

## **Pavilion 151**

### **Chapter 151: Life Extension, 200 years!**

If there was not enough spiritual energy, he would drop spiritual rocks!

“Boom—”

Without hesitation, the high-grade spiritual rocks in front of Han Muye exploded, and the spiritual energy that dissipated was poured into the cauldron.

Outside the big house, spirit locking arrays were activated.

“This Nineteen is really rich.” The green-robed Qi Thirteen shook his head and turned to leave.

He still had to complete a sect mission to earn some merit points.

Han Muye had casually cultivated and used 70,000 to 80,000 spiritual rocks.

There was no comparison between people.

In the big house, there was a huge amount of spiritual energy pouring in. The pill cauldron spun, and two of the Lifespan-extending pills finally took shape.

The pure medicinal power gathered, causing the spiritual light on the two pills to shine before turning into gray clouds.

With a soft sound, two pills flew out of the cauldron and rushed towards the roof.

However, after flying for half a foot, there were halos blocking them from above.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a phantom hand appeared, grabbing both pills.

Cloud Dew Hand, the technique of gathering pills.

When using this pill collection method to gather pills, it would not conflict with the spiritual consciousness in the pills and would not damage the medicinal properties.

It could also absorb the surrounding medicinal power into the pill, making its medicinal power stronger.

Although it was only a trace, it still mattered.

Han Muye took the pills and looked down.

The two pills were already floating in his palm like clouds.

The pure medicinal power in the pills seemed to dissipate into clouds immediately and floated away.

This was what an Immortal Pill should be like.

Compared to the premium lifespan-extending pills refined by the Mu family's patriarch, the medicinal effects of these two lifespan-extending pills were nearly 10 times purer.

The higher the grade of the pill, the less the medicinal effects would differ.

It was easy to increase a spiritual rock's net worth a hundred times, but it was extremely difficult to increase 10,000 spiritual rocks a hundred times.

Enough.

Looking at the two pills in his palm, Han Muye smiled.

Such a pill was enough to extend his lifespan for a hundred years.

Without hesitation, he swallowed the two lifespan-extending pills.

As the pills entered his stomach, a mysterious feeling filled his body.

Balance.

This feeling came from the fusion of his body, bloodline, soul, and sword qi.

Han Muye could clearly feel that his body seemed to be nourished by some kind of power and was full of vitality.

This vitality had nothing to do with cultivation and sword qi.

Over 200 years of lifespan!

Only at this moment did he heave a sigh of relief.

He finally did not have to worry about his lifespan.

With these 200 years of lifespan, it was enough for him to absorb sword qi or slowly condense sword intent.

He stood up and stretched his body. Satisfied, he put away the cauldron and walked out of the big house.

“Nineteen is out of seclusion?”

“You’ve been in seclusion for quite some time. It’s been seven days.”

Lu Ten's loud voice could be heard.

"Hurry up and wash up. I hunted a roe deer when I was fetching firewood. Let's have a meal."

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

With Lu Ten around, the small beasts on the surrounding mountains would really suffer.

Most importantly, this spiritual land attracted all kinds of wild beasts.

During the meal, Qi Thirteen and Su Eighteen were present. Then, it was Lu Ten's turn.

"I heard that the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect has already sent an envoy to the sect. I reckon this battle won't last long," Su Eighteen said as he dealt with the mule leg.

"My master said that the battle at Fengshou Mountain is even more intense than we thought. The Spiritual Dao Sect has spoken. The people from the Western Frontier should stop fighting." Lu Ten said as he picked up the wine bowl in front of him.

This wine was not Li Three's Heartbreak Wine, but it was still refreshing.

Han Muye did not drink much. He only ate some meat and listened to Lu Ten and the others talk.

The direct disciples were all big shots in the sect. Lu Ten's master was a powerful elder at the sixth level of the Core Formation realm, and Qi Shisan's master was the Golden Lineage Grand Elder, Lu Hao.

The information they gave was naturally not the same as what Lu Gao had heard from the servants.

Without needing to analyze, Han Muye knew that the dispute with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect was about to end.

After all, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect was only caught off guard by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect back then. That was why they suffered a loss.

In short, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect did not lose much strength.

Now that they were slowly making arrangements, there was no benefit for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to continue fighting.

There was another reason. According to the decree of the Spiritual Dao Sect, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not have to worry about the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect taking revenge after he recovered.

As long as they could not attack in the Core Formation realm within 30 to 50 years, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was confident that their strength would improve greatly.

At that time, even if the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect had a Heaven Realm expert, they would not lose.

“In the end, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect is lacking a Heaven Realm expert.”

Su Eighteen drank a glass of wine and spoke softly.

“The potential of the three Grand Elders has been exhausted. There’s no hope of reaching the Heaven Realm.” Su Eighteen looked at Qi Thirteen and then at Lu Ten.

They both bowed their heads in silence.

Cultivation was like this. Talent determined the upper limit.

If one wanted to break through this upper limit, one really needed a heaven-defying opportunity.

“Although the sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect was injured in the battle at the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain, our Sword Sect also suffered a loss.

“Sect Master should have the highest chance of breaking through to the Heaven Realm.

“Just like Elder Gao Changgong back then.”

Lu Shi spoke in a deep voice and looked at Han Muye.

This was the big picture.

Outsiders only cared about disputes, but these direct disciples cared about the overall situation.

Someone was controlling the layout of the cultivation world in the Western Frontier.

The sect master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect was already at the Heaven Realm, but he was injured at the foot of the Nine Mystical Mountain and had no choice but to enter seclusion.

The Sect Master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Jin Ze, had hidden his cultivation for so many years. In the end, he detonated his Golden Core and could not advance his cultivation for the rest of his life.

These two sects seemed to be fighting to be the fourth-largest sect in the Western Frontier, but in fact, the threat to the top three sects was directly eliminated.

Han Muye nodded.

Patriarch Tao Ran and the Sword Pavilion Elder had told him about this before.

Even if they didn't say it, he could guess it.

The cultivation world was like this. The lives of countless low-level cultivators were not within their own control at all.



The conflict between the large factions involved cultivators who were not much stronger than powerless individuals.

Even the sect masters of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Jin Ze, had no choice but to pay a huge price.

Among the top forces of the Dao Sect, the Demon Sect, and the Sword Sect in the Western Frontier, there could only be one in each sect, right?

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Han Muye did not stay in the spiritual land for long. After eating and drinking, he returned to the Sword Pavilion.

When he arrived at the Sword Pavilion, Lin Shen was on duty.

Jiang Ming had gone to Suzhen Store to deliver pills to Bai Suzhen.

Yang Mingxuan's face was pale, but his eyes were bright.

Huang Six and Gao Xiaoxuan had disappeared again.

Han Muye took out a sackcloth and began to wipe the swords in the Sword Pavilion.

As he wiped the swords, he collected the sword qi.

Now that the problem of lifespan had been resolved, he naturally had to quickly absorb more sword qi.

For most of the day, he collected more than 20,000 sword qi that had been scattered in the swords.

These sword qi combined with the scattered sword qi in his Qi Sea and condensed into a sword intent.

“Senior Brother Lin, is Senior Brother Han here?”

A voice came from the front of the Sword House.

Han Muye walked over and saw a young man in a white robe standing in front of Lin Shen.

Qi Tao.

