had yet to cultivate to the Earth Realm, even if he was at the peak of the Earth Realm, he would still have a slim chance of survival.

Shopkeeper He didn’t dare do such a thing anyway.

“This is really Instructor Lin’s opportunity...” Bai Suzhen whispered.

Her understanding of Lin Shen was that he was an ascetic and had some perseverance.

When he protected Han Muye, he was also responsible.

He really did not expect that he would have such an opportunity today. As long as he endured it, he would be able to achieve instant success.

After fusing with the jade bones of a great cultivator, he would at least have the combat strength of a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

“Boom—”

The thousand-foot stone mountain below was shattered and collapsed immediately. A sword beam that soared thousands of feet into the sky!

Even a Core Formation cultivator would find it difficult to resist this sword.

Before entering the Earth Realm, he already had the combat power of an Earth Realm expert!

Lin Shen, who was holding a broken sword, stepped forward.

Jade-colored spiritual light and sword qi surrounded his body. With every step he took, the gravel and dust exploded around him.

This was a sign that his strength was too strong to be restrained for the time being.

The power was so strong that the clouds within a 10-mile radius were shaken.

“Brother Han...” Lin Shen walked up to Han Muye. There was a hint of sadness on his face.

Han Muye nodded and said softly, “Don’t worry, Senior Brother Chongxiao also hopes that you can have the opportunity today.”

Lin Chongxiao’s remnant soul had already exhausted its strength to help Lin Shen cultivate the Sword Nurturing Technique.

From then on, Lin Chongxiao no longer existed in this world.

Lin Shen nodded and slowly restrained his aura.

“These were hidden in that cave abode.” Lin Shen raised his hand, and a jade slip and two small jade bottles appeared.

Han Muye took them and pressed the jade slip to his forehead.

The jade slip recorded a spell, the ‘Three Lives Technique’.

This technique was a technique to stabilize the soul and reduce consumption.

The remnant soul of the great cultivator named Chongyun relied on this technique to survive for 10,000 years.

Such a technique was priceless in the hands of great cultivators, especially those who were about to run out of lifespan.

“I will copy this cultivation technique and hand it over to store owner Bai.” Han Muye put away the cultivation technique and looked at the two jade bottles in his hand.

The jade bottles had a talisman and a spirit pattern to seal it. This was why the jade bottles still shone with spiritual light.

“If I’m not wrong, the pills in these jade bottles must be related to reincarnation.”

Han Muye handed two jade bottles to Bai Suzhen and said, “Pick one.”

Bai Suzhen smiled and reached out to choose one of them. Then she waved her hand gently and said, “I’ll find someone to appraise it. If it’s precious and Senior Brother Han is willing to help, I can facilitate the transaction.”

Neither Han Muye nor Bai Suzhen needed such a pill for the time being. It would naturally be a good thing if they could exchange this pill for resources.

It was most appropriate to exchange useless treasures for useful resources.

Han Muye and Bai Suzhen didn’t dare to open the jade bottles casually. After all, it had been 10,000 years. Without sufficient means, if they opened them rashly, the pills would probably turn into powder.

In this cultivator’s cave abode, not only did Lin Shen obtain a good technique, Han Muye and Bai Suzhen also obtained a jade bottle each. It could be considered a small gain.

After all, without the protection of spiritual energy for 10,000 years, there were not many things that could be preserved.

"Let's go. There was quite a commotion just now. Someone will come to investigate soon." Shopkeeper He looked around and said in a low voice.

Although he didn't obtain any treasures, Bai Suzhen wouldn't treat him badly.

The flying boat floated in the air. The four of them did not stay any longer and left quickly.

A moment later, a few figures flew over.

"There's an Earth Realm expert attacking here." The few of them checked and did not find anything. They turned around and left.

After they left, a gray gopher more than two feet long crawled out of the rubble.

"Old Man Chongyun, and these little fellows, just you wait. I'll definitely take back what belongs to me..." The gopher whispered. It was Daoist Dayan's voice.

...

The flying boat turned around and landed outside the Nine Mystical Mountain a day later.

"Young Master Han, please take care of my Zhenling Treasure Shop's business in the future." Shopkeeper He smiled and cupped his hands at Han Muye, then looked at Lin Shen and nodded with a smile.

Today, Lin Shen should be treated seriously. He was no longer that insignificant guard.

"Old He, you're too polite. I'll definitely go there more often." Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands in return before returning to the sect with Bai Suzhen and Lin Shen.

At the mountain gate, after making an appointment to copy the jade slip, Bai Suzhen went to Suzhen Restaurant.

She had collected a few treasures from this auction that could be sold in the shop.

She also accepted the pills she promised Han Muye and the gift for the Mu family's patriarch.

After Bai Suzhen left, Lin Shen, who had been depressed, said, "Brother Han, that senior asked me to give this to you."

*That senior?*

Han Muye turned around and took the object from Lin Shen. He was slightly stunned.

*Sword Pill?*

It was cold, round, and white as bone. There were even traces of sword qi lingering on it. It was the legendary sword treasure used by grand cultivators, the Sword Pill.

The Sword Pill was also a type of sword weapon. However, the refinement method was complicated, and it had to be constantly nurtured and refined.

Although the lethality of the sword pill was powerful, it consumed one's sword intent and soul energy to activate it. Without being a Core Formation realm cultivation, it would be difficult to control it without condensing sword intent.

"Instructor Lin, this should be the legendary Sword Pill, right? This is a treasure."

Han Muye looked at Lin Shen.

Every sword pill was at least a high-grade spiritual artifact.

The sword pill in his hand had only dissipated because it had not been nurtured for a long time.

However, this did not affect the value of this item.

This sword pill was worth at least a million spiritual rocks.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Lin Shen chuckled and said, "That senior said that it was his sword spirit who did evil and almost injured you. I'll give you this sword pill as an apology.

Also, I think this item is more suitable for you. After all, I have it."

Lin Shen reached out and held the sword in his hand.

The sword was broken, but he refused to throw it away.

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

Now that he had gathered the sword bone, the sword in his hand did not have much enhancement.

He was reluctant to change his sword.

"When you have time, go to the Cao Family and reforge this sword." Han Muye put away the sword pill and said in a low voice.

Although the sword pill was precious, it could not compare to affection.

Since Lin Shen had given the sword pill to Han Muye, he would accept it.

"Also, Instructor Lin, your sword bones have just fused. You still have to nourish yourself more."

Lin Shen's cultivation level was too low, and he was completely unable to control the jade bones of a great cultivator.

Although he had condensed the sword bones with the Sword Nurturing Technique, the current Lin Shen was like a child holding a heavy hammer. God knew how much combat power he could unleash from the sword bones.

"I understand." Lin took a deep breath and looked up at the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"Brother Han, thank you," he said in a low voice.

He knew that his opportunities were all thanks to Han Muye.

Without Han Muye bringing him to the cave abode of a great cultivator, how could he have obtained this great cultivator's jade bones?

Without Han Muye teaching him the Sword Nurturing Technique, he would not have been able to condense the sword bones.

"We're brothers, why are you thanking me?" Han Muye shook his head. Looking at the words 'Nine Mystic' on the shining mountain gate, he felt a lot of emotions.

## **Chapter 122: Breakthrough, Qi Condensation!**

This time, Han Muye witnessed the auction in the cultivation world.

All the treasures were priceless.

He also saw the hardships of the itinerant cultivators and small sects.

A spiritual rock could stump some cultivators for the rest of their lives.

When he went to the ancient cultivator's cave abode, he felt even more deeply.

Every step of cultivation was really a combination of opportunity and danger.

Even a Grand Cultivator did not have everything going smoothly.

Between tomorrow and accidents, one never knew which would come first.

The only thing one could do was to cultivate with all one's might so that one had the strength to deal with everything.

Han Muye walked towards the Sword Pavilion.

"Instructor Lin, you were able to protect me at that critical moment. Isn't this opportunity what you deserve?"

Lin Shen, who was following behind him, smiled and nodded.

...

When the two of them returned to the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao was already at the door.

"Ancestor Tao Ran said that Senior Brother Han and Instructor Lin returned before him, but he didn't see you. He thought something had happened to you." His words were filled with concern.

Lu Gao had a spiritual sword fused into his body. Although his eyes were covered by a black veil, it did not affect his movements at all.

The sword was his eye.

"I happened to obtain some benefits." Han Muye laughed and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

Old Huang Six and Gao Xiaoxuan had just come forward when Patriarch Tao Ran's voice sounded.

"Come to the third floor, boy."

Han Muye smiled, patted Gao Xiaoxuan's head, and walked to the third floor.

He was also curious about what Patriarch Tao Ran had gained from sending the sword to the Bright Mountain Sword Sect.

After all, that sword was the legacy of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect's Young Sect Master and was the sword of Sect Master Yang Dingshan's grandson.

On the third floor, Patriarch Tao Ran and the Sword Pavilion Elder were both present.

Han Muye bowed and said to the Sword Pavilion Elder, "Elder, I have something to report."

The Sword Elder nodded.

Han Muye then told Lin Shen about how he had gone to the cave abode of the great cultivator and how the sword spirit had devoured its master.

After he finished speaking, he looked up and saw Patriarch Tao Ran and the Sword Pavilion Elder with complicated expressions.

"Kid, do you believe in opportunities?" Patriarch Tao Ran sized up Han Muye and said.

Han Muye nodded.

"You're the kind of person that can encounter opportunities wherever you go." Patriarch Tao Ran's words were bitter.

He wondered why he didn't encounter such a good thing in the cave abode of a great cultivator.

*I've really been cultivating hard all my life. But I'm not lucky like others...*

"Lin Shen is considered one of us. He's also obsessed with the Sword Dao. Just teach him the Nurturing Sword Technique." Gao Changgong was quite open-minded.

After all, Lin Shen had already fused with the jade bones of a great cultivator.

As long as he slowly nurtured and refined him, he would be a proper expert.

Even if he did not have the combat strength of a great cultivator, with the jade bones fused into his body, he could definitely suppress a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

It was better to be on his side than to let outsiders benefit.

Han Muye raised his hand and took out the sword pill, the jade bottle, and the jade slip.

Previously, he was unwilling to ask the Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran to investigate the cave abode of the great cultivator because he did not want them to take the treasures.

Now that he took them out, he was certain that these two would not be able to bring themselves to snatch his treasures.

As expected, their gazes landed on the jade bottle and the sword pill. Although a trace of desire flashed across their faces, they still shook their heads.



“Although the sword pill is good, it needs to be nurtured and consumes a lot of sword qi. It’s up to you.” The Sword Pavilion Elder reached out and took the jade bottle. He did not open it and only looked at Patriarch Tao Ran.

“The two necessary medicinal pills for the reincarnation of a great cultivator are the Spirit Accumulation Pill and the Bone Transformation Pill. This pill is either the Spirit Accumulation Pill or the Bone Transformation Pill, right?”

Patriarch Tao Ran nodded and looked at the jade bottle. “The Spirit Accumulation Pill nourishes the soul, and the Bone Transformation Pill fuses with the jade bone. This senior has already prepared everything 10,000 years ago. Unfortunately...”

Unfortunately, he still died.

This was the cultivation world.

Even a great cultivator would not dare to say that he would live forever.

This was cultivation.

Thinking of that lonely cultivator, Han Muye was glad that he had so many brothers and friends around him.

Huang Six was very close to him. He would even borrow his wife’s money to extend his life.

Lin Shen and Lu Gao were brothers who could entrust their lives to each other.

There was also his master, Mo Yuan, who had given him most of his wealth.

At this moment, on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, the Sword Pill and other treasures were placed in front of them. The patriarch and elder did not have any ill intentions.

Ever since he transmigrated and walked into the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he had seen mutual deception. He had also seen the persistence of cultivation and life.

Wasn’t this the requirement for immortality?

Looking at the small jade bottle that the great cultivator had prepared for reincarnation but did not use in the end, Han Muye suddenly had many understandings.

“Hum—”

Around him, spiritual light rose and turned into clouds that enveloped his body.

In his meridians, spiritual energy surged like a galloping horse.

The spiritual energy that filled his dantian slowly turned into thick clouds.

Qi Condensation Liquid.

Qi Condensation Realm!

This moment of enlightenment allowed Han Muye to immediately break through the cultivation barrier and step into the Qi Condensation Realm!

Does this work?

The Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran looked at each other and shook their heads with a smile.

“Kid, if you have any good medicinal pills, take them now. When you step into the Qi Condensation Realm, you will be called a small Foundation Establishment cultivator.” As Patriarch Tao Ran spoke, he took out two small jade bottles.

However, just as he took out the jade bottles, he paused.

Bright pills appeared in Han Muye’s hands.

Cloud Qi Pill, five to six, supreme-grade.

Essence Energy Nurturing Pill, four to five, supreme-grade.

There was also a pill with a mysterious divine light.

That was the Three Yang Nourishing Divine Pill that could increase the strength of the soul. One was worth 50,000 spiritual rocks.

Ignoring Patriarch Tao Ran’s surprise, Han Muye swallowed the pills one by one.

At this moment, he was swallowing pills on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion. Wasn’t it best to have the protection of two elders?

When the pills entered his stomach, they turned into spiritual energy that surged through his meridians.

The medicinal power in the supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill seemed to be insufficient. After swallowing five pills, he swallowed the remaining Essence Energy Nurturing Pill without hesitation.

The medicinal power contained in a pill could increase one’s cultivation base by one level, what more a supreme-grade pill.

With the impact of the medicinal power, Han Muye’s blood surged, and the shadows of iron oxen appeared.

After reaching the ninth ox, the phantom behind him no longer flashed, but it began to slowly change its appearance.

The illusory green ox shadows condensed into a corporeal form, and spiritual patterns floated on its body.

“Cultivation technique fusion, derivation, and transformation?”

Patriarch Tao Ran was surprised and said in a low voice, “Good kid, you have some comprehension.”

“How capable are you?” The Sword Pavilion Elder smiled and said, “Back then, Patriarch and I spent nearly a hundred years deducing the Prairie Fire Sword Technique.”