Lingjue Sect’s Qi Mingyuan’s son.

Qi Tao was already a disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s fire lineage and was Su Yuan’s disciple.

Some time ago, when Patriarch Tao Ran was in the Sword Pavilion, Su Yuan brought Qi Tao to visit him.

“Senior Brother Han.”

Seeing Han Muye, Qi Tao hurriedly bowed and cupped his fists.

It was all thanks to Han Muye that he could cultivate in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The reason why Lingjue Sect could improve so much was also because of Han Muye.

Qi Mingyuan instructed him to be respectful to Han Muye.

Actually, there was no need to explain. Qi Tao would still be respectful to Han Muye.

After all, this Senior Brother Han was mysterious and powerful. He had unimaginable connections and strength.

“Master asked me to tell Senior Brother that there are no movements from the various sects at the foot of the mountain, but it seems that the demons have some plans.”

Most of the disciples of the Fire Lineage and Three Stone House were suppressing the demons at the foot of the mountain. Han Muye privately asked Su Yuan to help pay attention to the movements of a few sects, including Clear Wind Temple.

“Senior Brother, Master said that the sect is preparing to negotiate with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect after the battle. I’m afraid that both sides will have to use all their strength under the Core Formation realm. At that time, there might be changes.”

Qi Tao looked up at Han Muye as he spoke.

When he heard his master, Su Yuan, say this, his blood boiled. He wished he could participate in this battle immediately. Now that he looked at it, as expected, Senior Brother Han had long known about this news.

This was the final battle between the two major sects. It was the best opportunity for the two sects to become famous.

If he missed this battle, he would probably only be able to accumulate battle points at Fengshou Mountain.

Fengshou Mountain was much more dangerous than fighting with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

After Qi Tao left, Han Muye turned to look at the Sword Pavilion.

Huang Six had been talking to Gao Xiaoxuan about something recently.

However, he did not return the jade slip that Han Muye had given Huang Six last time.

It seemed that he was already quietly cultivating.

That was a good thing.

He hoped that the sects of Clear Wind Temple would not cause trouble and that the conflict between the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect would ease.

This way, Huang Six could steadily become a sword caretaker for 10 years and become a sect deacon. Then he could bring Sixth Sister-in-law back to his hometown and become a guard.

Although such a life was ordinary, wasn't it the most exciting?

In the afternoon, the inner sect disciple Tang Ming came and led Zhao Youzhi and the others to the Sword Pavilion to see Han Muye.

Tang Ming and the others had accepted a sect mission and were preparing to leave the mountain to fight with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect.

The situation was clear. They had to fight with all their might.

Han Muye helped Zhao Youzhi and the others point out some flaws in their swordsmanship and agreed to drink together after this battle.

Two days later, the entire Nine Mystic Mountain was completely mobilized.

There were all kinds of battle missions.

“Tell me, why are you fighting for this battle?” On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, the Sword Pavilion Elder looked at the flying sword lights with a calm expression.

Han Muye stood in front of the window and looked into the distance.

“This victory can suppress the luck of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect for decades.”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

The Sword Pavilion elder smiled and nodded.

“That’s right. The sect emphasizes luck. Actually, the so-called luck is not an illusory feeling.”

Narrowing his eyes, the Sword Pavilion Elder said in a deep voice, “After this victory, the other sects in the Western Frontier will naturally think highly of us.

“If we win this battle, we will obtain countless wealth and goods. The cultivation expenses of the sect disciples will also increase.

“With this victory, the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect will be suppressed. We will have more initiative.

“With this victory, the disciples of the sect will be excited and more confident when they cultivate.”

Looking at Han Muye, the Sword Pavilion Elder smiled and said, “Isn’t this luck?”

Han Muye nodded and looked at the figure slowly walking over from under the Sword Pavilion. He said in a low voice, “A general’s achievements are built on the sacrifices of tens of thousands of lives. Similarly, a sect’s power is built on piles of bones.

“The thousands of swords in the Sword Pavilion and the scars on those swords are the true luck, right?”

His words made the Sword Pavilion elder stiffen.

Han Muye shook his head and headed downstairs.

He understood that the sect trained their soldiers through battle.

Without going through bloody battles, how could cultivators single-mindedly pursue the Dao without any fear of hardships?

Sword cultivators, particularly, should not be afraid of death.

But these low-level disciples were also human...

"Hmph, as a superior, how can you be soft-hearted? You have to learn to see the big picture. The world is just a game of chess for a few people!"

The Sword Pavilion Elder's disappointed voice sounded behind him.

Han Muye couldn't be bothered with him and went straight downstairs.

You talk so much nonsense. Why are you hiding on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion?

When they arrived at the stone steps, Han Muye looked at the thin figure in front of him and said calmly, "Have you thought it through?"

The person in front of him was the disciple of the Three Lake Pavilion, Yang Shao.

### **Chapter 152: Yang Shao's Choice, Great Victory at Fengshou Mountain**

At the bottom of the stone steps, Yang Shao's face was covered in stubble, and his eyes were sunken.

But there was a hint of determination in his eyes.

This determination was like a calm ancient well.

"Senior Brother Han, I've thought about it."

Yang Shao raised his head and looked at the golden Sword Pavilion plaque.



“Back then, Master thought that I had comprehended the Blue Wave Sword Technique on my own and took me in as a disciple. He even promised to help me fight for the position of the true disciple.

Actually, all of this is thanks to Senior Brother Han.”

Han Muye looked at the calm Yang Shao and nodded slightly.

Yang Shao hid the truth and pretended to be Xu Haosheng’s disciple.

However, everyone had their own selfish motives.

Everyone had greed and desires.

“I’ll wait for you at the Demonstration Building. Then I’ll ask you to perform the third level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique. Only by comprehending the third level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique can I be qualified to stand in front of Master.”

Lowering his head slightly, Yang Shao clenched his fists and said in a hoarse voice, “I shouldn’t even be qualified to fight for Master’s sword.

Senior Brother, you said that my mental state is not enough and I can’t comprehend the third level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique, right?”

Yang Shao looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye nodded.

“As sword cultivators, we should have something to ask for, thoughts, and defenses, right?” Yang Shao continued.

“I cultivate the sword. I should cultivate my mind more. Since Master has a bloodline, I have to help him protect it no matter what.”

This was Yang Shao’s choice.

This choice was extremely difficult for him.

“Have you thought it through?” Han Muye asked softly.

Yang Shao nodded and said, “Yes.”

With that, he bowed and turned to leave.

“Give me the sword,” Han Muye suddenly said.

Yang Shao stopped in his tracks and trembled. He turned around and looked confused.

“Your state of mind wasn’t enough back then. Now, it’s enough.”

Han Muye waved his hand, and the sword in Yang Shao’s hand was unsheathed and landed in his palm.

“With my heart surging wildly, the ancient well that breaks through the heavens and earth and the vast blue waves are all in my heart.”

The long sword stabbed forward, and the blade carried endless waves. When the sword was unsheathed, clouds surged.

Using Sword Qi to move the heavens!

This was the third level of the Blue Wave!

The sword light retracted and the sword fell back. Han Muye clasped his hands behind his back.

“If you can borrow the power of heaven and earth in the future, you might be able to comprehend the fourth level of the Blue Wave Realm.”

Fourth level!