These words made Patriarch Tao Ran blush slightly.

“Ahem, this Iron Ox Strength’s subsequent cultivation technique is incomplete. I wonder how this kid is going to advance?” Changing the topic, Patriarch Tao Ran looked at the constantly changing bull shadow behind Han Muye.

“Boom—”

With a loud bang, the nine ox shadows dissipated and turned into a green spiritual light. Then it poured into his body and fused into his bones.

Behind Han Muye, jade-colored bones could be seen flashing.

He used his physical strength to condense the sword bones.

“Kid, are you so decisive?” Patriarch Tao Ran said in a low voice, “You couldn’t choose the follow-up of the cultivation technique and immediately interrupted the breakthrough of your body refinement. Such decisiveness is really rare.”

“This is a major breakthrough. If I miss today, I don’t know when I’ll have the chance.”

Breakthrough was all about opportunity.

The opportunity had arrived.

If he missed this opportunity, he might remain a nobody.

Patriarch Tao Ran was very surprised that Han Muye gave up when he broke through.

“Is this kid afraid that he won’t have the opportunity to break through?”

The elder of the Sword Pavilion was calm. He chuckled and said, “It’s not easy to choose whether to cultivate the body of an ancient Ox or the Black Ox Spirit Body, or transform into a Primordial Ox.”

The spiritual energy cultivation technique was still alright. In the future, it would be a path of merging many techniques into one and cultivating many techniques from one.

However, there were too many choices for body-tempering cultivation techniques. Many times, if a cultivator took a wrong step and chose something that was not most suitable for him, he would be very sorrowful. He might even waste years of hard work.

Han Muye had indeed not thought of what path he would take in the future. Just now, when his body refinement cultivation broke through to the Qi Condensation Realm, he had forcefully stopped.

But he had no regrets.

It was just a breakthrough. He could do it anytime.

The qi, blood, and spiritual energy in his body surged, condensing the sword bones, causing other jade-colored sword bones to appear.

An hour later, his dantian had already expanded to a radius of 100 feet. Nearly 20,000 sword qi intertwined and spun like fish.

The vast sea of qi seemed endless, allowing countless sword qi to roam.

The six sword intents each occupied a place in his Qi Sea.

This was the result of Han Muye injecting more sword intent into the swords on the first floor.

The last time he shared his insights about swords, he earned a lot.

When the last pill entered his stomach, Han Muye retracted the sword energy and spiritual energy around him, and the aura on his body suddenly became mysterious.

His soul power began to condense into sword qi.

It was not the Sword Condensing Technique that he had cultivated before, but the combination of the three incantations: Focus, qi condensation, and body condensation.

Mystic Sun Technique.

The sword qi in the divine treasure did not remain in the divine treasure. Instead, it wandered around his body and fused with the sword qi in his Qi Sea and dantian.

The sword qi that had fused with his soul was even more agile. It passed through his meridians and was as warm as water.

Only such cultivation was carefree.

Half a day later, Han Muye stopped cultivating and opened his eyes.

At this moment, he was already a cultivator at the first level of Qi Condensation.

With this cultivation, he was definitely an inner sect disciple of the Sword Sect.

Thinking about how he didn't even have the qualifications to enter the sect with his previous ninth-grade aptitude, Han Muye couldn't help but sigh.

After stepping into the Qi Condensation Realm, he could be considered a cultivator with some cultivation.

"Thank you, Patriarch. Elder, for your protection." He bowed to the Sword Pavilion Elder and Patriarch Tao Ran.

He had to be nice.

The Sword Pavilion Elder waved his hand and handed back the jade slip he had obtained from the cultivator's cave abode.

"The cultivation technique in this jade slip is a little strange. I've already copied it."

"You won't object, will you?"

Since he had taken it out, Han Muye naturally would not object to the Sword Pavilion Elder copying it.

Besides, could he stop it?

"Kid, did you refine those supreme-grade pills yourself?"

Patriarch Tao Ran looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded.

“Are you really using sword qi to refine pills?” Patriarch Tao Ran stared at Han Muye.

“I’m using sword qi to refine pills.” Han Muye did not hide anything.

“You’re preparing to visit the Mu family with Su Liang, right?” Patriarch Tao Ran leaned closer and lowered his voice. “Kid, let’s discuss something. How about you teach me the alchemy technique?”

### **Chapter 123: Secret Place of the Sect, Token of the Direct Disciple**

*Patriarch Tao Ran wants to learn the Sword Qi Alchemy Technique?*

Han Muye hesitated.

*Didn’t this patriarch say that it’s not difficult to use sword qi to refine pills but it’s just not worth it?*

Seeing that Han Muye was looking at him, Patriarch Tao Ran coughed lightly and said in a low voice, “There’s a little alchemy pavilion in Mushen City. There are many alchemy books and prescriptions stored inside. It’s a famous alchemy holy land in the Western Frontier.”

For alchemy cultivators, they naturally wanted to go in and take a look.

Patriarch Mu did not refuse.

However, he set a rule.

To enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion, he needed to refine a supreme-grade pill.

This pill was chosen by drawing lots in the Little Alchemy Pavilion. When he could refine this pill into a supreme-grade pill, he could enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion to read the pill formulas for a day.

The single day was not to be underestimated. Countless alchemy cultivators were fighting for the opportunity to read the formulas for a day.

The rules of the Mu Family’s Patriarch seemed simple, but whether or not one could refine a supreme-grade pill depended on luck.

Since the establishment of the Little Alchemy Pavilion 300 years ago, there had been fewer than 100 alchemists who passed the test.

Some of them were lucky enough to draw the pills they were good at.

However, the alchemy cultivators of the Western Frontier did not object to the rules of the Mu Family’s Patriarch.

If one couldn’t even refine a supreme-grade pill, what was the use of going to the Little Alchemy Pavilion?

In addition, the Mu family’s patriarch was a rare alchemy master in the Western Frontier who could refine a fifth-grade pill. Not many people in the Western Frontier would offend him.

“I wonder what pill you drew, Patriarch?”

Hearing Patriarch Tao Ran’s explanation, Han Muye asked with a smile.

It was obvious that Patriarch Tao Ran wanted to refine a supreme-grade pill so that he could enter the Little Alchemy Pavilion.

Patriarch Tao Ran sighed and said in a low voice, “At that time, the back of my hand drew a peak eighth-grade Void Meridian Pill.”

The Void Meridian Pill was a peak eighth-grade medicinal pill. It was even more precious than the Spirit Fusion Pill. It was the most useful medicinal pill for Foundation Establishment cultivators when they stepped into the Meridian Opening Realm.

When a cultivator reached the peak of the Foundation Establishment realm, they would consume this pill and obtain the Virtual Meridian Opening Realm.

Although this realm was only virtual and only lasted 15 minutes, it was enough.

It was just like how a half-step into the Heaven Realm would not allow one to appreciate what it was like. If one did not enter the Earth Realm, the Foundation Establishment would always be the Foundation Establishment.

Using the Void Meridian Pill to comprehend the power of the Meridian Opening Realm and the Earth Realm would be much simpler in the future.

According to statistics, 80% of the cultivators who had consumed the Void Meridian Pill could step into the Earth Realm.

This ratio was really quite a lot.

Of course, such pills were naturally precious.

The Void Meridian Pill was known as the most expensive eighth-grade pill.

It was also the most difficult eighth-grade pill to refine.

Firstly, spiritual herbs were difficult to obtain, and the few main herbs were very rare. Secondly, refining this pill required an extremely deep understanding of the Foundation Establishment and Meridian Opening realms.

“I can refine supreme-grade pills, but it’s really difficult to say that they’re supreme-grade.” Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head and said regretfully.

Hearing his words, Han Muye smiled bitterly and said, “Patriarch, I only use sword qi to refine pills. It’s just Cloud Qi Pills and Essence Energy Nurturing Pills.

In terms of alchemy, I’m afraid I’m only at the level of an ordinary apprentice.”

This was not him being humble. He had relied on trickery to refine pills and had not undergone systematic training.

The Cloud Qi Pill was a top-notch ninth-grade pill, while the Spirit Accumulation Pill was an eighth-grade pill. It was not a very high-grade pill.

However, given time and opportunity, he was confident that his alchemy cultivation would not be too bad.

After all, his comprehension was heaven-defying.

“Patriarch, how about this? I’ll observe you while you refine one or two batches of Void Meridian Pills. If I can help you refine supreme-grade pills, I’ll discuss it with you. How about that?”

Without comprehending the refinement method of the Void Meridian Pill, Han Muye did not dare to guarantee that he could help Patriarch Tao Ran.

Patriarch Tao Ran nodded and said, “Alright, then let’s go to the Alchemy Pavilion tomorrow. I’ll refine two cauldrons of Void Meridian Pills for you to take a look.”

“Coincidentally, I don’t have any spiritual herbs to refine the Void Meridian Pills.”

The spiritual medicine of the Void Meridian Pill was precious, so it was normal for Patriarch Tao Ran not to have it.

Seeing that Patriarch Tao Ran had agreed, Han Muye changed the subject and asked with a smile, “Patriarch, how was your trip to the Bright Mountain Sword Sect?”

Hearing his words, a smile appeared on Patriarch Tao Ran’s face.

“Kid, why else would I say that you have a lot of opportunities?

Yang Dingshan has already agreed to come to my Nine Mystic Sword Sect personally after some time.”

This was good news.

Yang Dingshan was the master of the Ming Mountain Sword Sect. If he came to the Nine Mystic Mountain, it would symbolize an alliance between the two sects.

This would give the Wind Spirit Sword Sect immense pressure.

At that time, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would have another bargaining chip.

Thinking of the chips, Han Muye couldn’t help but sigh.

Not long ago, he had viewed the fighting among low-level disciples and the wastage of various resources as bargaining chips for the two sects.

It was not good to objectify life and treat life and death with contempt.

Han Muye warned himself in his heart that he must not walk in the path of indifferent cultivation.

“Don’t worry, the Sect Master will definitely reward you for this.” Seeing that Han Muye was silent, Patriarch Tao Ran smiled and said.

*Reward.*

*The Sect Master's reward must be precious.*

*Definitely not empty words, right?*

After chatting for a while, the Sword Pavilion Elder waved his hand and said, "You've just broken through to the Qi Condensation Realm. Go to the secret place of the sect to stabilize your cultivation first."

The sect's secret place was a spiritual land.

Han Muye had yearned for this spiritual land for a long time. When he heard the Sword Pavilion Elder's words, he bowed quickly and went downstairs.

Seeing him walk downstairs, the Sword Pavilion Elder smiled and said, "How is his temperament?"

Patriarch Tao Ran nodded and said indifferently, "I think Huang Six is calmer than him."

At this point, he turned to look at the Sword Pavilion Patriarch. "If you really want to take in a disciple, you have to hurry.

I saw this kid hanging out with Old Monster Tu at the auction.

No matter what, Old Monster Tu is the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier. If he takes a fancy to this kid's comprehension talent, you won't be able to win."

The number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, Tu Sunshi.

The old man who helped to bring in customers to the shop and only earned two middle-grade spiritual rocks at a time was actually the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, Master Tu Sun.

Hearing Patriarch Tao Ran's words, the Sword Pavilion Elder's expression did not change. He chuckled and said, "This kid will never acknowledge Tu Sunshi as his master."

Patriarch Tao Ran looked curious.

"Don't forget that he has already cultivated Mo Yuan's Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

He also cultivated the Sword Nurturing, Sword Condensing, and Sword Techniques of the Sword Pavilion."

The elder of the Sword Pavilion said proudly, "In terms of the magnificence of the sword technique, I've never seen anything that surpasses the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

In terms of sword intent, can anyone in the Western Frontier surpass my Sword Pavilion?

The inheritance of the Tai Yi Sword Sect and Tu Sunshi are all empty. Only the endless sword qi in the Sword Pavilion is real."

Patriarch Tao Ran smacked his lips and muttered something.

...

Han Muye walked down from the Sword Pavilion and saw Huang Six sitting in a daze behind a long table.



"Sixth Brother, are you thinking about Sixth Sister-in-law again?" Han Muye teased.

Huang Six turned his head and shook his head. He said gloomily, "If I had gone to Luo Yuan City with you, would I have gotten the jade bones of this great cultivator?"

*So that's what this is about.*

Han Muye glanced at him and thought to himself, *If you had gone with me, I'd probably be the one who got the jade bones.*

After all, Huang Six had no cultivation at all. When he was in danger, he would need Han Muye's help.

"Forget it, forget it. I've already decided not to cultivate. What's the use of this jade bone?" Huang Six waved his hand and a smile appeared on his face.

"Kid Han, not bad. Now that the Sword Pavilion is so prosperous, I'll have to depend on your support in the future."

The two elders of the Sword Pavilion were in charge, and Sword Protector Lin Shen had a great opportunity to obtain the jade bone body of a great cultivator. As long as he refined and mastered it, he would at least be a half-step into the Heaven Realm.

The gatekeeper, Lu Gao, cultivated the Soldier Sword Technique and used the sword as his eye. Once he was familiar with it and grasped its power, he would be at least an Earth Realm expert.

In the Little Sword Pavilion, so many high-end combatants had gathered.

Han Muye smiled but said nothing.

Gao Xiaoxuan was a sword spirit. Even the inseparable little white fox was the reincarnation of a great demon.

He would not say that he had already stepped into the Qi Condensation Realm.

Huang Six would be even more depressed.

"Sixth Brother, I'm going to the inner sect." Without saying that he was going to the secret place, Han Muye bade farewell and walked out of the Sword Pavilion.

The secret place was at the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain, not close to the Sword Pavilion.

As Han Muye advanced, he sensed the changes in his cultivation.

After stepping into the Qi Condensation Realm, the spiritual energy in his dantian increased by nearly 10 times.

It was not only the quantity, but the density of the spiritual energy was also much more condensed.

If it was a disciple who cultivated step by step, there was indeed a gap between the Qi Condensation Realm and the Human Realm.

It was no wonder that most sects designated Human Realm as the outer sect and Qi Condensation as the inner sect.