The fourth level of swordsmanship involved the power of heaven and earth.

With this level of sword technique, he could fight a half-step Heaven Realm expert!

“Borrowing, power?”

Yang Shao was stunned and at a loss.

This was too far away.

Even when Han Muye was practicing the third level of the Blue Wave, he didn’t understand much.

Han Muye waved his hand and said lightly, “If there’s a chance, go to the East China Sea.”

*East Sea!*

*Is there anything in the world that’s better than the endless sea of the East Sea?*

Yang Shao’s eyes lit up. He bowed to Han Muye and strode away.

At this moment, a trace of condensed sword qi circulated around his body, and it was about to materialize.

“Young Master, did he have an epiphany?”

Jiang Ming, who was standing in front of the Sword Pavilion, looked at Yang Shao’s back and asked.

“I think so.” Han Muye turned around and shook his head. “When it comes to cultivation, sword cultivators like us cultivate our hearts. If we have enlightenment, our cultivation will naturally increase.”

Jiang Ming’s eyes lit up. Seeing that Han Muye had already walked into the Sword Pavilion, he hurriedly asked, “What about us alchemists?”

Han Muye didn’t stop, and his voice came faintly. “Refine more pills.”

...

The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect fought continuously.

The Core Formation cultivators did not attack, but everyone below the Core Formation realm was fighting.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s inner sect, true disciples, direct disciples, and various deacons and elders were mobilized.

Even the various sects under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect swarmed into the various territories under the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

The search for all kinds of spiritual materials and spiritual herbs, the destruction of the sect, the search for medicinal pills, swords, and cultivation techniques attracted more cultivators to participate.

No one was righteous.

How could there be justice and evil when fighting for opportunities to cultivate?

In Han Muye's opinion, these low-level cultivators were just fighting for their lives.

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, more than half of the legacy disciples had left the spiritual land, leaving only Lu Ten and Li Three in seclusion. Song Seven, Song Nine, and Qi Thirteen all went to the battlefield.

To these junior experts, this was a rare opportunity to make a name for themselves. It was also an opportunity to increase their experience and accumulate wealth.

Before Qi Thirteen and the others left, they asked Han Muye for a few pills.

The pills were on loan to them.

A few supreme-grade pills were worth more than 100,000 spiritual rocks. They could not afford so many spiritual rocks.

Not only did Han Muye sponsor a few direct disciples, but there were also many core disciples in the spiritual land who came to borrow medicinal pills.

The greatest use of a supreme-grade pill was to be consumed in battle. It did not affect the circulation of spiritual energy and did not need to be slowly refined.

Without these inner sect disciples, the Nine Mystic Mountain was not too deserted.

After all, there were tens of thousands of outer sect disciples and hundreds of thousands of servants on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The consecutive victories made these outer sect and servant disciples' morale rise.

Almost every day, disciples from the Sword Pavilion would break through to the Qi Condensation Realm and change into inner sect clothes to receive their swords.

In the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye spent most of his time cultivating or refining pills.

Every first and fifteenth day of the month, he would go to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion to listen to the elders explain the cultivation path.

Huang Six was indeed cultivating.

However, he didn't know how he did it. He and Gao Xiaoxuan were so secretive that Han Muye couldn't tell how their cultivation was going.

Lu Gao and Lin Shen were still refining their own power with all their might.

Although their combat strength was constantly increasing, it would still take years to fuse and control their own strength.

Such a huge force was not easily controlled.

The ones with the highest interest in cultivation in the Sword Pavilion were Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming.

After Yang Mingxuan guided the sword qi into his body, Han Muye spent three days sorting out his meridians for him.

Every time, he would let out a heart-wrenching scream before laughing smugly.

To him, being able to cultivate was the happiest thing in the world.

Some time ago, Han Muye had already taught him the Military Sword Technique and asked him to fuse with the sword.

Jiang Ming had mixed feelings.

The alchemy he had previously thought about was different from the actual alchemy now.



In the past half a year, he had guided sword qi into his body and then transformed it into sword qi that entered the pill furnace.

He wanted to study various medicinal pills and choose the ones he would like to refine.

However, a young lady sent spiritual herbs to him in two to three days and urged him to refine the pills.

Whether she was a young lady or not was secondary. The key was that every time the spiritual herbs were sent over, the payment of the medicinal pills would be settled.

They were all settled with high-grade spiritual rocks.

Three to five, seven to eight, a dozen.

Jiang Ming admitted that he had never seen so many spiritual rocks.

As an itinerant cultivator, even if he was an alchemy genius, he could not earn spiritual rocks so steadily.

A stream of spiritual rocks was handed over by the young lady's fair hand, making him feel like he was dreaming.

In half a year, he had already accumulated more than a million yuan.

He somewhat understood why Han Muye wanted to maintain a trading partnership with Bai Suzhen.

It was really difficult to refuse.

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, a long bell rang.

Crisp and melodious.

Another great victory. He was about to send his sword to the Sword Pavilion.

The disciples on the Nine Mystic Mountain were already used to it. They looked at the sky and saw the sword lights flying over.

Han Muye, who was cleaning his sword, sheathed it and turned to walk out of the Sword Pavilion.

“A great victory was won at Fengshou Mountain. The inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, He Xuanqi, joined forces to kill the demon race’s Earth Realm Great Demon and snatched a sword.”

The news spread throughout the Nine Mystic Mountain.

This time, it was not the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, but Fengshou Mountain's gain.

Outside the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao and the others who were on duty also smiled.

The battle at Fengshou Mountain was difficult. The credit for killing the demons was rare among the big sects in the entire Western Frontier, not to mention weak junior disciples defeating the strong.

Other than competition among the top experts, the disputes between the various sects also depended on the foundation and the cultivation of the younger generation.

Back then, when Lin Chongxiao, who was known as the Three Stones Green Tiger, died, the entire Three Stones House suffered a blow.

Tuoba Cheng had killed the most promising elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Qin Ci, in the Fierce Demon Valley, greatly damaging the foundation of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

Now that the Core Formation cultivators of the Western Frontier were not taking action, the display of strength between the juniors was even more related to the sect's luck.

In front of the Sword Pavilion, a group of red-robed Sword Sect disciples strode over with wooden boxes in their hands.

Han Muye, Huang Six, and the others stood on the stone steps, waiting solemnly.

“On the orders of Elder Sun Mu, the guardian of Fengshou Mountain, I’m here to send the sword that Senior Brother He Xuanqi and Wang Hui obtained to the Sword Pavilion.”

The disciple carrying the sword shouted and strode to the stone steps.

Han Muye reached out to open the sword case and saw a four-foot-long sword.

Reaching out to hold the hilt, Han Muye’s back was filled with a faint green aura.

This sword was so heavy that he had to use his body tempering strength to lift it.

“Today, I received a Demon Race sword from Fengshou Mountain’s guardian. It has been verified to be authentic and is stored in the Sword Pavilion.”

After checking the sword, Han Muye held it with both hands and turned around to send it to the Sword Pavilion.

As he held the hilt of the sword, a thread of sword energy poured into it.

The sword weighed 180 catties and was made of Southern Wasteland Meteoric Iron.

There were not many other spiritual materials mixed in the sword. Meteoric iron was an extremely good spiritual material, and it contained many types of power.

The refinement method of the sword was different from that of the Western Frontier. It was a unique method of the demon race.

“Hum—”

The sword qi was infused, and with a soft sound, a scene of the sword qi forging appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

He could see scenes of blood refinement and sacrifice.

These techniques could enhance the spirituality in the sword.

As for the minged resentment, the demons of the Southern Wasteland did not care.

The owner of this sword was an Earth Realm demon of the Green Wolf Race.

With this sword, this great demon named Lang Tu had killed many other races in the Southern Wasteland.

On Fengshou Mountain, there were many battles. This sword was also stained with the blood of many Western Frontier cultivators.

Looking at these images, Han Muye understood that the Western Frontier and the Southern Wasteland had different stances. The conflicts were irreconcilable.

However, there had never been any major conflicts of interest between the two sides. *Why did the Southern Wasteland come to attack the Western Frontier this time?* he wondered.

Sword Qi filled his body, and his sword vibrated. Han Muye's expression suddenly changed.

Southern Wasteland.

From the sword, he saw the Southern Wasteland.

It was vast and boundless.

Demon beasts were everywhere, and there were countless experts who could transform into human form.

"Everyone, the Southern Wasteland is in trouble. We have no choice but to fight this time."

An old voice spoke.

*In trouble?*

*What trouble is there in the Southern Wasteland?*

Back then, the Mu Family's Patriarch had received news from Fairy Peony that something had happened in the Southern Wasteland.

What was wrong with the Southern Wasteland?

Holding his sword, Han Muye slowly walked up to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

The moment he stepped onto the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, his sword that was originally placed there vibrated with a loud sound.

The sword in Han Muye's hand exploded!

A long black claw condensed.

### **Chapter 153: Mystic is Heavenly Mystic, Sun is Righteous, Mystic Sun!**

The Sword Pavilion Elder, who was sitting at a long table on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, did not even look up.

A long black claw slapped down on Han Muye's head.

Han Muye's expression remained unchanged, and green spiritual light surged from his hands.

Above his head, an illusory sword slashed down.

“Slash—”

The long black claw was cut in half.

Before the long claw could recover, the sword light stirred and turned into pieces.

At this moment, Han Muye’s cultivation was at the fifth level of Qi Condensation. Eighteen sword intents condensed in his Qi Sea, and one sword intent in his dantian was about to form.

In the divine treasure, there was even a soul sword that condensed into a phantom.

With his cultivation and combat strength, he could fight an Earth Realm expert without using a sword.

“This Senior from the Southern Wasteland is really confident. He even dared to attack from thousands of miles away.” Han Muye chuckled.

The sword was clearly sealed with a trace of the soul power of a demon expert in the Southern Wasteland.

This person could attack from countless miles away. His strength was really powerful.



However, he looked down on the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was one of the nine major sects in the Western Frontier. How could it be defeated so easily?

The Sword Pavilion Elder looked up at the sword fragment in Han Muye's hand and shook his head. "It's just a test. The news from the Southern Wasteland should be from half a year ago."

Half a year ago, the Sword Pavilion Elder had used the Soul Sword and was extremely weak.

There were no more experts in the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye felt that the Sword Pavilion Elder was right. In the cultivation world, there was also bad information.

"The Southern Wilderness has spent so much effort to probe. I'm afraid this battle is really related to the demons in the Sword Pavilion."

The Sword Elder stood and looked into the distance.

"I'm going to the Southern Wasteland."

He spoke calmly.

Han Muye looked up but said nothing.

The Sword Pavilion Elder was not discussing it with him. He was just telling him what his plans were.

“After I leave, stay in the Sword Pavilion. If there’s anything, just activate the Sword Pavilion’s array formation.”

The Sword Elder turned back to the three swords on the wooden shelf behind him.

“I’ll take the sword that the demons are testing. I’ve already exhausted most of the resentment in the broken beam sword. I can send it to the second floor.”

His gaze fell on the sheathed sword at the top of the wooden shelf. After pondering for a moment, the Sword Pavilion Elder said in a low voice, “If you want to know the secret of that sword, look at it yourself.”

That black sword was called the Mystic Sun Sword.

However, the Sword Pavilion Elder had once said that there was no Mystic Sun Sword in the world.

Speaking of Mystic Sun, the three techniques that Han Muye was cultivating now were called the Mystic Sun Technique.

He wondered if it was related to the Mystic Sun Sword.

The Sword Pavilion Elder left early the next morning.

Before leaving, he visited the three Grand Elders of the sect and Sect Master Jin Ze, who was recuperating in seclusion.

After the Sword Pavilion Elder left, Han Muye took the White Tiger Painting from the meditation room and brought it to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

From now on, he would guard the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Sitting cross-legged in front of the long table, Han Muye reached out and held the small black sword in his hair.

A faint glow rippled through him.

Sword Qi spread out and enveloped the entire third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

At this moment, his divine sense detected all the locations of the Sword Pavilion.

It was also at this moment that he realized that the Sword Pavilion was not on the third floor, but the fourth!

The fourth floor of the Sword Pavilion was buried 30 feet underground. It was connected by an array formation.

That was also the core of the entire Sword Pavilion.

That layer was an illusory existence in Han Muye's divine sense.

However, there were two more figures.

Huang Six, Gao Xiaoxuan.

Han Muye knew that both Gao Xiaoxuan, who was transformed from the sword spirit, and the little white fox, who was reborn from the soul of a great demon, had strange powers.

Their main bodies were in the Sword Pavilion's basement.

Huang Six sat cross-legged. The spiritual light around him was extremely dense.

From time to time, Gao Xiaoxuan would wave his hand and inject the spiritual energy in the surrounding space into Huang Six's body.

The spiritual energy that dissipated was pure, and there was also the power of the array formation that sealed the space.

Therefore, even though Huang Six had been cultivating for half a year, outsiders could not detect his cultivation.

This was because his cultivation naturally carried the power of sealing.

*Is this Sixth Brother preparing to shock the world?*

Han Muye smiled and shook his head, continuing to probe with his divine sense.

Gao Xiaoxuan and the little white fox in his arms seemed to have sensed his divine sense and looked up.

Han Muye's divine sense did not stay in it for long and dissipated.

As long as they didn't have any ill intentions, Han Muye wouldn't care.

After putting back the small black sword, Han Muye turned to look at the wooden shelf behind him.

There were two long swords on the wooden shelf.

One was a black sheathed sword, and the other was the sect treasure of the Three Qin Sword Sect, a medium-grade spiritual weapon, Broken Beam.

There were only a few magical treasures in the entire Western Frontier, and there were very few high-grade spiritual weapons.

Under the Nine Great Sects, a medium-grade spiritual weapon would be treated as the sect's treasure inheritance.

The Sword Pavilion Elder said that the resentment in the Broken Beam Sword had been exhausted and it could now be sent to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye got up and walked to the wooden frame. He pondered for a moment, took a deep breath, and reached for the Broken Beam Sword.

The sword was three feet long and an inch wide. The blade was made of Water Source Metal.

The greatest use of this spiritual material was its tenacity and concealment of spiritual energy.

This was one of the top spiritual materials in the Western Frontier.

There were not many secrets on the sword.

Han Muye grasped the hilt of his sword and poured his sword energy into it.

One streak.

10 streaks.

1,000 streaks.

10,000 streaks.

After 30,000 streaks of sword qi were injected into the sword, the sword vibrated slightly.