Only by condensing one's qi could one truly fly.

Sensing the change in his cultivation, Han Muye immediately felt extremely heroic.

He wished he could immediately go to the Demonstration Building and learn all kinds of cultivation techniques and spells that could be cultivated at the Qi Condensation Realm.

"Senior Brother Han!"

"What are the odds?"

Han Muye turned around and saw a few white-robed disciples.

Qiao Qing'er and a disciple named Huo Ping.

The five of them looked delighted.

"Inner sect? Congratulations." Han Muye nodded with a smile.

"Senior Brother Han, you said that you would help me choose a good sword when I receive it." Qiao Qing'er looked at Han Muye with a happy expression.

"We've all heard about Senior Brother Han's ability to choose a sword." The other disciples also laughed.

The only one with a complicated expression was Huo Ping.

His Dao heart was almost messed up when he fought Jiang Han.

He could not even withstand a hundred attacks from the outer sect.

Later on, during the sect gathering, they accepted missions and fought a few battles on the stage. Only then did they realize that their cultivation and combat strength were actually comparable to more than 80 experts from the outer sect.

Only then did Huo Ping regain his confidence.

It was not that he was not strong, but that outer sect disciples were too strong.

This time, they were able to step into the inner sect before reaching the Qi Condensation Realm because they had completed several demon-slaying missions with the help of their master's senior brothers and accumulated enough merit points.

With sufficient aptitude, there were people in the sect who valued it. Cultivation was indeed not something that those without aptitude and connections could compare to.

Thinking of this, Huo Ping felt a trace of pride in his heart.

When he looked up at Han Muye, his expression was much better.

This Senior Brother Han of the Sword Pavilion was quite famous, but wasn't he still a sword caretaker?

How could his inner sect clothes compare to his own?

Han Muye had just broken through to the Qi Condensation Realm and was in a good mood. He chatted happily with Qiao Qing'er and the others along the way.

According to Qiao Qing'er and the others, the demon slaying mission seemed to be like a vacation. As long as they were well stationed and the senior brothers beat the demon beasts half to death, they would go up and bleed them.

He really had a good senior brother. He was just different.

Everyone walked forward and was almost at the peak of the mountain.

"Eh, Senior Brother, are you also going to register your identity in the inner sect guardian hall?" Qiao Qing'er asked curiously.

"I'm afraid Senior Brother Han won't have the chance to register. He's a sword caretaker." Huo Ping said in a regretful tone.

When they were chatting just now, he had chimed in and successfully got to know Han Muye.

After all, he was about to go to the Sword Pavilion to receive his sword. Self-respect was not as important as a good sword.

Hearing Huo Ping's words, Han Muye nodded and pointed to a small path. "I'm indeed not going to the inner sect guardian hall to register my identity. I'll go over there."

He walked up the path and had only taken a few steps when two green-robed figures flashed over.

"This is a secret place of the sect. Only true disciples are allowed to enter!"

Han Muye raised his hand and waved a small bronze card.

"An official token?"

"Please!"

Qiao Qing'er and the others did not come back to their senses until Han Muye's figure disappeared from the path.

*Did I hear wrongly just now?* Huo Ping's face was a little dazed.

This expression was a little similar to when he was defeated by Jiang Han.

## **Chapter 124: So, You're the 19th Direct Disciple**

"Is Senior Brother Han a direct disciple?" Qiao Qing'er looked at the path in shock.

The others stared in disbelief.

What was a direct disciple?

Not counting the odd-job workers in the sect, there were tens of thousands of outer sect disciples and more than 3,000 inner sect disciples. After that, there were hundreds of true inner sect disciples under the various elders. Finally, there were the direct disciples.

In the entire Nine Mystic Sword Sect, there were hundreds of thousands of disciples and only 18 direct disciples!

These were the 18 most outstanding people among hundreds of thousands of people.

Every person's cultivation talent, cultivation, and combat strength were peerless.

The identity of the 18 direct disciples in the sect was not public, but most of the elders and deacons knew who the direct disciples were.

In the past, the direct disciples of the sect started from the outer sect and pushed forward. They were at least in the top five of the outer sect.

Once they were in the inner sect, they were basically not fated to become direct disciples if they did not enter the top 10.

Direct disciples far surpassed cultivators of the same generation.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sect Master, Jin Ze, and the three Grand Elders were once direct disciples.

The young man standing beside Qiao Qing'er had a complicated expression as he said in a low voice, "Can the Sword Pavilion's sword caretaker become a direct disciple..."

Ever since he met Han Muye by chance and found out that he was a sword caretaker, he was at most curious about him. He also hoped that he could get to know him in the future.

No one really took a sword caretaker seriously.

Later on, because of Huo Ping's battle with Jiang Han, everyone thought highly of Han Muye.

He felt that not only could he befriend an outer sect expert like Jiang Han, he had some means of choosing swords.

At the sect gathering, everyone had a different understanding of Han Muye.

He was actually invited by Elder Tuoba Cheng of Three Stones House to sit on the stage and evaluate the disciples.

At this moment, no one looked down on Han Muye anymore.

Recently, the Sword Pavilion had become famous.

The two Patriarchs and Elders were in charge. Brother Huang Six was righteous.

Whether it was the inner or outer sect, when it came to the prosperity of the sect this time, they had to mention Huang Six, who had sacrificed his life to cultivate and turned the tide at the critical moment.

Many people went to the Sword Pavilion to receive their swords just to visit Brother Huang Six.

At this moment, Han Muye could be considered to have benefited from this. His technique of choosing swords was brilliant, and he became known to more sect disciples.

Qiao Qing'er and the others already knew enough about Han Muye.

But now, they realized that they really didn't know anything.

"A direct disciple..."

"There are only 18 people in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, right?" A thin disciple whispered.

"There are 19 of them, including Senior Brother Han," Qiao Qing'er said softly and turned to go to the guardian hall.

The others looked back and followed.

It was useless to speculate here. They should quickly register for the inner sect.

In the future, when they went to the Sword Pavilion to receive their swords, they had to be more respectful to Senior Brother Han.

A direct disciple was an eminent being.

Huo Ping followed behind everyone in a daze.

...

"This is the 19th direct disciple of the sect, right?" Behind the path, a middle-aged Daoist in a green robe said.

Beside him, a white-haired Earth Realm elder, who was also wearing a green robe, nodded.

"I've never seen this person before. If not for the sect master reporting in advance, I really wouldn't have known that the sect already has a 19th direct disciple.

I wonder what's so special about this person."

Hearing the old man's words, the green-robed middle-aged man smiled and said, "Which direct disciple isn't a dragon among men? If you don't have true ability, how can the sect give you a direct disciple token?

Every direct disciple is qualified to compete for the position of sect master.

Speaking of the position of Sect Master." The green-robed middle-aged man looked around and lowered his voice. "Senior Brother, has Sect Master Jin Ze really cut off his path?"

The old man shook his head and waved his hand. "This is not something we can discuss. Guard the secret place well."

The green-robed man nodded and disappeared.

"The position of sect master. I wonder who among these 19 direct disciples can take it?" The old man turned to look at the end of the path and muttered. His figure disappeared, leaving only the grass.

...

Han Muze walked along the path and saw that other than the lush vegetation, there was nothing else unusual.

Across a small hill, he could see a low village.

It really looked like a small mortal village. The thatched houses were low, and bamboo fences and chicken coops could be seen.

*Is that the secret place?*

As they moved forward, Han Muye could sense that the concentration of spiritual energy around him had changed.

He was no longer a novice cultivator. He would not take deep breaths at the entrance of the Sword Sect like before.

At this moment, the spiritual energy in his body was moving, and spiritual halos slowly appeared around him. The feeling of abundant spiritual energy spread throughout his body.

This place should not be far from the sect's spiritual land.

However, this place looked so ordinary.

Han Muye recalled some rumors that many sect elders with bad taste liked to play with plain and simple things.

*Isn't this small village in front of me extremely simple?*

"Eh, a newcomer?"

When they arrived at the entrance of the village, a young man in grayish-white linen clothes who was doing woodworking looked at Han Muye and smiled.

Han Muye nodded. He was considered a newcomer.

"Haha, I'm the 21st legacy disciple of the wood faction. You can call me Mu Eryi."

The young man put down the saw, clapped his hands, and looked at Han Muye. "Which lineage are you from?"

*Which lineage?*

After thinking about it, Han Muye realized that he was not from any lineage.

*Which lineage could the Sword Pavilion belong to?*

"I don't think I belong to any lineage..." he said, shaking his head.

*Don't exactly belong to any lineage?*

Mu Eryi raised an eyebrow and shuddered.

In the sect, there was only one disciple!

Sect Master, Jin Yishui, Jin Ze!

This person cultivated two cultivation techniques and was the sect master. His disciple was indeed not from any sect!

As his gaze swept over Han Muye, Mu Eryi became even more certain of his judgment.

His body shone with spiritual light. He had just broken through not long ago, and there was still sword qi surging on his body.

The direct disciple of the sect master!

It was said that the sect master's path was severed. *Is he going to nurture his disciples?*

"Hehe, not really. Understood, understood..." Mu Er smiled and put away the saw and ax. He carried them with a pole and turned to leave.

"Let's go. I'll lead you to the guardian elder of the secret place.

You know the elders stationed here, right? They're the Water Lineage Sect's Grand Elder Zhang Zhi and Elder Zhang.

When you go to his place, set a code name here in the future and build a wooden house yourself."

Mu Eryi turned around and said enthusiastically, "If you lack manpower, I can help you build it."

As he followed Mu Eryi into the village, Han Muye saw that the people living here were all young men and women in their thirties.

"Eh, another newcomer? Which lineage is he from?"

"Mu Eryi, could he be a newcomer from your wood faction?"

"I've never seen him before. He's not in the top 10 of the inner sect. Who is he?"

Everyone looked at Han Muye with curiosity.

But no one asked directly.

Mu Eryi grinned and did not make any introductions.

The two of them walked to the middle of the village. There was a large house that was different from the surrounding vegetation and mud houses.

"The elders live here. The surroundings are where the direct disciples live."

Mu Er pointed at the row of brick houses and said, "Among the 18 direct disciples, 11 of them live here."

At this point, he chuckled and said, "After getting used to living in the spiritual land, I really can't bear to go out."

Han Muye turned to look, and the halo of spiritual energy around him flashed gently.

*Is that all?*

*What is there to be reluctant about with so little spiritual energy?*

Usually, he would use high-grade spirit stones to cultivate. The spiritual energy in them was much richer than here.

“Isn’t it said that there’s only one day a month to cultivate in this spiritual land?” Han Muye recalled the rules that had been passed down in the sect.

The spiritual energy in the spiritual land was also limited. If they did not set rules, it would probably be sucked dry.

This spiritual land’s spiritual energy was still supporting the entire sect’s array formation.

“Hehe, rules are for outsiders to see.” Mu Er revealed a proud expression and said with a smile, “Our direct disciples are the future pillars of the sect. The sect is still willing to bear this bit of spiritual energy.

Let’s go. You’ll know when you meet the elder.”

Han Muye nodded and followed him into the big house.

In the spacious and bright house, an old man in a green and gray robe was pacing. He held a kettle in his hand and watered the flowers and plants in the courtyard.

“Elder, there’s a new legacy disciple reporting today.” Mu Er put down the pick and said.

The old man who watered the flowers didn’t even raise his head. He just said indifferently, “Whose tutelage are you under?”

Under whose tutelage?

Han Muye froze.

*Who is my master?*

*Is he an Elder of the Sword Pavilion?*

It was just that there was no formal induction ceremony, nor did it say that he was a disciple of the Sword Pavilion Elder.

Then, if his direct disciple token was given to him by the sect master, would he be considered the sect master’s disciple?

If he had to say who his master was, he should be Mo Yuan’s disciple.

Mu Eryi looked at Han Muye and lowered his head slightly.

Didn’t he lead Han Muye here to find out his identity?

“Ahem, Elder, I’m probably a disciple of the Sword Pavilion Elder.” After thinking about it, Han Muye felt that he was closer to the Sword Pavilion Elder.

It was hard to say if the sect master would acknowledge him or not. It was better not to talk about this relationship.

Mo Yuan had already headed to the East Sea. In the past, he was only an outer sect disciple and did not have any background.

Being under the tutelage of the Sword Pavilion Elder seemed just right.



*An Elder of the Sword Pavilion?*

Mu Eryi's eyes turned cold as he looked up at Han Muye.

*Is he from the Sword Pavilion?*

*Isn't everyone in the Sword Pavilion a sword caretaker?*

Elder Zhang Zhihe, who was watering the flowers, also looked up at Han Muye.

"It's you..."

He nodded slightly and said, "You were with Senior Brother Gao during the battle outside the Nine Mystic Mountain, right?"

Han Muye cupped his hands and said, "I did follow you during the battle."

Zhang Zhihe put down the kettle in his hand, straightened his back, and reached out his hand. "To be able to follow me all the way, your character must be good."

Senior Brother Gao is a proud and aloof person. It's not easy to become his disciple.

Give me your identity token. I'll register for you. From now on, you'll cultivate here."

*I would cultivate here in the future?*

Han Muye looked around with a hesitant expression.

*How can I do that?*

The concentration of spiritual energy in the spiritual land was not enough for him to cultivate.

Moreover, he mainly cultivated sword qi, which only the Sword Pavilion had.

"Elder, I'm only here to take a look, not to cultivate for a long time.

I'm a sword caretaker. I still work at the Sword Pavilion."

As Han Muye spoke, he handed over the token that Sect Master Jin Ze had given him.

Direct disciple!

Looking at the token, Mu Eryi let out a low cry and almost bit his tongue.

Zhang Zhihe also trembled. He narrowed his eyes and looked up at Han Muye.

"So, you're the 19th direct disciple."

## **Chapter 125: This Guy Spent 100,000 Spiritual Rocks in One Go!**

The 19th direct disciple!

He was really a direct disciple!

Mu Eryi looked at the ridiculously young Han Muye in front of him, feeling confused.