However, the halo on the sword seemed to be resisting.

Han Muye stared at it for a moment, and a sword intent in his sea of qi turned into 128,000 sword qi that directly hit the hilt.

“Boom—”

The sword vibrated, and countless images appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

A Daoist in a green robe was brandishing a sword.

An old man with white hair sighed softly.

A middle-aged man in a black robe fought with his sword.

There were several fragmented memories in this Broken Beam Sword.

These people had once been the masters of the Broken Beam Sword.

This sword circled around the hands of the experts of the Three Qin Sword Sect and the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

Han Muye comprehended several sword techniques from it.

Just as he was about to retract his sword intent, the sword suddenly trembled violently.

A vigorous power surged from the sword.

This power made Han Muye's expression change.

An extremely pure sword intent power!

Not right!

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked delighted.



This was an existence that was about to condense into a sword momentum!

It was the same as the half-step sword momentum he had obtained from the Purple Flame Sword in his Qi Sea. This sword intent was also extremely condensed.

The yellow sword intent of the Earth lineage was about to condense into a sword momentum.

When this sword intent was absorbed into his Qi Sea, other than the blazing sword intent obtained from the Purple Flame Sword, the other 16 sword intents were all knocked away.

The image of the owner of this half-step sword momentum also appeared in Han Muye's mind.

A Daoist in a gray robe flew on the clouds and rode a sword for thousands of miles.

He had comprehended the Flying Sword Technique.

This was a lost flying sword technique. It was activated by the power of the Sword Dao and flew thousands of miles.

This speed was even faster than the flying boat and saved spiritual energy.

There were not many images of this sword expert in the sword. Other than the Flying Sword Technique, Han Muye had also comprehended a relatively ordinary sword technique, Earth Flame.

However, from these images, Han Muye discovered the identity of this sword expert.

A cultivator from the Blazing Sun Palace, an ancient sect in the Western Frontier.

It had been many years since the Blazing Sun Palace was destroyed. The sword intent sealed in this long sword had been passed down until now because of someone's constant nurturing.

The grand cultivator sword sphere that Han Muye had obtained previously had not been nurtured for 10,000 years, and the sword intent that remained in it had already dissipated.

*That's a shame,* he thought.

If he could absorb all the sword momentum of an ancient cultivator, what would it be like?

The image in his mind finally dissipated.

Han Muye had also roughly seen the appearance of the ancient sect, the Blazing Sun Palace.

There were endless spiritual lights and pavilions. It was indeed not something a sect like the Nine Mystic Sword Sect could compare to.

Among them, there were countless great cultivators who had cultivated sword momentum like the owner of the Broken Beam Sword.

It was unknown why such a large sect was destroyed.

Holding the sword with both hands, Han Muye sent the Broken Beam sword to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion.

A mid-grade sword that had eliminated the resentment in the sword was considered extremely valuable on the second floor of the Sword Pavilion.

The sword was placed on the wooden shelf. Han Muye turned to look at the other mid-grade spiritual weapons.

After a moment's hesitation, he didn't reach out.

Currently, the sword intent in his sea of vital energy was almost equal to the amount of sword intent his lifespan could accept.

Any more and it would consume his lifespan.

It was better not to collect the sword intent in these long swords for the time being.

*One must not bite off more than one can chew.*

It was not worth it to waste his precious lifespan just to absorb the sword intent into his Qi Sea.

After returning to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye looked at the last sheathed black sword on the wooden shelf.

If there was no Mystic Sun Sword in the world, what was this sword?

There were many legends about the Mystic Sun Sword in the Western Frontier.

Every legend said that with this sword, one could obtain a great opportunity.

This opportunity was also related to a powerful inheritance.

Han Muye had no interest in inheritance.

The inheritance he had now was already strong enough.

But he was curious about the sword.

Reaching out, he grasped the hilt of the sword.

It was cold to the touch. The messages from the sword stunned him.

In the forging scene of this sword, countless blacksmiths with hammers were forging. Then, sword embryos were chosen and engraved with symbols before being sent to the blacksmiths.

They engraved runes and added various spiritual materials to refine them.

There were countless such swords.

This long sword that was equivalent to a spiritual weapon was actually mass-produced!

What kind of force in the world could mass-produce such a long sword?!

Central Continent!

In a flash, a long city, various pavilions, and cultivators in standard robes appeared.

This sword came from the Central Continent!

“The Mystic Sun Guard’s sword award ceremony begins.”

“With the Mystic Sun Sword enters the Mystic Sun Guard. I will shoulder the safety of the world.”

“There’s nothing in the world that I, a Mystic Sun Guard, dare not interfere in.”

“With this sword, I can fight the world.”

...

With one scene after another, Han Muye felt his blood boil!

Someone in black armor held this sword and killed the Giant Demon.

Mystic was Heavenly Mystic, and Sun was Righteous.

In the orthodox dynasty of the Central Continent, there were two groups of guards.

The open guards wore red armor and fought everywhere. They were known as the eternal Red Flame Army.

The secret guards were everywhere, protecting the peace of the Heavenly Mystic World. They wore black armor and carried black swords. They upheld the righteous path of the Heavenly Mystic World and were known as the Mystic Sun Guards.

“Boom—”

The image in Han Muye’s mind exploded.

A middle-aged man in a black robe with three strands of beard appeared.

“Little friend, you are fated with my Mystic Sun Guards. Are you willing to use this sword to protect the Heavenly Mystic Sect?”

The moment this phantom appeared, the Sword Pavilion shone with golden light.

In the underground space of the Sword Pavilion, Gao Xiaoxuan trembled and looked up.

The eyes of the little white fox in his arms were bloodshot and revealed endless hatred!

#### **Chapter 154: Nineteen, Help Me Choose a Sword Too**

It was also a transmission of power through the air. At this moment, the black-robed middle-aged man that Han Muye saw was like a bright moon compared to the Southern Wasteland expert.

This person’s power was transmitted from tens of thousands of miles away. It was magnificent in the seemingly vast and mighty world.

What level of great cultivator was this?

Looking at the middle-aged man’s smiling face, Han Muye slowly released his sword.

He did not infuse the sword qi into the sword, so he naturally released it whenever he wanted.

The middle-aged man in the green robe looked stunned. He sized up Han Muye, then chuckled and disappeared.

In the Central Continent Imperial City, tens of thousands of miles away, a faint voice could be heard in a towering hall.

“Men, go to Nine Mystic Mountain in the Western Frontier to take a look.”

A moment later, a flying mount came galloping.

On the plaque in front of the hall, there were three ancient words, ‘Prime Minister’s Mansion’.

...

On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye looked at the sword in front of him with a complicated expression.

Mystic Sun Guards, Mystic Sun Sword.

When the Sword Pavilion Elder said that there was no Mystic Sun Sword in the world, he meant that there was no Mystic Sun Sword that hid endless opportunities.

The Mystic Sun Sword was just a secret guard sword of the Heavenly Mystic Imperial Court in the Central Continent.



This secret guard was in the hands of the Prime Minister of the Heavenly Mystic Imperial Court in the Central Continent.

If he was willing, he could become a Mystic Sun Guard with this sword.

With this sword, he would be in charge of the world's injustice and protect the peace of the Heavenly Mystic World.

The scenes he saw in the sword made Han Muye's blood boil.