It was easy to tell that Han Muye was inexperienced.

The intensity of the spiritual energy surging in his body also showed that his cultivation was not deep enough.

*Such a person is actually a direct disciple?*

“Sect Master said that he has made arrangements for a 19th direct disciple.

What’s your name?”

Zhang Zhihe looked at Han Muye and spoke softly.

There was a hint of dizziness in his eyes.

“Disciple Han Muye.” Han Muye cupped his hands.

“Yes, then from now on, you will be Han Nineteen of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

Zhang Zhihe reached out to take Han Muye’s token. Golden light flashed in his hand, and he engraved the ancient characters ‘nineteen’ on it.

“My Nine Mystic Sword Sect is one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier. As the 19th direct disciple of the sect, you have to remember the interests of the sect at all times. The reputation of the sect is more important than your life.”

After handing the token back, Zhang Zhihe looked at Han Muye and said solemnly.

“The sect’s interests and reputation are more important than my life?” Han Muye took the token and muttered softly, “There’s no benefit to this token, and I still have to bear the risk?”

Mu Eryi, who was standing at the side, felt like slapping his head.

This was the token of a direct disciple of the sect. It represented the identity of the 19th successor of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

As long as they did not die, every direct disciple would be an elder of the sect in the future.

Shouldn’t such a person be tied to the sect?

Not to mention the direct disciples, even they themselves were inextricably linked with the sect. Honor one and you honor them all, injure one and you injure them all.

*Isn’t Han Nineteen afraid of offending the sect’s Grand Elder by complaining in front of him?* Mu Eryi wondered.

*Even a direct disciple would not dare to be so impudent in front of the Grand Elder.*

“You’re right. This token is beneficial, but it also means responsibility.” As expected, the elder’s tone revealed suppressed emotions.

“However, compared to my own life, honor and benefits are nothing.

Only by staying alive will I have a chance to turn things around.”

Zhang Zhihe’s next words made Mu Eryi’s eyes widen.

He turned to look at Mu Eryi, then at Han Muye. “You are all elites that the sect has spent a lot to nurture. You are the future of the sect.

You are more important than the interests and the reputation of the sect.”

He lowered his voice and said softly, “The living elite has unlimited possibilities.

No one will care about a dead elite.”

Han Muye chuckled and cupped his hands. “Elder, your words sound good to me. When are you coming to the Sword Pavilion? Let’s drink together.”

Now he ate and drank with Patriarch Tao Ran and the elders of the Sword Pavilion every day. He no longer had much respect for these half-step Heaven Realm experts.

Moreover, the unpopular Patriarch Tao Ran often suffered in front of him.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Zhang Zhihe’s eyes lit up. He sized up Han Muye and then laughed. “Okay, I’ll definitely go drink when I’m free.

The last time I drank with Tao Ran was a hundred years ago.

That guy, he can’t drink.”

...

Mu Eryi did not come back to his senses until he accompanied Han Muye out of the big house.

He turned his head slightly and looked at the calm Han Muye.

*Is this a direct disciple?*

*He could be so casual with the Grand Elder?*

“Senior Brother Mu Eryi, you said that direct disciples can choose a house here and don’t need to build it themselves, right?” Han Muye looked at the big house and asked.

He came here to cultivate and use the spiritual energy here to stabilize his cultivation, not to take a vacation.

With a ready-made house, he was unwilling to build one himself.

“Yes, this place is empty. Senior Brother Han, you can choose anything.”

Muyi quickly pointed to the large houses in front of him that were closed.

Han Muye nodded and walked over.

Some of these big houses were locked from the inside. Clearly, there were people. Some of them had half-opened locks on the outside, indicating that no one was living there.

Han Muye chose a house with good lighting, turned around, cupped his hands at Mu Eryi, and walked in.

"The new 19th direct disciple, the spiritual land is probably going to be lively..." Mu Eryi whispered as he watched Han Muye walk into the big house.

He turned and walked in the direction of the grass hut outside the big house.

"Eh, Mu Eryi, where are the people who came with you?"

Someone saw Mu Eryi walking out alone and spoke in surprise.

"He's staying at the Big House," Mu Eryi replied softly as he walked forward.

*Staying at the big house!*

The questioner's eyes widened.

*A new direct disciple!*

"Quick, Senior Brother, tell me, what's the background of this new direct disciple? Why haven't I seen him before?"

"Senior Brother, I hunted a wild boar just now. We roasted it together. I used the Golden Luck Sword Technique to slice the wild boar's legs. I guarantee that the skin is thin and the meat is thick."

The group of legacy disciples rushed towards Mu Eryi and snatched his pick.

Muyi was smiling as they dragged him to drink.

"Nineteen? Interesting," someone whispered in one of the big houses.

"Han Nineteen? The Sect Master's path is severed. Does he have any other thoughts? Hmph."

In a large house somewhere, someone whispered, his tone cold.

Han Muye didn't care about the changes in the people in the spiritual land. He walked into the big house and saw that the furnishings were simple. There was only a long table and a small bookshelf in the quiet room.

There were only two or three books on the bookshelf.

He walked to the bookshelf and flipped through the books. They were all about writing travel notes and comprehension. It was obvious that the owner of the house had left these behind, but not cultivation techniques.

Han Muye was not interested in watching this. He walked to the wooden couch and sat cross-legged.

The originally silent spiritual energy in his dantian churned and began to spin.

"Hum—"

Around him, vortices appeared and poured spiritual energy into his body.

At this moment, the dark golden spiritual light in the room turned into threads that intertwined.

The power of array formation.

This array formation could gather all the spiritual energy wandering in the surrounding space. It could also lock the spiritual energy in the house and not let it dissipate.

It seemed that this was the legendary Spirit Gathering Formation.

In the big house, the spiritual energy around Han Muye surged like waves and then rushed into his dantian.

Sword Qi flowed through his dantian like fish, freely absorbing spiritual energy.

Because it attracted too much spiritual energy, the spiritual energy visible to the naked eye turned into a vortex outside Han Muye's big house.

"This new 19th direct disciple's foundation is not bad. Even the second level of the Spirit Gathering Array has been activated." Mu Eryi and the others sitting under the distant tree looked up as someone whispered.

"It's so-so. Who can't activate the second level of the Spirit Gathering Array?" Someone shook his head and chuckled.

"I remember that when Seventh Master Song first cultivated in the big house, he directly activated the third level of the Spirit Gathering Array. Even the elders helped him strengthen the array formation and guide the spiritual energy."

"Hehe, don't you know that back then, when the Sect Master was cultivating in the spiritual land, he activated the spiritual land array formation which rumbled continuously?"

The cultivation world valued aptitude and talent.

The better a cultivator's foundation was, the further he could go in his cultivation path.

After entering the spiritual land, whoever could absorb enough spiritual energy would have a strong foundation.

This little trick was passed down in the spiritual land.

However, Han Muye was a newbie and knew nothing about the techniques and rules of the spiritual land.

"19th direct disciple, let me see what right you have to be on the same level as me." A voice sounded beside Han Muye's big house, and then a spiritual light rose.

"Hum—"

A vortex appeared and knocked away the vortex in Han Muye's house, taking away all the spiritual energy that Han Muye had absorbed previously.

"Hum—"

As soon as this vortex appeared, another vortex appeared on another big house to compete for spiritual energy.

"It's starting. It's Su Eighteen and Qi Thirteen."

Looking at the two vortices fighting for spiritual energy, someone's eyes lit up and he whispered.

This was the welcoming method of a direct disciple.

Actually, there would also be similar probing between legacy disciples.

In the cultivation world, strength was respected.

Without strength, how could one obtain the respect of others?

If he couldn't have a place in the competition among his peers, why should he enjoy the same treatment as others?

"It's a pity that Ninth Master Song didn't attack. Otherwise, it would be exciting." Someone shook his head and muttered as he watched the two vortices attack Han Muye's roof, which was about to collapse.

"Hehe, how is that possible? The direct disciples ranked in the top ten won't attack unless..." someone whispered. "Unless the newcomer is so powerful that he's a threat to the top 10 direct disciples. But that's impossible."

Cultivating in the spiritual land was already the best treatment for the disciples of the Sword Sect.

The direct disciples in the top 10 had all cultivated in the spiritual land for a long time, and their cultivation levels were no longer inferior to ordinary elders.

New direct disciples, be it in terms of cultivation or talent, could not pose a threat to the top 10 direct disciples.

In the big house, Han Muye began to slowly stabilize his cultivation.

The spiritual energy absorbed by the Spirit Gathering Array was enough for his dantian to circulate.

In comparison, the spiritual energy in the spiritual land was indeed much richer than outside.

At the very least, if he cultivated in the Sword Pavilion's quiet room, the spiritual energy he absorbed was not even enough to fill the gaps between his teeth.

As he absorbed spiritual energy to consolidate his Qi Condensation cultivation, Han Muye raised his hand and took out the sword pill that Lin Shen had given him.

Round and smooth.

This sword pill did not look like a sword at all.

Holding the sword pill in his palm, Han Muye activated a stream of spiritual energy and a stream of sword energy to gently pour into it.

As soon as the spiritual energy and sword qi entered the sword pill, it began to tremble gently.

It could really be urged.

Han Muye took a light breath and no longer hesitated. The sword energy and spiritual energy in his dantian began to flow along his palm and rush into the sword pill.

“Hum—”

The jade-like sword pill vibrated, revealing traces of coldness.

It was dark and cold. This was the aura a sword should have!

Han Muye didn't stop. Spiritual energy and sword energy crashed into the sword pill like a torrent and began to wash.

The jade color on the sword pill faded, revealing a dark spiritual light.

Blood-colored spirit patterns flashed on the sword pill.

A streak of sword Qi.

A stream of spiritual energy.

Ten sword auras.

Ten streams of spiritual energy.

...

30,000 sword qi surged into the sword pill, causing it to slowly dissipate.

Then Han Muye shuddered.

The spiritual energy in his dantian was insufficient.

Although his dantian was vast and far exceeded his peers, he was only at the first level of Qi Condensation and had yet to stabilize.

The spiritual energy stored inside was completely insufficient to refine the sword pill.

As for the spiritual energy absorbed by the Spirit Gathering Array, he did not care.

Too little.

Frowning slightly, Han Muye took a deep breath.

He raised his hand and 10 high-grade spiritual rocks appeared.

At this moment, the spiritual energy vortex above his house had already thinned and was about to dissipate.

“Hehe, he can only last for an hour. This 19th direct disciple won't do...” Looking at the vortex that was about to dissipate, someone shook his head softly.

“Indeed, he's still a little inexperienced. Let's see if he will give in. It's not embarrassing.” Someone chuckled.

To be able to witness the battle between direct disciples today was also a topic of discussion in the future.

Mu Eryi looked at the slowly dissipating vortex and frowned.

He had a feeling that Han Nineteen was not as simple as he seemed.

This was the person who invited the Grand Elder to drink.

In midair, the two vortices that had shattered Han Muye's spiritual energy vortex began to collide.

It seemed that the two direct disciples still wanted to fight.

At this moment, there was a loud bang in the big house below.

"Hum—"

The voice wasn't loud. A faint spiritual light rose.

Then everyone widened their eyes!

"Boom—"

Above the big house, golden light screens enveloped it.

"Spirit Locking Array!"

"One way."

"Two."

"Three."

"Five."

"10 Spirit Locking Array!"

"This guy spent 100,000 spiritual rocks to cultivate!"

"F\*ck, is this guy the Sect Master's illegitimate son..."

## **Chapter 126: Refining the Sword Pill, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian**

The spiritual energy locked by the 10 Spirit Locking Array was equivalent to the spiritual energy reserves stimulated by 100,000 spiritual rocks.

The cultivation world focused on opportunities, aptitude, wealth, and cultivation.

In this spiritual land, every time spiritual energy was converted into spiritual rocks, there would probably be hundreds of them.

But who had ever seen someone spend 100,000 spiritual rocks in a single cultivation?



Even though the people in this spiritual land were all direct disciples, not everyone had 100,000 spiritual rocks.

Even if he had 100,000 spiritual rocks, what would he live on if he took them all out to cultivate?

“Bam—”

The two vortices were shattered by the Spirit Locking Array below.

The Spirit Locking Array locked the spiritual energy and prevented it from being disturbed.

“Ahem, does this count as this 19th direct disciple admitting defeat?” Under the tree in the distance, someone turned to look at the others.

*Admit defeat?*

*Is this a show of wealth?*

Everyone looked at each other with intense curiosity.

*Where did this 19th direct disciple come from?*

Everyone around Mu Eryi looked at him.

Mu Eryi shook his head and said with a blank expression, “I only know that he is the Sword Pavilion’s sword caretaker. I really don’t know anything else...”

*Sword caretaker?*

*The Sword Pavilion’s sword caretaker who wears inner sect clothes and does chores?*

*Is there such a rich sword caretaker in the world?*

Someone chuckled and shook his head. “Mu Eryi, if a sword caretaker wants to save 100,000 spiritual rocks, I’m afraid he’ll have to scrape all the Sword Sect’s leading disciples.”

*I don’t believe it.*

Mu Eryi didn’t believe it himself.

*But in the Elder’s House, this Han Nineteen did say that he came from the Sword Pavilion...*

Several figures appeared outside Han Muye’s big house.

These people had heavy auras and were all at the Earth Realm.

“Qi Thirteen, is this new guy provoking us?” A young man in a white brocade robe with a gloomy expression asked in a low voice.

On the other side, a young man with a jade crown on his head and an equally ugly expression stared at the big house and said coldly, “I think he’s not prepared to come out.”

“Hehe, he has used 100,000 spiritual rocks. Maybe he won’t come out for a while.” Another square-faced man shook his head and said with a smile, “Is he going into seclusion at his own expense?”

*Aren't we here in the spiritual land for its spiritual energy? Why would he spend spiritual rocks?*

The others looked at each other, shook their heads, and dispersed.

Be it probing or snatching spiritual energy, it was harmless. However, they did not expect this 19th direct disciple to react so fiercely, embarrassing Qi Thirteen and Su Eighteen.