Bloodthirsty demon beasts, demonic cultivators, mutated beasts from the outer realm, demons who cultivated with the blood and qi of humans...

Anyone who harmed the humans of the Heavenly Mystic World and disturbed the order was the enemy of the Mystic Sun Guards.

In the darkness, the sword exuded light.

Central Continent.

Sitting slowly in front of the long table, Han Muye whispered.

"It's not time yet. However, I have to take a look..."

...

After the sword was sent back from Fengshou Mountain, the news of the battle on the mountain spread.

With two Heaven Realm cultivators guarding the Southern Wasteland and several half-step Heaven Realm experts attacking, they would have long made a retreat if it weren't for the fact that they were familiar with the terrain in the Western Frontier.

By now Tu Sunshi of the Tai Yi Sword Sect had arrived at Fengshou Mountain and fought with the great demons of the Southern Wasteland Heaven Realm.

Fighting against two demons, Tu Sunshi remained undefeated.

It was also because of the support of Master Tu Sunshi that the low-level disciples of the Western Frontier could obtain a few great victories.

Among them, He Xuanqi and Wang Hui of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had outstanding combat strength and were already famous in the Western Frontier.

The name of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had a lot of weight in the cultivation world of the Western Frontier.

Yang Dingshan fought three battles with a half-step Heaven Realm expert on Fengshou Mountain. Unfortunately, he couldn't kill the other party.

The combat power of the great demon of the Southern Wasteland was not something that the injured elder of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect, Xia Yunyang, could compare to.

Han Muye, who was in charge of the Sword Pavilion, would inquire about news from the sect every day.

Whether it was the information Lu Gao had obtained from the servants and the outer sect, or various news circulating in the spiritual land, Han Muye would integrate them and make his own judgment.

Perhaps this was what was necessary to be an outsider to the game?

“The Sword Pavilion is an important place. Only those with a sword can enter—”

At the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao’s loud voice could be heard.

“Are you Lu Gao, who cultivated the Military Sword Technique? Not bad indeed.”

A rough voice sounded.

On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye stood up and walked down the stairs.

Lu Ten.

Li Three.

When he arrived at the Sword Pavilion, he saw Lu Ten, who was dressed in a white robe, and Li Three, who was dressed in a green robe and had a cold expression.

“Lu Yizeng, an inner sect disciple of the Sword Sect, is here to receive his sword.” Lu Ten raised his hand and cupped it towards Han Muye.

“Li Xixi, come and receive your sword.” Li Three’s gaze landed on Han Muye as she spoke indifferently.

Lu Gao, who was standing in front of the Sword Pavilion, opened his mouth.

Fifth in the inner sect, Lu Yizeng.

Second in the inner sect, Li Xixi.

Han Muye knew that the direct disciples of the sect also had the status of inner disciples.

Not everyone in the sect knew that the direct disciples were only in the upper echelons of the sect.

For example, not many people in the entire sect knew that he was the 19th direct disciple.

“Third Sister, Tenth Brother, are you guys going down the mountain?”

Han Muye looked at the two of them and spoke in a low voice.

Previously, the two of them had been in seclusion. When Qi Thirteen and the others left the mountain, they did not leave the spiritual land.

“We need reinforcements at Fengshou Mountain,” Lu Ten said calmly.

Indeed.

The news from the other side was only good news.

However, from the recent movements of the experts in the sect, it was really not very optimistic.

The strength of the demons in the Southern Wasteland was much stronger than that of the Western Frontier.

“When are Third Sister and Tenth Brother leaving?” Han Muye looked at the two of them and asked.

“We leave after collecting our swords.” Li Three’s voice was still cold.

Li Three, who had walked out of the spiritual land, had the sharpness and coldness of a swordsman.

“Brother Lu, go and prepare a table of dishes.” Han Muye looked at the sky and said with a smile, “We always eat Brother Ten’s dishes. I have to send you off today.”

Lu Gao nodded and sprinted off.

Lu Ten and Li Three looked at each other and nodded.

“Tenth Brother, what sword do you want to choose? If it’s convenient, can you show me your best sword technique?”

Han Muye looked at Lu Ten and said softly.

In the spiritual land, Han Muye had said that he was good at choosing swords.

The evaluation of the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretakers in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had also changed from being mysterious and short-lived previously to the current righteous Sixth Brother and Senior Brother Han, who was good at choosing swords.

“Haha, good. I heard that Senior Brother Han of the Sword Pavilion doesn’t know any sword techniques.” Lu Ten raised his hand, and a large sword appeared in his hand.

“I also want to see how good you are at choosing swords.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Lu Ten swung his sword down.

“Ho—”

The sword light shone like a surging river.

Three Mystic Sword Technique, Flowing.

This sword technique itself was infused with water-type power, turning into endless power.

The water of the Heavenly River could destroy mountains and rivers.

Lu Ten’s sword light was about to condense into sword intent. Looking at his sword technique made people feel like they were swaying and unable to control themselves.

It was as if they were standing under a waterfall and the water current would shatter them into pieces.

“Tenth Brother’s Flowing Sword Technique has already reached greater mastery. Every gesture and motion flows for thousands of miles, and the river capsizes.”

Han Muye’s voice rang out.

Lu Ten, who was holding a sword in his hand, had a serious expression on his face. The sword light became even longer and faster.

Li Three, who was standing at the side, also looked at Han Muye curiously.

“Hum—”

After Lu Ten finished practicing his sword technique, he sheathed his sword and stood at the bottom of the stone steps.

Above his head was a surging cloud that looked like the Milky Way.

This was the appearance of sword intent affecting the clouds. It was a method that only true experts had.

“Tenth Brother, although your Flowing Sword Technique is brilliant, you still lack some opportunities to completely condense your sword intent and even transform it into sword momentum in the future.”

Han Muye’s words made Lu Ten frown.

“Nineteen is right. Master also said that my sword technique has yet to be perfected.”

Han Muye shook his head, took the sword from Lu Ten’s hand, and turned to enter the Sword Pavilion.



A moment later, he came out with a sword in his hand.

Seeing this sword style, Lu Ten had a strange expression.

Li Three also narrowed her eyes and stared at the sword in Han Muye's hand.

"Peak Semi-Spiritual Weapon, the sword of the Sword Sect Elder Cui Youjin from 500 years ago. Clear flow."

Han Muye held his sword and spoke calmly.

"Elder Cui? A half-step Heaven Realm expert from the water lineage back then?"

Lu Eleven was stunned and quickly asked.

"Yes." Han Muye nodded and handed over the sword.

"This sword is three feet one inch eight inches long, weighs five pounds, and is two inches wide."

Lu Ten held the sword and pulled it out. It was a thin sword only two centimeters wide.

"Nineteen, do you want me to use this sword?" Lu Ten frowned.

This sword was much lighter and thinner than his big sword.

He was not used to it at all.

“To lift something as light as if it were light, this realm has long been reached by Tenth Brother.” Han Muye pointed at the sword and said calmly, “What Tenth Brother wants to do is to use this sword to kill.”

*Kill?*

Lu Ten looked up.

“Tenth Brother, there’s no killing intent in your sword.

Back then, Elder Cui destroyed the Zhu Yuan Sword Sect with this sword and killed 300 sword cultivators. The Zhu Yuan River became a bloody mass.”

When this scene first appeared in Han Muye’s mind, he felt shocked.

Sword cultivation, killing people.

What was the point of cultivating with a sword that didn’t kill?

At that moment, he understood.

Turning around, Han Muye looked at Li Three. "Third Sister, what do you think of the sword I chose for Tenth Brother?"

Li Three nodded. "Okay."

"This guy usually hunts a lot of small beasts, but I don't think he's killed anyone yet."

Lu Ten, who was standing at the side, blushed and muttered, "I'll kill, why would I kill..."

Han Muye shook his head.

How could a sword that had never killed anyone have sword intent?

Li Three's eyes lit up as she looked at Han Muye. "Nineteen, help me choose a sword too."

She raised her hand and threw the sword in her hand to Han Muye.

"All I have to do is change my sword."

Reaching out to grab Li Three's green sword, Han Muye looked up at her.

"You chose well for me. I'll give you half of my wine," Li Three said softly.

Heartbreak wine.

The wine that Deng Chungang had given Li Three.

This wine could condense sword qi and make it purer.

There were many methods to condense sword qi in the cultivation world, but Han Muye felt that this Heartbreak Wine was considered top-notch.

"Okay, I'll try."

Han Muye chuckled and placed his palm on the hilt of Li Three's green sword.

Iron sword.

This was an ordinary iron sword.

There were wounds on the sword that were about to shatter.

This was a refined iron sword used by the mortal world.

Even the servant disciples who had just entered the sect did not know how to use such a sword.

Han Muye looked up at the calm Li Three.

He closed his eyes briefly and gripped the hilt of his sword.

He was very curious. How did Li Three use such a sword to sweep through the inner sect of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and lose only to Deng Chungang?

Sword Qi poured in, and the sword vibrated gently.

Han Muye didn't dare to inject too much sword qi, afraid that the sword would break.

The sword qi entered the sword body. The sword seemed to struggle and refuse, but it still displayed images.

"Little girl, this sword can protect you."

A seven or eight-year-old girl was trembling. In front of her, a tall young man with a big wine gourd tied around his waist spoke loudly.

Around them, bodies fell to the ground.

“My name is Deng Chungang, a disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“You saw me. I’m a sword immortal.

“With my sword, I roam freely in the world.

“Today, I gave you this sword to tell you that you have to hold the sword in your hand and protect yourself. You have to kill people whom you should kill.

“Do you understand?”

As the young man spoke, he picked up the gourd at his waist and drank a few mouthfuls of wine.

“Here, have a few sips too. That way, you won’t be afraid.”

The wine gourd was brought to the little girl’s mouth. She opened her mouth and kept her gaze on the tall young man. She gripped the sword with both hands.

**Chapter 155: Since the Killing Intent is Difficult to Eliminate, Let’s Kill to Our Heart’s Content!**

Seeing the little girl drink, Deng Chungang laughed and flew away.

The girl with the sword watched him go. She turned to the bodies lying on the ground.

She drew her sword with all her strength, then walked to the bodies.

“Kill someone who should be killed.

“Kill someone who should be killed.

“Kill someone who should be killed.”

Deng Chungang’s sip of wine made the girl condense a trace of sword qi.

As he watched the girl with the sword grow up and the sword light in her hand become sharper, Han Muye felt that there really was such an extremely talented sword cultivator in the world.

She could master mortal sword techniques after watching it once.

The imitated sword move could directly kill an expert who had cultivated for countless years.

With an iron sword, she killed people she could kill. For 10 years, Li Three roamed the martial world.

Blood Sword, Li Xixi.

When everyone in the martial world lost their courage, Li Three held her sword and ascended the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Three years ago, she stood before Deng Chungang.

When Deng Chungang saw the girl in front of him slowly pulling out the green iron sword with a stunned expression, Li Three smiled happily.

Then she lost.

She wasn't here to challenge him at all.

"You beat me. According to the rules of the martial world, I'm yours."

Li Three, who was holding her sword, was all smiles.

Then Deng Chungang cowered and ran away.

Deng Chungang, who called himself the Invincible Carefree Sword Immortal, turned around and ran.

The scene of the chase almost made Han Muye laugh out loud.



It turned out that this number one direct disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, whom he had never met before, was so cowardly.

But perhaps he was enjoying himself?

“Xixi, I want to go to the Northern Region.”

There was a lot of seriousness in Deng Chungang’s voice.

“I wonder how long Sect Master can hide his half-step Heaven Realm cultivation.

“I’m going to the Northern Region to train myself. I’ll only return after I step into the Heaven Realm.

“In the Western Frontier, it’s no longer possible for our Nine Mystic Sword Sect to produce a Heaven Realm expert.

“After I left, my greatest fear was that you would kill someone.”

Deng Chungang untied the gourd at his waist and handed it to Li Three.

“If you want to kill someone, drink. When I’m drunk, I forget everything.”

Watching Deng Chungang leave, Li Three opened the wine gourd and drank.

She drank all night.

Not drunk.

As it turned out, she wouldn't get drunk at all.

She was the one who made herself drunk.

Slowly opening his eyes, Han Muye looked at the curious Li Three.

Looking at Li Three again, Han Muye felt a slight difference.

There was a suppressed power in her.

She was suppressing this power with all her might.

This was a suppression from the bottom of her heart to her body.

If she let go of this power, perhaps a ruthless female sword cultivator would appear in the cultivation world of the Western Frontier.

“Third Sister, keep this sword as a memento. I’ll help you choose another sword.”

After returning the sword, Han Muye turned around and entered the Sword Pavilion.

He walked forward slowly, then ascended to the second floor.

He climbed to the third floor.

Standing in front of the wooden frame, Han Muye looked at a black sheathed sword in front of him.

After a moment of silence, he reached out and grabbed the sword. He turned and walked away.

He went downstairs and walked back to the Sword Pavilion.

Seeing the sword in his hand, Li Three and Lu Ten frowned.

“It seems that you’ve heard of this sword?” Han Muye asked with a smile.

Lu Three nodded and said, "There's a rumor in the Western Frontier that there's a big secret in the Mystic Sun Sword. If you obtain this sword, you can obtain the inheritance and the supreme treasure. However, this sword should be related to the Central Continent."

The Western Frontier was too far away from the Central Continent.

The Western Frontier knew very little about the Central Continent.

Even a direct disciple like Lu Ten did not know much about the Central Continent.

"The Central Continent Dynasty has the Black Armor, Black Sword, and Mystic Sun Guards. With this sword, join the Mystic Sun Guards and protect the righteous Mystic Dao. Kill all the evil and tyrannical demons and devils."

Han Muye held the sword with both hands and slowly brought it to Li Three.

In Han Muye's opinion, this sword was the most suitable for Li Three.

Back then, the girl with the long sword had killed countless people in the martial world, but they were all people who should be killed.

After entering the Sword Sect, killing intent was buried deep in her heart. Perhaps one day, it would be ignited, but Deng Chungang's gourd of wine made Li Three drink and sleep whenever she wanted to kill someone.

Now Han Muye handed the sword to Li Three.

It ignited the killing intent buried deep in her heart.

It was better to let things go.

The Mystic Sun Sword was righteous and killed all evil in the world.

Since her killing intent was difficult to eliminate, she would kill to her heart's content!

Li Three's eyes were bloodshot.

She slowly reached for the sword and held it tightly.

On her body, the blood-colored vital energy slowly turned corporeal and enveloped her like a layer of blood-colored armor.