The new talent was bullied the moment he came. If the elders pursued this matter, everyone would look bad.

"Hmph, we'll talk about it when he comes out. At most, we'll split it in half and compensate him with spiritual rocks." Su Eighteen, who was wearing a jade-colored brocade robe, snorted coldly and disappeared.

Qi Thirteen, who was wearing a jade crown, shook his head in pain. He flicked his sleeve and turned to leave.

In the courtyard of the big house not far away, Grand Elder Zhang Zhihe smiled. As he trimmed the branches in front of him, he muttered to himself in a low voice, "This kid, is he a hothead?"

...

Ignoring their guesses, Han Muye had already injected countless spiritual lights into the illusory sword pill in his palm.

The sword pill seemed to have not eaten its fill for countless years and welcomed the sword qi and spiritual energy that surged in.

"Hum—"

A quarter of an hour later, the ethereal sword sphere shook and turned into nothingness.

When it reappeared, it was already in Han Muye's dantian.

The spiritual energy and sword qi in his dantian seemed to have found a breakthrough and crazily surged into the sword pill.

The consumption was too fast, so he had no choice but to mobilize the sword qi and sword intent in his Qi Sea and divine treasures.

"Hum—"

With the infusion of sword intent, the sword pill turned into a green spindle-shaped sword in Han Muye's dantian.

The two sharp edges of the sword were like flying shuttles. The sword light was cold and condensed.

"Clang—"

When the soul sword qi landed on the hiltless flying sword, a crisp sound rang out, and countless images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

The incomparably precious Primal Cold Iron was refined and polished, and 3,000 refined runes were engraved.

He had comprehended the refinement method of the Green Sky Spirit Sword.

The Sword Pill was just a common name for a hiltless flying sword.

There were various schools of thought about these hiltless flying swords.

This one belonged to the Green Sky Spirit Sword.

The Sword Pill Flying Sword was popular in ancient times. There were not many in the cultivation world now.

Most importantly, there was insufficient spiritual energy. It was rare to see cultivators who could control such a flying sword.

Moreover, the refinement method of the Sword Pill was complicated, and the spiritual materials consumed were precious. Very few cultivators could afford it.

In any case, Han Muye knew that he wouldn't be able to buy back half a catty of the original cold iron that was used to refine this sword pill.

This was one of the best spiritual materials for refining Dharma treasures. There were only a few catties in the entire Western Frontier.

The scene in his mind changed. Han Muye saw that after this Sword Pill took shape, it was refined by a black-robed middle-aged man along with dozens of others.

As expected of the ancient cultivation world, there were dozens of such precious sword pills at once.

Dozens of sword pills floated in the air, changing and combining, drawing profound streams of light.

Comprehending swordsmanship, hiding in the air.

This sword technique was executed by 48 sword pills at the same time. Sword light flowed, and everything within thousands of feet was enveloped.

Han Muye shook his head with a bitter smile.

He could not afford to use 48 sword pills.

Be it the sword pill or the spiritual energy needed to control the sword qi, they were not something he could play with.

However, if such a sword technique could be deduced and transformed into his own sword technique, he might be able to innovate and increase the power of his sword technique.

In his mind, the sword cultivator could be said to be invincible with his 48 sword pills.

Scene after scene, he was killing powerful enemies.

The mountains collapsed, and the sky lost its color. Be it powerful magic cultivators or invincible sword cultivators, they all died under his sword pill.

The murderous aura of these sword pills became stronger and stronger.

The sword pill in his dantian continuously absorbed the sword qi and was cleansed by the spiritual energy. The scene of a Heaven Realm expert conquering the world in his mind made Han Muye intoxicated.

“Hum—”

The sword pill vibrated. In just a moment, the spiritual energy produced by the 10 high-grade spiritual rocks had almost been absorbed.

“Boom—”

Without hesitation, Han Muye dropped another ten high-grade spiritual rocks.

Outside the big house, the originally dissipating layers of the Spirit Locking Array rose again.

“Phew—I take back what I said before. I can’t see through this 19th direct disciple.” The young man who said that the 19th direct disciple was too young revealed a solemn expression and spoke in a low voice.

The others nodded gently.

When they saw the Spirit Locking Array dissipate, they already felt that something was wrong.

Even a Core Formation cultivator would need two to three days to absorb all the spiritual energy accumulated from 100,000 spiritual rocks, right?

But how long had it been before they were consumed?

It would be fine if they were just consumed, but then he used another 100,00 spiritual rocks.

*Is this something a disciple of the Sword Sect could do?* they wondered.

*Even a Core Formation elder could not withstand such consumption!*

“Perhaps he’s cultivating an extremely powerful technique. Perhaps—” The square-faced man’s eyes flickered as he reappeared in front of the big house. He said in a low voice, “Perhaps he’s refining an extremely powerful treasure.”

Qi Thirteen and the others nodded and looked at the big house with more seriousness.

Whether it was refining treasures or cultivation techniques, the consumption of spiritual energy was extraordinary.

This person was qualified to be compared to them with this method.

“This kid is interesting.” Grand Elder Zhang Zhihe put down the shears in his hand and slowly walked out of the big house.

At this moment, Han Muye was focused on training his Sword Pill and did not care about outsiders.

The scenes in his mind rumbled. That ancient sword cultivator seemed to have been invincible for countless years before he declined.

All kinds of fighting and endless chasing. In the end, 48 Sword Pills scattered and the cultivator disappeared.

Sword Master Yuan Tian.

The great monk's name.

Han Muye remembered the name.

When the image appeared again, the owner of the sword pill had already become a long-bearded old man in a white robe.

"In the future, follow me. You're one of the stars in that senior's Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation. I'll call you Dayan."

Dayan.

This sword pill was the main body of the Sword Spirit, Daoist Dayan.

The old Daoist named Chongyun was free and unrestrained with this sword pill. He was a respected rogue cultivator.

Immeasurable comprehension of the sword technique.

As he watched the sword pill transform into a flying sword and fly hundreds of miles under the guidance of the sword technique, Han Muye's body emitted a faint sword qi.

Pleasure!

Such a sword move was what a sword cultivator should have.

It couldn't be compared to Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's carefree sword cultivation.

Daoist Chongyun pointed with his hands behind his back, and the sword light flashed. Han Muye recalled the scene of Master Mo Yuan pointing with his hands behind his back.

The Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords was actually a technique used by a Heavenly Realm cultivator.

*Perhaps this is the path of the Sword Dao?* he thought.

The Sword Art Hidden Void was made of 48 Sword Pills that transformed into a Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation. Such a sword technique consumed too much energy and was difficult to be passed down in the future.

On the other hand, Daoist Chongyun's sword technique was flawless, simple, and agile. The consumption was not that terrifying.

"Hum—"

Just as the third batch of 10 high-grade spiritual rocks that he used was exhausted, the sword pill shook and jumped slightly in Han Muye's dantian, spinning unsteadily.

Sword Pill Refinement complete!

The moment the sword pill was cleansed, a phantom appeared in Han Muye's divine treasure.

"Thank you, young friend."

It was the white-bearded, white-robed Daoist Chongyun.

"Dayan is my beloved sword. I'll give it to you today. I hope you can use it well."

"I've already reincarnated and cultivated with Little Friend Chongxiao. Perhaps when we meet again next year, we can still have another opportunity."

After the white-bearded Daoist finished speaking, he bowed to Han Muye and then dispersed.

This was not a remnant soul, but a great cultivator's method. Only a soul shadow was left behind.

He didn't expect Lin Chongxiao and Daoist Chongyun to have a chance to reincarnate and cultivate again. He wondered where they were reborn and if they would really be fated to meet again.

"Hum—"

The scene in his mind dissipated. The Sword Pill in his dantian trembled slightly and instantly appeared in front of Han Muye.

Then the sword pill that was the size of a pigeon egg bloomed like a lotus flower and transformed into a three-foot-long dazzling green flying sword.

Looking at the flying sword flying silently in the big house, Han Muye smiled.

With this sword, the Earth Realm could fight.

If he could increase his cultivation to the Earth Realm, he would be invincible in the Earth Realm with this sword!

With a raise of his hand, the flying sword landed in his palm and dissipated, returning to his dantian to be nurtured.

This Sword Tamer really consumed a lot of spiritual energy and sword qi.

Just now, flying in the void for a moment had consumed dozens of spiritual rocks and 10 sword qi.

Ordinary people really couldn't control this flying sword.

However, such consumption was really nothing to Han Muye.

He did not lack spiritual rocks or sword qi.

However, the consumption of his soul power gave him a headache.

He hoped that he could go to Mushen City and find medicinal pills from the Mu family's patriarch that could nourish his soul.

Spiritual energy cultivation was also good for pills. Although the spiritual energy produced by spiritual rocks was dense, it was too harmful to the meridians. It was not as gentle as the spiritual energy of supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills.

After straightening his clothes, Han Muye walked to the door and reached out to open it.

“Han Nineteen greets Senior Brothers and Senior Sisters.”

Looking at the five figures in front of the door, Han Muye chuckled and cupped his hands.

The five people at the door nodded. They raised their hands and cupped them in return.

“Su Eighteen.”

“Qi Thirteen.”

“Lu Ten.”

“Song Nine.”

“Li Three.”

### **Chapter 127: Li Three’s Wine, Condensing Essence into a Sword**

Su Eighteen and Qi Thirteen were both young and valiant.

Lu Ten was a big man with a square face.

Song Nine was thin and had a graceful aura.

Li Three was a female cultivator with a long sword on her back. She looked ordinary and wore linen clothes, like a common swordsman.

However, Han Muye knew that a direct disciple of the Sword Sect could not be a common swordsman.

Those who could rank third among the direct disciples were definitely not ordinary swordsmen.

“Han Nineteen, is your cultivation over?” The square-faced Lu Ten grinned and said, “I just hunted a mountain beaver at the bottom of the valley. Let’s drink together.”

“Even the elders praised Song Nine’s skills.”

Whether it was Lu Ten, Song Nine, or the others, they all looked like ordinary villagers in this spiritual land.

Han Muye was also curious.

Shouldn’t this group of Nine Mystic Sword Sect elites be cultivating with all their might in such a spiritual land? They actually had the time to hunt?

For example, Elder Zhang Zhihe, who was standing not far away, looked like an old farmer who was leisurely planting flowers and grass.

“Alright, then I won’t stand on ceremony.” Han Muye smiled and walked out of the big house.

Watching them walk away slowly, Mu Eryi and the others in the distance looked envious.

Direct disciples.

Each of them was a direct disciple.

"This new 19th direct disciple is actually invited by five direct disciples. This is really..." The person who spoke shook his head gently.

He had never heard of such treatment.

"Hehe, if you spend 300,000 spiritual rocks in four hours, you'll probably get an invitation from the direct disciple." Mu Eryi laughed and turned around. "Who said earlier that he wanted to treat me to a meal?"

Birds of a feather flock together. A direct disciple was a direct disciple, and a legacy disciple was a legacy disciple.

The difference was like heaven and earth.

"Even the third direct descendant has come out of seclusion. I'm afraid this Han Nineteen is not only rich..." In the distance, someone muttered softly and turned to leave.

The small village of Spiritual Land became much livelier because of this new 19th direct disciple.

...

Over an earthen stove, the Song Nine who was wearing a bib was waving a spatula. Fragrance filled the air.

Su Eighteen and Qi Thirteen were tending to the fire skillfully. Flames rose and crackled.

Even the square-faced man, Lu Ten, was distributing bowls and chopsticks, and even whipped up a cold dish.

At a wooden table, only Han Muye and Li Three sat opposite each other.

"Ahem, Senior Sister Li Three, what can I do?" Han Muye turned his head to look around and asked awkwardly.

"Wash the dishes." Li Three placed the sword on the table and flipped her palm. A small wine jar appeared.

"If I don't get drunk later, you'll be the one washing the dishes."

After all, she was the third direct disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. It was not strange for her to have spare time.

Han Muye nodded, then said softly, "What if I get drunk?"

He was not much of a drinker.

He was just a good wine taster.

Previously, he got drunk and almost killed Lu Yuanshan with the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.



"If you're drunk, I'll wash the dishes."

Li Three slapped open the wine jar's seal generously, and a rich wine fragrance wafted out.

This wine must be good.

Lu Ten placed the cold dish on the table and handed over the bowls and chopsticks.

Before Song Nine's braised beaver meat was served, Li Three had already poured the wine.

"Come, have a drink." Li Three raised her wine bowl and gestured to Han Muye.

That doesn't seem right, does it? Han Muye thought.

He turned to look. The others were still busy.

"It's fine. You guys drink first. I'll just cook." Song Nine, who was originally covered in immortal aura, was now only covered in oil.

After bringing a large plate of beaver meat to the table, Song Nine patted Han Muye's shoulder.

"Nineteen, drink with Third Sister first."

It was difficult to refuse such kindness, so Han Muye picked up his wine bowl.

"Ha—"

Han Muye had just brought the wine bowl to his mouth when Li Three, who was opposite him, finished hers in one gulp. She let out a long breath of alcohol and then placed the wine bowl on the table.

*Is she that forthright?*

*I can't be a coward!*

Han Muye raised his head and gulped down the wine in his bowl.

As soon as the wine entered his mouth, it turned hot and penetrated his chest.

The heat seemed to burn him up.

Even the sword qi in his divine treasures, Qi Sea, and dantian began to tremble.

"Good wine."

"Delightful."

Sensing the change in the sword qi, Han Muye let out a low cry.

The sword qi trembled and mixed, clearly becoming more agile.

This wine was a rare treasure.

Song Nine and the others turned their heads to take a look.

Li Three, who was sitting opposite him, also looked up at Han Muye and chuckled. "Since it's good wine, let's have another one."

She raised her hand to grab the wine jar, but Han Muye had already reached out, grabbed the wine jar, and filled the two wine bowls.

“Third Sister, please.”

Previously, Song Nine had called Li Three ‘Third Sister’. Han Muye felt that this made them seem closer.

Li Three picked up the wine bowl again and downed it.

Han Muye looked at the fragrant beaver meat and green vegetables on the table and followed suit.

By the time Song Nine, Qi Thirteen, Su Thirteen, and the others were done and came over with two side dishes, Han Muye had already drunk five bowls.

After drinking the wine, he began to refine his sword qi.

At this moment, sword qi surrounded his body, and the sword intent in his sea of vital energy devoured the surrounding sword qi.

The three to five wisps of sword qi were stirred by the alcohol and condensed into a stream.

The sword qi in Han Muye’s dantian turned into a vortex and condensed bit by bit.

He could feel that these sword threads were much tougher than the previous sword qi.

Not only did the sword qi in his dantian nourish his soul, but the sword qi formed by his soul was also tempered.

Not enough!

Five bowls of wine could only condense half of his soul sword qi.

His eyes lit up. He reached out, picked up the remaining half of the wine jar, and drank it!

How could he let go of such an opportunity to condense his soul sword qi?

Lu Ten’s expression changed. Just as he was about to reach out to stop him, Li Three raised her hand to stop him.

“Third Sister, this Heartbreak Wine is not for fun...” Lu Ten turned to look at Li Three.

“That’s right. Back then, when I drank three bowls, most of my sword qi was eliminated,” Su Eighteen muttered with lingering fear.

Li Three stared at Han Muye, who poured the wine into his mouth. The sword qi in his body released its restraints and condensed to his heart’s content.

After refining the sword qi in his dantian and the sword intent in his sea of vital energy,

A sword intent blasted out, forming 128,000 sword qi.

This was a rare opportunity to condense sword qi.

In the divine treasure, the soul sword qi had already been condensed once, and then began to condense a second time.

Beams of divine light rose above him.

“Soul sword qi?” Looking at the divine light above Han Muye’s head, Li San’s expression froze and he whispered.

Song Nine was slightly stunned and said in a low voice, “In our Sword Sect, it seems that only the Sword Pavilion can condense soul sword qi?”

“No way. How can the Sword Pavilion have such...” Qi Thirteen looked up at Lu Ten and the others.

*Aren’t there only sword caretakers in the Sword Pavilion?*

*Since when could a sword caretaker become a direct disciple of the sect?*

“Boom—”

At this moment, the sword light above Han Muye’s head exploded. The soul sword qi fused with the sword light in his dantian’s sea of qi, turning into a faint sword shadow.

The Mystic Sun Technique condensed one’s essence and spirit into a sword, transforming into the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!

As soon as this sword appeared, the surrounding spiritual energy spread out.

The dishes on the wooden table in front of them exploded from the spiritual energy and scattered around. Lu Ten, Song Nine, and the others hurriedly dodged.

Li Three raised her hand and swept the sword light in her palm, cutting down all the soup dishes that hit her.

A cold light flashed and the sword light dissipated. The sword qi on Han Muye’s body slowly dissipated.

Looking at the mess around him, Han Muye shook his head and smiled wryly. “Sorry, I’ll clean up.”

Lu Ten and the others nodded. They took the wine jars, bowls, and plates they had just snatched and walked out.

...

When Han Muye walked out of the kitchen, only Ten, Song Jiu, Eighteen, and Qi Thirteen were sitting around the stone table outside. Li Three was nowhere to be seen.

“Third Sister drank too much and has already gone back.” Seeing Han Muye looking over, Song Jiu smiled and said, “Third Sister’s alcohol tolerance is not high. Three bowls will be enough to knock her out.”

*Three bowls are enough?*

*I’ve drunk five bowls just now, and I will down this bowl too?*

Han Muye smiled and walked over to see that there were only bones and empty bowls left on the stone table.

And half a plate of peanuts.

“Han Nineteen, are you from the Sword Pavilion?”

Qi Shisan looked up at Han Muye and asked curiously.

They had been guessing when they saw the soul sword qi on Han Muye’s body.

Han Muye nodded and said, “My name is Han Muye, Sword Pavilion’s sword caretaker.”

*Is he really a sword caretaker?*

Lu Ten and the others looked at each other with strange expressions.

“Nineteen, um, sword caretaker, is it very profitable?” Su Eighteen leaned forward and asked in a low voice.

Previously, when Han Muye used 100,000 spiritual rocks to cultivate, he and Qi Thirteen were prepared to gather spiritual rocks to give to Han Muye.

However, when Han Muye used 300,000 spiritual rocks to cultivate, they immediately lost their temper.

Who could afford this?

If they really took out 300,000 spiritual rocks, they would go bankrupt.

Now that they heard Han Muye say that he was a sword caretaker, they were even more curious.

Wasn’t a sword caretaker supposed to guard swords in the Sword Pavilion? How could he be as rich as Han Muye?

“Earn money?” Han Muye nodded and said, “It’s alright. With the help of our fellow disciples, we get paid for picking out swords.”

*Choose a sword and get paid?*

*Could we earn as much as Han Muye with this?*

“Are you good at choosing swords?” Song Nine asked curiously.

“I’m alright.” Han Muye sat on the stone bench and picked up two peanuts to eat.

“Haha, then you have to help me choose a good sword. I’m just about to change my sword.” Su Eighteen raised his hand and placed a narrow sword on the stone table.

“Take a look and see what kind of sword I’m suitable for.”

This was obviously a test.

Han Muye reached out and gently pressed his hand on the sword.

The sword had an owner, so he could not absorb the sword qi inside, nor could he probe the memories in the sword. However, he instantly understood the basic information of the long sword.

“The sword is three and a half feet long and weighs five pounds per coin. There are blood grooves on both sides of the blade, leaving a sharp edge.

It was refined with melted light spiritual iron. The wind speed spirit pattern engraved on the sword makes it a fast sword.”

At this point, Han Muye paused slightly and looked up. “Brother Eighteen, are you a left-handed swordsman?”

Su Eighteen looked at him, his expression turning from calm to a smile.

“Good lord, that’s impressive.”

“With this standard, you can easily make a killing by critiquing swords.”

“No wonder you have such a fortune.”

Just by touching the sword, he could detect all kinds of information about the sword.

That was not all. The key was that he could say that Su Eighteen used a left-handed sword.

Such methods were brilliant.

“Make money?” Han Muye shook his head and said, “I don’t rely on this to make money.

I know how to refine pills.”

*Refine pills?*

Song Nine and the others looked at him and sized him up.

*Is he still a sword caretaker?*

“By the way, Third Sister’s wine was really good just now. Did she brew it herself?” Han Muye didn’t look at Song Nine and the others’ expressions. He reached out and grabbed a handful of peanuts, then asked curiously.

Hearing his words, Lu Ten shook his head and said, “You mean that Heartbreak Wine? Eldest Deng brewed it.”

“He said that he would be back from the Northern Region by the time Third Sister finished her wine.”

*Eldest Deng?*

*Northern region?*

*Heartbreak Wine?*

*There’s a story!*

Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

*I’m really not gossiping. I’m just curious.*

**Chapter 128: Purple Air Comes From The East, First-Grade Sword Qi!**

Lu Ten and the others looked at each other.

“Nineteen, we don’t talk about right and wrong behind people’s backs, especially when it comes to love.”

“Yes, there’s really no ambiguous relationship between Third Sister and Eldest Deng.”

“That’s right, that’s right. Eldest Deng went to the Northern Region to find his own path. Don’t mention the Heartbreak Wine.”

...

The few of them spoke one after another. Before they finished the plate of peanuts, they told a slightly melodramatic love story.

Eldest Deng was the number one direct disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

His cultivation level was at the Core Formation realm, and he had the inheritance of the Golden Lineage. Be it his cultivation level or talent, he was undoubtedly the number one person among the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s younger generation.

Many years ago, Boss Deng was rumored to be the young sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

As for Li Three, she was an elite of the Water Lineage. Back then, she was a sword expert in the mortal world. After entering the sect, she only spent three years to sweep through the outer and inner sect.

Later, Li Three was defeated by Eldest Deng.

Li Three, who was almost invincible among her peers, did not expect that she would not last more than ten moves against Eldest Deng.

In her disappointment, Li Three developed special feelings for Eldest Deng.

She immediately proposed to become a Dao companion to Eldest Deng.

Many people approved of the union between the golden and water lineages.

But Eldest Deng was unwilling.

He said that he only cared about cultivation and the sect.

In order to strengthen his Dao heart, Eldest Deng left the spiritual land and headed for the bitterly cold Northern Region.

Before leaving, Eldest Deng brewed a batch of spiritual wine for Li Three. It was this Heartbreak Wine.

“I’ll be back as soon as the wine’s finished,” Eldest Deng said.

If Li Three still remembered him at that time, they would become Dao companions.

Li Three cultivated in the spiritual land and drank every day.

But she couldn’t hold her liquor. She got drunk in three bowls.

As for the others, although they had drunk this Heartbreak Wine a few times, this wine consumed too much sword qi. With one bowl, half of the sword qi that they had cultivated for years condensed. Who would dare to drink it?

Not everyone was like Han Muye, who did not take sword qi seriously and felt that the less sword qi condensed, the better.

Eldest Deng had left a lot of wine behind. In any case, Li Three had been drinking for 10 years and had not finished it.

“Heartbreak Wine...” Han Muye muttered softly.

Eldest Deng’s wine was extraordinary.

If he could drink it often and condense the sword qi in his body to the limit, his combat strength would definitely increase countless times.

He just didn’t know how much Heartbreak Wine Li Three still had and if she would share it with him.

After finishing the peanuts and the gossip, Han Muye helped clean up the dishes and returned to his house.

At this moment, the sky was already dark. He planned to cultivate in the spiritual land for the night and go to the medical hall tomorrow to observe Patriarch Tao Ran refine pills.

When he returned to the big house, he already knew how to use the Spirit Gathering Array to increase the absorption of spiritual energy.

Sitting cross-legged on the wooden couch, the spiritual energy around him surged like water waves. He activated the Spirit Gathering Array and began to cultivate.

All of a sudden, the triple array formation was activated.

Han Muye felt that his aptitude was still insufficient. In addition, the spiritual energy cultivation technique was very ordinary, which was why the speed of absorbing spiritual energy was not fast.

He had to test his cultivation aptitude tomorrow and choose a cultivation technique to cultivate.

Now that his spiritual energy cultivation was at the first level of Qi Condensation, he hoped to find a suitable Qi Condensation cultivation technique to cultivate.

There was no need to worry about sword techniques. He was probably number one in the entire Nine Mystic Sword Sect when it came to the number of sword techniques he had mastered.

However, in Han Muye’s opinion, the true combat power among them was the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, the Prairie Fire Sword Technique, the reversed Lower-String Sword Technique, and the two sword techniques to control the Sword Pill.

The other sword techniques were only supplementary to ordinary cultivation and could be integrated into the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

His body-tempering cultivation technique was currently stuck at the peak of the ninth level of Essence Cultivating Realm. He needed to make a choice regarding the subsequent deduction of the Iron Bull Strength before he could continue cultivating.

As for the Mystic Sun Technique, it was a huge source of sword qi and spiritual energy.

However, in Han Muye's opinion, only when the Mystic Sun Technique was cultivated to the greater mastery stage and his body gathered essence, energy, and sword intent into one could such a method be truly powerful.

Even an ancient powerhouse was only so-so, right?

The image of the Sword Venerable in the sword pill flashed through his mind.

This is a true powerhouse in the world.

This is how sword cultivators should be.

...

At dawn, Li Three came to look for Han Muye, but he was nowhere to be seen.

"This Han Nineteen really doesn't take the spiritual land seriously." Lu Ten shook his head and whispered.

"He can appraise swords and refine pills, so he naturally doesn't lack spirit stones," Qi Shisan said enviously.

It must be very satisfying to casually drop 100,000 spirit stones to cultivate.

"Sword-grade? Alchemy?" Li San looked at Qi Thirteen and Lu Ten.

"Tell me. What did you talk about after I left last night?"

What did we talk about?

Lu Ten and Qi Thirteen froze.

We talked, what?

...

After leaving the spiritual land, Han Muye did not return to the Sword Pavilion.

He went straight to the Demonstration Building.

Come to think of it, it had been a while since he had come to the Demonstration Building.

The main reason was that the speed at which he earned spiritual rocks and merit points was too slow.

After experiencing the feeling of spiritual rocks rolling in like water, Han Muye was no longer interested in ordinary money.

He walked into the Demonstration Building. Perhaps it was early, but there weren't many people yet.



This was how inner sect cultivation was. As long as one's aptitude and talent were sufficient, there would be elders and deacons who would value them and take them in as disciples. They would teach them carefully and they did not have to worry about anything.

Just like Qiao Qing'er and the others, they had their senior brothers protecting them from the outer sect.

If one's aptitude and talent were not good, one had to cultivate and figure things out oneself.

But then again, if one's aptitude and talent were not good, one probably could not cultivate to the inner sect, right?

A green-robed deacon gave a brief introduction and led Han Muye to a quiet room.

The green-robed deacon pointed at the green jade ball in front of him and said, "This is a place to test your aptitude. As long as you inject spiritual energy, you can test your aptitude."

Most cultivation techniques in the cultivation world were matched according to one's cultivation aptitude. Many cultivation techniques did not have enough aptitude, and one could not cultivate when one's meridians could not withstand it.

There were also many cultivation techniques that were too profound. If the speed and quantity of spiritual energy in the meridians were insufficient, one would also be unable to circulate.

This was the world of cultivation. There were many things that one could not be forced.

Unless one had a chance to change one's fate.

The green-robed deacon walked out of the chamber. Han Muye raised his hand and placed his palm on the green jade ball.

Spiritual energy circulated and was directly injected into his body.

"Hum—"

There was a soft sound, and the stone ball glowed with a gray spiritual light.

This was the symbol of a ninth-grade aptitude.

Gray, white, red, orange, yellow, green, green, blue, purple—nine colors represented nine aptitudes.

First-grade aptitude, Purple Qi from the East.

The spiritual energy in Han Muye's palm continued to flow out. The originally gray halo turned grayish-white, and then slowly condensed into jade-white.

This was an eighth-grade aptitude.

It seemed that the medicinal pill given to him by the sect master had indeed changed his aptitude greatly.

After a moment, the jade-white spiritual light turned pale red and then stopped at the scarlet color.

Retracting his palm, Han Muye chuckled in satisfaction.

A seventh-grade aptitude was almost a sixth-grade orange-red.

With a seventh-grade aptitude, the circulation of spiritual energy was much better than at the ninth-grade.

There were many cultivation techniques corresponding to the seventh-grade aptitude in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

After all, a sixth-grade aptitude was already considered a high grade in the sect. A fourth-grade aptitude was extremely rare.

How could there be so many geniuses in the world?

Looking at the green-white jade ball in front of him, Han Muye reached out his palm again.

Just now, the deacon said that not only could this stone ball measure spiritual energy, but it could also measure sword qi.

Han Muye was very curious about the quality of the messy sword qi in his body.

As his palm pressed down, the scattered sword qi in his Qi Sea landed on the stone ball.

The white halo on the stone ball flashed and disappeared.

Eighth-grade sword qi.

It seemed that he had practiced with Heartbreak Wine last night. His scattered sword qi was at the eighth-grade.

The sword qi in Han Muye's dantian surged and stretched slightly.

"Hum—"

The stone ball instantly turned orange-red, then a bright yellow.

The sword qi in his dantian had already reached the sixth-grade.

The refined sword qi was soft, obedient, and could even be recycled. It was the foundation of the original sword cultivation technique.

If the sword qi in his dantian was at the sixth-grade, what about the soul sword qi?

With a hint of curiosity, Han Muye pointed his finger, and a soul sword qi landed on the stone ball.

The halo on the stone ball dissipated slightly, then emitted a dazzling green light.

Fourth-grade!

The soul sword qi was at the fourth-grade!

The higher the quality of the sword qi, the stronger its combat strength.

A trace of seriousness appeared in Han Muye's eyes. The sword qi in his divine treasures, Qi Sea, and dantian condensed into one.

Mystic Sun Technique.

With a flash of sword light, a trace of sword qi that combined the three techniques rushed out of his fingertips.

“Slash—”

On the stone ball, the spiritual light instantly turned purple!

First-grade sword qi!

It was just as he thought!

The sword qi condensed by the Mystic Sun Technique was a first-grade sword qi—an auspicious sign!

This was the best sword qi in the world.

Retracting his hand, Han Muye turned to leave.

“Click.”

The moment he walked out of the chamber, a crisp sound came from the stone ball behind him.

It had cracked.

During the aptitude test, Han Muye had gained a deeper understanding of his cultivation.

Putting aside the quality of the sword qi, a seventh-grade cultivation aptitude would also give him more choices.

He could cultivate more than half of the techniques in the cultivation technique books on the rows of bookshelves.

Jade Condensation Technique.

Building Clouds Technique.

Essential Energy Technique.

...

The cultivation techniques and introductions seemed to be very good.

These cultivation techniques required 10 to 20 merit points each.

When Han Muye first came to the Demonstration Building, he only had 100 spiritual rocks borrowed from Old Huang Six.

At that time, there were only the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords and Iron Bull Strength to choose from.

Now, a few thousand spiritual rocks were nothing to him.

He wanted to find more cultivation techniques and then deduce and fuse them himself. However, he felt that it was unnecessary.

It was just a cultivation technique corresponding to a seventh-grade aptitude.

Although his aptitude was only at the seventh-grade now, it did not mean that he would still be at the seventh-grade in the future!

“Senior Brother!”

When Han Muye reached for a book, a surprised cry came from behind.

Turning around, Han Muye saw a young man in a white robe standing behind him, his face full of surprise.

“Senior Brother, do you remember me?”

Blue Wave Sword Technique, second level.”

The young man looked at Han Muye and whispered.

Han Muye nodded.

Back then, he earned his first bucket of gold from him, so he naturally remembered.

“How’s your cultivation of the Blue Wave Sword Technique?” Han Muye asked softly as he retracted his hand.

Hearing Han Muye’s question, Yang Shao looked excited.

“It’s all thanks to Senior Brother’s guidance. I’ve already cultivated the second level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique.

My master accepted me as his disciple.”

Yang Shao clenched his fists, took a deep breath, and said in a low voice, “Senior Brother, I want to cultivate the third level of the Blue Wave.”

## **Chapter 129: Are You the One Who Wants to Cultivate the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?**

“The third level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique?” Han Muye whispered.

There was a third level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique.

The third level involved sword intent.

Unlike his initial guess, the Blue Wave Sword Technique was still too low-level, and there was no comprehension of sword momentum in the third level.

This was what Han Muye had experienced after deducing the Blue Wave Sword Technique.

In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, sword techniques that involved sword momentum were at least at the Fifth Mystic Level.

Among the Four Mystic Sword Techniques, only a small portion could fuse with the power of other sword techniques and condense sword momentum.

Even the Fifth Mystic Sword Technique needed to fuse with power.

The Prairie Fire Sword Technique of the Fire Lineage required the power of wind.

Tuoba Cheng's Earth Lineage White Tiger Sword Momentum also leveraged the growth of body tempering cultivation techniques to condense the sword momentum.

Seeing that Han Muye was deep in thought, Yang Shao raised his hand and took out a light yellow book.

"Senior Brother, this is my book of missions that I completed. It's worth 90 merit points.

That's all I can spare now.'

Yang Shao took a deep breath and whispered.

Han Muye glanced at the mission book but did not take it.

"Senior Brother, my master went down the mountain to fight at the Wind Spirit Sword Sect's encampment. Most of the disciples of the Three Lake Pavilion went.

When it's my turn, I'll be able to earn merits.

Senior Brother, tell me what price you need. When I return to the mountain, I'll give the merit points to you."

Yang Shao held the mission book and said in a low voice with an anxious expression.

He couldn't not be anxious.

His plans could not keep up with change.

Back then, his master, the Three Lake Pavilion's Elder Xu Haosheng, had said that he would take him in as his final disciple. As long as he comprehended the third level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique in three years, he would fight for a legacy for him.

That was an investment that placed value on his comprehension.

But now that the war had begun, combat strength was the most important.

In the Three Lake Pavilion, Su Yunsheng's combat strength was powerful and he was the best. He had earned a lot of merit and prestige for the Three Lake Pavilion.

Xu Haosheng had a change in attitude and he was prepared to recommend Su Yunsheng as a legacy disciple.

Yang Shao could not bear to give up this position.

Legacy disciples had the chance to enter the spiritual land to cultivate.

The kinds of resources there were not available to inner sect disciples.

“It’s not a matter of merit points.” Han Muye shook his head and looked at Yang Shao. He said softly, “The third level of the Blue Wave Realm has returned to an ancient calm state, and there are drastic changes in the waves.

Only when you experience the state of mind at that moment will you comprehend it.”

After saying that, he reached out and flipped open a book on the bookshelf. He carefully read the introduction of the cultivation technique in it and ignored Yang Shao.

“It’s calm, but the waves are surging?

Is—is this possible?”

Yang Shao’s expression changed. He cupped his hands at Han Muye, put away the mission book, and turned to leave.

He believed that Han Muye would not lie to him.

And there was no need to lie to him.

Perhaps, it was really just that his state of mind was not enough and he could not comprehend the third level of the Blue Wave Realm.

His opportunity had not arrived.

Cultivation was like that.

Han Muye continued to flip through the book at an extremely fast speed.

*Golden Sun Technique?*

Opening a book, Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

This cultivation technique was a blazing cultivation technique that condensed spiritual energy into a blazing sun.

Unlike the Fire Lineage cultivation method, this cultivation method corresponded to the sun that was the source of life.

This cultivation technique was vast and mighty, and was very useful for refining meridians.

He took the blank cultivation technique and walked to the green-robed deacon who was receiving him. Han Muye handed it over.

*Golden Sun Technique?*

The deacon shook his head and said in a low voice, “This cultivation technique is incomplete. It’s an ancient cultivation technique.

You’d better change it.”

*Ancient?*

Han Muye chuckled. "Let me fix it first."

*Let's pursue this ancient technique*, he thought.

Seeing that Han Muye was insistent, the green-robed deacon took out a jade token and said, "You can issue a performance mission. Not many people have cultivated this technique, so you have to be mentally prepared.

If there's really no one to perform it, go to the library and read the cultivation technique directly.

But in that case, how much you can comprehend will depend on yourself."

No one explained the method and he could only read the ancient books. It really depended on his comprehension.

For most cultivators, cultivating like this with the time spent comprehending the cultivation technique and the various difficulties encountered in the process of deducing the technique was a headache.

Han Muye took the jade token and walked straight to the corresponding quiet room. Then he entered the instructions on the jade wall.

"Room 38, requesting to perform the Golden Sun Technique. Reward: 100 merit points."

A hundred merit points and ten thousand spiritual rocks. This cultivation technique was considered expensive among seventh-grade cultivation techniques.

As expected, no one accepted the mission for a long time.

It seemed that there really weren't many people cultivating it.

Just as Han Muye was about to give up on issuing the mission and see when he could go to the library to read up on the cultivation technique, a spiritual light flashed on the stone wall in front of him.

The mission had been accepted.

A moment later, a middle-aged man in a white robe walked into the quiet room.

Han Muye knew him.

Shen MUYANG, an elite disciple of the Fire Lineage.

Back then, it was this person who sought sword techniques on behalf of his master.

"You want to cultivate the Golden Sun Technique?" Shen MUYANG looked at Han Muye and asked in a deep voice.

Today, Han Muye was not wearing a robe and mask to hide his identity, so Shen MUYANG naturally did not know that the person in front of him was his big creditor.

Han Muye nodded.

"The Golden Sun Technique has been passed down since ancient times, and the cultivation technique is incomplete. It's not easy to cultivate it. Do you know this?" Shen MUYANG saw Han Muye nod and spoke again.

Han Muye said softly, "I know."

The mask that concealed his identity could change his voice. At this moment, Han Muye's voice did not change. It was completely different from before.

Shen Muyang did not sense Han Muye's identity at all. He just nodded and said, "Alright, I'll show you the cultivation formula and the cultivation process of this cultivation technique."

With that, he shook his body and sat cross-legged in midair. Then he spoke in a low voice.

"Hiding the power of profound essence, strengthening the three yangs.

The spirit of the Nine Heavens sank into the valley and turned into a jade forest..."

An image of his meridians circulating appeared in Han Muye's mind.

Spiritual energy poured from the top of his head and gathered in his dantian through his meridians.

The speed and amount of spiritual energy circulated by the Golden Sun Technique was more than several times that of other cultivation techniques.

He comprehended the Golden Sun Technique.

When Shen Muyang finished explaining the cultivation technique, Han Muye had already comprehended it.

"I'll explain it to you twice more. Remember, don't cultivate the Golden Sun Technique for more than half an hour a day.

Otherwise, if the Blazing Sun Flame burns your meridians, it will roll back the spiritual energy in your dantian and cause your cultivation to dissipate."

Shen Muyang looked at Han Muye and started explaining again.

It was almost an hour before Shen Muyang left.

Before he left, he instructed Han Muye to carefully control the amount of spiritual energy he absorbed.

Seeing Shen Muyang take away the spiritual rocks worth a hundred merit points, Han Muye smiled bitterly.

*Who's the creditor?*

However, Patriarch Tao Ran was living in the Sword Pavilion now. If he revealed his identity and asked for the 1,000 merit points that Su Yuan owed, Patriarch Tao Ran would probably chase him and ask him how he learned Prairie Fire Technique.

Han Muye did not want outsiders to know that he had comprehended a cultivation technique from a sword.

It was just 1,000 merit points, but he owed it to him for nothing, and there was no interest. He really felt a little indignant...



He turned to look at the jade wall. There was still a mission on it to find the Prairie Fire Sword Technique.

Han Muye knew that Shen MUYANG was looking for him to return the 1,000 merit points.

“Eh?”

The missions on the jade wall flipped, and one of them stunned him.

“Room 105, requesting for the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords. Reward: 10 spiritual rocks.”

Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

The legend of the 10,000 Swords Elder spread in the sect, and the cultivation of this cultivation technique also caused a wave for a period of time.

However, no one mastered it.

Back when Mo Yuan was in the Sword Sect, he had taught many people the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

There were also legends about him in the building.

But now, everyone was dumbfounded when they learned the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.

The people who were performing it and those learning it were dumbfounded.

He faced forward and pointed. Then he shouted, “Have you learned it?”

The Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?

No wonder the price was only ten spiritual rocks.

If he set the price too high, he would probably be beaten.

Han Muye looked at the mission on the jade wall and hesitated for a moment.

He did not change his clothes to hide his identity and walked straight to Room 105.

When he arrived at the quiet room, he pushed open the door and saw a young man in a green robe.

Outer sect disciple.

This was the Inner Sect Demonstration Building. Very few outer sect disciples came here.

The main thing was that even if it was a body tempering technique, the cheapest one, Iron Bull Strength, required 80 spiritual rocks.

How long would it take for an outer sect disciple to accumulate so many spiritual rocks?

If he had the time to deduct spiritual rocks, he might as well cultivate properly and cultivate the outer sect cultivation techniques. It was only right for him to quickly reach the peak of the Essence Cultivation Realm and step into the inner sect.

“You’re the one who wants to cultivate the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?”

Han Muye looked at the young man.

“Zhou Wen greets Senior Brother.” The young man was a little reserved. He bowed to Han Muye and handed over 10 spiritual rocks.

It seemed like this was the first time he was here.

“Are you a new disciple of the sect?”

Has the sect been recruiting new disciples recently?

Han Muye did not take the spiritual rocks, but spoke calmly.

“Senior Brother, Patriarch Zhou Yan is my granduncle.” The young man sorted out his words and said in a low voice, “My granduncle died for the sect, and the sect chose a few juniors from the Zhou family to join.”

It turned out to be the junior disciple of Zhou Yan, the deacon of the Sword Battle Hall.

Back then, Zhou Yan’s sword was personally sent to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion by Han Muye.

Speaking of which, he wondered how Qin Yuanhe, who had caused Zhou Yan to lose his life, was doing now.

Han Muye knew that he hadn’t killed him with a single strike. After he was taken away by the sect, he didn’t know what to do.

“The Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords is a sword cultivation technique that encompasses thousands of sword techniques.

It can’t be cultivated without great perseverance and determination.

Do you really want to cultivate this technique?”

Han Muye put his hands behind his back and spoke calmly.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Zhou Wen nodded and said in a low voice, “Among the juniors of my Zhou family, only three have cultivation aptitude, and they all have ninth-grade spiritual roots.”

My aptitude is the worst among the three.

If I don’t cultivate the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, I don’t know when I can reach the Foundation Establishment realm and rebuild the Zhou family’s reputation.

Senior Brother, please teach me.”

Zhou Wen bowed solemnly to Han Muye and held the ten spiritual rocks with both hands.

Han Muye nodded and said lightly, “Alright, then I’ll teach you the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.”

He put one hand behind his back and raised the other. He slowly extended it forward and stabbed out with his fingers.

“This sword technique was created by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s number one outer sect disciple, Mo Yuan.

With Mo Yuan’s great perseverance of not reaching the Qi Condensation Realm for 200 years, he studied all the outer sect sword techniques. He fused thousands of sword techniques into one sword and transformed them into 10,000 swords.

This sword technique doesn’t require high aptitude or high comprehension.

This sword technique is for the ordinary sword cultivators of the world to split open a heaven-reaching Great Dao.

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

Han Muye muttered to himself as the scene of Mo Yuan teaching him the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords flashed through his mind.

At this moment, his comprehension was different.

How did Mo Yuan feel when he taught Han Muye swordsmanship?

Helpless?

Happy?

Sad?

Resolute?

Han Muye pointed his finger forward. There was no sword qi or spiritual energy surging in his body. But it was as if he was standing at the end of a 10,000-foot cloud, reaching out to cover the sky.

This sword cut through the sky!

Zhou Wen, who was standing in front of him, widened his eyes and trembled.

What he saw was like a 10,000-foot-long sword that covered the sky and came slashing down!

Ancestral Return, 10,000 Swords!

**Chapter 130: Comprehending the Formula for the Void Meridian Pill and Heading to the Library**

*This is an invincible sword cultivator!*

*Only then does he feel carefree!*

Zhou Wen trembled all over, his eyes shining.

Ever since he was recruited into the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and knew that his aptitude was low, he had slowly lost hope in cultivation.

This feeling of being in a cultivation sect but not having any opportunities made him feel like he was going crazy.

He was only here to give himself a thought.

There was no hope.

What could 10 spiritual rocks do?

However, he saw hope in Han Muye's sword!

To open up a path for sword cultivators with low aptitude and talent!

This was the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!

This sword could dominate the world!

“I, I will not let you down!” Zhou Wen, who was kneeling on one knee, lowered his head and muttered.

That dazzling sword light was already deeply engraved in his heart.

In this life, he would definitely master this shocking sword!

When he looked up, Han Muye was no longer in front of him.

...

Han Muye, who had walked out of the building, felt more enlightened.

From imitating Mo Yuan’s attack to seeing Zhou Wen’s state just now, he felt his state of mind rise.

Cultivation in the world was extremely difficult.

Only this sword could open the Great Dao.

Sword light continued to linger in his divine treasure.

The sword intent in his Qi Sea also vibrated gently.

By the time he walked out of the Waterside Residence, the sword intent and sword qi in his body had already converged.

His spiritual energy realm, which had just broken through to the Qi Condensation Realm, had also stabilized.

“Senior Brother Han.” The female cultivator, Jin Yuan, smiled when she saw Han Muye.

“Fairy Jin, is Elder Su Liang here?” Han Muye cupped his hands and asked.

Jin Yuan’s EQ was not high, but she was honest.

She had cared about his life and death several times.

She was a good person.

“Master is here. He’s preparing to go to the medical hall to observe Patriarch Tao Ran refine pills,” Jin Yuan said in a low voice as she led Han Muye into the wooden building.

“Patriarch Tao Ran’s alchemy skills are top-notch in our Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

Jin Yuan's words were filled with reverence.

A half-step Heaven Realm ancestor was a being that they looked up to.

"You're here to ask when we're going to Mushen City, right?" Elder Su Liang's voice could be heard as they entered the wooden building.

Elder Su Liang reached out and took the spiritual herbs and cauldron from the wooden shelf. He walked over and said, "Let's go to the medical hall.

Patriarch Tao Ran wants to refine the Void Meridian Pill. This is a rare opportunity to observe.

The patriarch said that we will go to Mushen City together in three days."

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

It seemed that he did not have to worry about these things at all.

The Patriarch was probably more concerned about him.

By the time they arrived at the medical hall, there were already people standing outside.

“Patriarch Tao Ran wants to refine the Void Meridian Pill. I have to observe carefully this time.”

“Void Meridian Pill. Does our Nine Mystic Sword Sect know how to refine it?”

“Back then, the Patriarch specialized in alchemy, and his fire meridians were powerful. It’s said that he was once the number one alchemist in Nine Mystic.”

There was a murmur of conversation.

Han Muye followed behind Elder Su Liang and forced his way into the bamboo building.

“Elder Su Liang is here.”

“Elder Su Liang is also here to observe the Patriarch refine pills.”

“Who is that kid? Why is he with the elders?”

Han Muye braced himself and rushed into the bamboo building. Then, under many angry gazes, he walked to Patriarch Tao Ran’s side.

“Patriarch.” Elder Su Liang bowed to Patriarch Tao Ran, who was sitting in front of the pill furnace.



Han Muye also bowed slightly.

Patriarch Tao Ran looked up at Han Muye, then raised his hand, and a flame landed on the cauldron.

There was silence.

Patriarch Tao Ran controlled the furnace with one hand and threw in spiritual herbs with the other.

When the spiritual herbs entered the pill furnace, a fragrance seeped out.

The vigorous medicinal power seemed to be about to explode the pill furnace.

This was because the medicinal properties of the spirit medicine were too strong.

“Hum—”

Patriarch Tao Ran kept casting spells to stoke the flames in his hand and control the pill furnace.

All kinds of spiritual herbs landed in the pill furnace, causing the medicinal power in the pill furnace to continuously gather and rush to the peak.

Han Muye watched Patriarch Tao Ran refine pills intently, and images appeared in his mind.

The temperature of the flames, the order of the spiritual herbs, and the medicinal strength in the cauldron fused.

The images kept changing and disintegrating.

“Hum—”

A tremor came from the cauldron.

In Han Muye’s mind, the images dissipated into flames.

He comprehended the technique of refining the Wood-Type Void Meridian Pill.

He comprehended the technique of refining a Fire-Type Void Meridian Pill.

He comprehended the technique of refining the Water-Type Void Meridian Pill.

...

The comprehension of the eight techniques stunned Han Muye.

Patriarch Tao Ran had only refined one Void Meridian Pill, but he had comprehended eight techniques.

Was it his problem or Patriarch Tao Ran's refinement method?

In his mind, the images circulated again, and he closed his eyes slightly.

There were 16 types of spiritual herbs missing from the Wood-Type Void Meridian Pill.

The Water-Type Void Meridian Pill was missing 13 spiritual herbs. The other five were dispensable and did not affect the medicinal properties.

There were only 21 types of spiritual herbs used in the Metal-Type Void Meridian Pill.

...

The formula for each single attribute Void Meridian Pill required nearly half of the spiritual herbs that Patriarch Tao Ran refined.

Was this the way to refine the Void Meridian Pill?

"Han Muye, what do you think?"

Patriarch Tao Ran's voice made Han Muye open his eyes.

He turned and looked around. The eyes were on him.

"Who is this person?" Someone frowned and looked at Han Muye and Patriarch Tao Ran.

Patriarch Tao Ran had already asked the other alchemy elders what they thought of the Void Meridian Pill.

Two pills in a furnace.

Such alchemy methods were also shocking to the elders.

Naturally, everyone was full of compliments.

Even Elder Su Liang sighed. He said that after a few decades, Patriarch Tao Ran's alchemy skills had reached the peak.

At this moment, Patriarch Tao Ran looked at Han Muye with a trace of smugness in his eyes.

In his hand, he held a glowing pill.

Faint light seeped through the pill, as if it was about to turn into nothingness. There were also clouds interweaving and swirling around it.

Even with just a glance, one could tell that this pill was extremely extraordinary.

Seeing that Han Muye was in a daze, Fairy Jin Yuan quickly whispered everyone's comments.

In her opinion, Han Muye must have been completely confused just now.

It was normal. Few people present could understand the alchemy of an expert like the Patriarch.

Hearing Jin Yuan convey the elders' evaluations, Han Muye was amused.

These alchemy elders probably didn't understand either, right?

"Patriarch, I'm afraid we won't be able to obtain supreme-grade pills by refining the Void Meridian Pill like this, right?"

Han Muye looked at Patriarch Tao Ran and chuckled.

*He could not obtain the supreme-grade.*

Everyone present was stunned, then looked at Han Muye with a strange expression.

*Where did this brat come from? He actually mentioned the supreme-grade pill.*

There were countless alchemists in the world. How many of them could refine supreme-grade pills?

Supreme-grade pills required strength. More importantly, it was luck.

Someone looked at Han Muye coldly and muttered to himself, "He's just trying to attract attention. If he talks nonsense in front of the Patriarch, the Patriarch will definitely expel him."

"He's young, but his tone is arrogant. He has no respect for his elders. I wonder which lineage he belongs to." Someone frowned and looked displeased.

Elder Su Liang turned around and glanced at Han Muye.

Shock flashed across Fairy Jin Yuan's face. She looked at Han Muye with a hint of worry in her eyes.

*This Senior Brother Han has a good temperament, but his EQ is not good. He does not know how to speak.*

*This would definitely offend Patriarch Tao Ran.*

As expected, Patriarch Tao Ran's face darkened as he looked at Han Muye.

"You're right."

*Right?*

In the medical hall, the audience widened their eyes.

"The Patriarch actually didn't blame this person?"

"No, the Patriarch isn't angry?"

"No way. Could this be the patriarch's..."

Many people looked at Han Muye strangely.

The dignity of a Heavenly Realm Patriarch was not to be offended.

This person who dared to criticize the Patriarch's medicinal pills without offending the Patriarch was definitely not an ordinary person.

“What do you think we should do to refine a supreme-grade pill?” Patriarch Tao Ran’s voice could be heard again.

What should he do to refine a supreme-grade pill? Who the hell knew?

Wouldn’t he be able to refine a supreme-grade pill?

Not right!

This was the Patriarch asking!

He was asking the kid who had just evaluated his pills!

*Haha, I see.*

*We thought the Patriarch didn’t care.*

*It turned out that the Patriarch was deliberately making things difficult for this kid.*

Everyone’s expressions changed again. They were gloating.

*If Han Muye couldn’t answer, hehe.*



Almost everyone was waiting to see how the Patriarch would punish the rude Han Muye.

Elder Su Liang frowned and Fairy Jin Yuan shook her head gently.

Senior Brother Han was too straightforward.

“If you want to refine a supreme-grade pill, I think you should purify the medicinal effect.”

Han Muye reached out and grabbed the pill in Patriarch Tao Ran’s hand.

He extended his divine sense and felt the rich medicinal power in this pill.

However, he, who was used to refining supreme-grade pills, instantly sensed that there was a trace of impurities in this pill.

The mixed effects of the medicine.

It was also this trace of mixed medicinal power that made this pill definitely not supreme-grade.

“Indeed.”

Holding the pill in his hand, Han Muye nodded, then looked at Patriarch Tao Ran, who was frowning slightly. "Patriarch, if a disciple of the Fire Lineage consumes this pill, most of the medicinal power will be wasted.

In this pill, only the medicinal power of a fire-attribute spiritual medicine can be used."

At this point, he turned to look at Elder Su Liang.

"Elder Su Liang, is there a simpler way to refine the Void Meridian Pill?"

Simplify the formula?

Elder Su Liang looked at Patriarch Tao Ran.

"Simplify?"

"A waste of medicinal power?"

Patriarch Tao Ran stood up and frowned. "Let's go. Follow me to the library.

Su Liang, I remember that there's more than one pill formula for this Void Meridian Pill in the library, right?"

Elder Su Liang hurriedly said, "Indeed, but this is the most complete one. The medicinal pills refined are also the most potent..."

Patriarch Tao Ran nodded and led Han Muze away.

Elder Su Liang's eyes flickered as he strode forward.

There was confusion in the medical hall.

Fairy Jin Yuan stood there, looking lost.

Was Senior Brother Han's words really reasonable, or was he making things up?

But the Patriarch seemed to believe him?

"Who is this kid..." Someone shook his head and whispered.

"I seem to have seen this kid somewhere, but I don't remember." Someone whispered as he left the medical hall.

Today, he was amazed by Patriarch Tao Ran's alchemy methods.

However, such a high-quality Void Meridian Pill was rejected. It was puzzling.

Was the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's alchemy really so prosperous that they didn't even care about the high-quality Void Meridian Pill?

...

In front of a green brick and wooden building, Patriarch Tao Ran took a deep breath.

"Old Wu Three, let me take a look at the pill formula."

As soon as he finished speaking, a white-haired Daoist in a green robe landed in front of the wooden building.

"Crazy Tao, Senior Brother Ran?

Are you going to study the Void Meridian Pill again?"

The old man shook his head and said, "Forget it. Cultivate your sword well. Why are you tormenting that pill?"

"Wu Ziyuan, why do you interfere in my matters?" Patriarch Tao Ran shouted coldly and strode towards the wooden building.

“Look, since I can’t control it, why are you calling me?” Grand Elder Wu Ziyuan shook his head and shrugged.

Turning around, Wu Ziyuan’s expression relaxed. “Junior Sister Su Liang, ignore that lunatic. Let’s go. I’ll accompany you to tea.”

After saying that, his gaze landed on Han Muye.

“Where did you come from, kid?”