But her eyes were bright.

"Alright, I'll take this sword. I'll give you half of this wine."

A small gourd appeared in Li Three's palm.

Han Muye took the wine gourd and opened his mouth.

*You call that half?* he thought.

*It's a big lake, isn't it?*

*How much Heartbreak Wine did Deng Chungang leave for Li Three back then?*

By the time Lu Gao returned with the two big food boxes, Li Three and Lu Ten's auras were calm as usual.

During the meal, Lin Shen was in seclusion and did not come. Huang Six came over from somewhere.

There was no sword aura on him. He looked like a mortal.

Han Muye had mentioned Huang Six to Lu Ten and the others during dinner.

Lu Ten and Li Three, who were direct disciples of the sect, clearly knew about Huang Six, who was famous in the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The few of them established a rapport as they chatted.

Whether it was talking to Lu Ten about how to regulate food or to talk to Li Three about how to nurture children in the mortal world, Huang Six was very knowledgeable.

“Good wine...”

After a small cup of Heartbreak Wine, Huang Six’s face was filled with joy.

“Kid Han, you must leave some for me. When I go to Jinyang City, I’ll bring some for your Sixth Sister-in-law to try.”

Huang Six reached out for Han Muye’s wine gourd.

Han Muye quickly put away the wine.

What a joke. This was what he used to condense sword qi.

At most, when Huang Six was really leaving, he would give him a few catties.

After drinking a few cups of wine, Huang Six was clearly a little drunk. He pulled Lu Ten along and talked about how he would manage Jinyang City after becoming a guard in the territory.

He clinked cups with Li Three and said that he would return to Jinyang with Sister Ping in the future and invite her to Jinyang as a guest.

“Alright, if there’s a chance in the future, I’ll go to Jinyang. How about this? You give me a constable’s position and I’ll be responsible for arresting all the villains.”

Li Three clinked cups with Huang Six solemnly.

“Yes, and if I have a daughter, I will definitely make her acknowledge you as her master.” Huang Six grinned and drank the wine in his cup in one gulp.

Beside him, Lu Gao was confused.

He felt that both Sixth Brother and Li Xixi were drunk.

After dinner, the drunk Huang Six insisted on sending his future daughter’s master off.

“Don’t worry, just fight well at Fengshou Mountain Mountain.

“With the world’s territory settled, can his Southern Wasteland really occupy the Western Frontier?

“If we can really occupy the Western Frontier so easily, why didn’t the Central Continent come?”

Huang Six patted Lu Ten’s shoulder and waved his arm. “Killing demons is similar to hunting wild boars. Just close your eyes and kill them.”



Han Muye looked at the swaying Huang Six and suddenly felt that his sixth brother could see through him better than he could.

*Is this considered mortal wisdom?*

*Could Huang Six, who is dedicated to being a mortal, see through everything in the cultivation world?*

...

For the next few days, Han Muye basically did not leave the Sword Pavilion.

His spiritual energy cultivation had already stabilized at the sixth level of Qi Condensation and was about to step into the seventh level.

He was now on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion every day. He looked at the scorching sun and activated the Golden Sun Technique. His entire body was covered in a blazing halo.

The ancient cultivation technique was domineering. Although it consumed a lot of energy, it was also stronger.

The spiritual energy condensed by the Golden Sun Technique was countless times denser and more ferocious than the spiritual energy cultivated by Han Muye.

However, what he urgently needed to do now was to increase his body refinement level and reach the Qi Condensation Realm to balance his spiritual energy cultivation with his body refinement cultivation.

He figured that if Zhao Pu still did not come out of seclusion, he would switch to other body-tempering cultivation techniques or start cultivating according to the Iron Bull Strength that he had deduced.

With all kinds of medicinal pills, he did not have high requirements for body tempering techniques.

If not for the fact that Iron Bull Strength seemed to be extraordinary, he would have given up long ago.

“Sixth Brother, we’re here to deliver the sword—”

A voice could be heard outside the Sword Pavilion.

The members of the Cao family had come to deliver a sword.

Recently, the quality of the swords sent by the Cao Family had improved a lot.

It seemed that the sword refinement technique they had explored was really effective.

However, how many years would it take to make up for this?

Downstairs, Huang Six began to put away the sword.

After a while, Cao Pei, who was delivering the sword, said loudly, "Sixth Brother, Eldest Miss instructed Senior Brother Han to receive this sword personally."

*A sword that I have to receive myself?*

*Could it be that Cao'e's sword refinement skills have improved again?* he wondered.

The talent of this granddaughter of the Cao Family was really not bad. Unfortunately, the head of the Cao Family had lost an arm, causing the Cao Family's reputation to be greatly damaged.

It would probably take a long time for Cao'e to be able to support the Cao family.

After finishing his cultivation of the Golden Sun Technique, Han Muye stopped and walked downstairs.

When he arrived at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, Cao Pei, who had given the sword to the Cao family, smiled and bowed to Han Muye. "Senior Brother Han, this is a sword refined by Eldest Miss. She said that she would like you to evaluate it."

Han Muye nodded.

Cao Pei held the wooden box forward and opened it.

The sword looked very ordinary, but it was decorated with many flickering patterns.

Reaching out to hold the sword, Han Muye's expression did not change.

"Yes, it's mixed with Lava Gold. More strength was added during tempering. Miss Cao's standard hasn't improved much."

Han Muye held the sword and turned to enter the Sword Pavilion.

"Haha, there aren't many swords that can catch Brother Han's eye now." Huang Six laughed.

Cao Pei nodded and glanced at Han Muye, who had walked into the Sword Pavilion. He turned around and left with the Cao family disciples behind him.

Han Muye walked into the Sword Pavilion and narrowed his eyes.

He casually placed the sword on a wooden shelf, then tidied his clothes and walked out of the Sword Pavilion.

"Sixth Brother, I'm going out."

Hearing his words, Huang Six chuckled. "To the Cao family?"

Han Muye turned to look at him.

“They know you have the ability to appraise swords, but they still let you look at a lousy sword. Do I need to tell you what Cao’e is thinking?”

Huang Six waved his hand. “Brother Lu Gao, go with him. Watch him. Don’t stay overnight at the Cao family.”

Lu Gao grinned and followed Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head, strode down the steps, and headed down the mountain.

“What happened to the Cao family?” Huang Six’s smile disappeared. He shook his head and walked into the Sword Pavilion to record the swords he had collected.

After walking out of the mountain gate, Lu Gao said, “Brother Han, if you really want to see the eldest daughter of the Cao family, why don’t we find a place to rest?”

Han Muye waved his hand and said, “We’re not going to the Cao family. Let’s go to the Cao family’s Mystic Jade Steel Mine. Something happened in the Cao Family.”

### **Chapter 156: I Didn’t Expect It To Be You**

Han Muye’s words made Lu Gao’s expression change.

The Cao Family was a refining family under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. They lived not far from the Nine Mystic Mountain. How could something have happened?

“That sword was not refined by Cao’e.”

Han Muye strode forward, his body surging with sword light and spiritual energy.

Lu Gao, who was following behind him, did not miss a step.

“That sword was refined by Cao Ang, the grandson of the Cao family.”

*Cao Ang?*

Lu Gao was stunned. “I-I thought he was abducted?”

Back then, when the Cao Family was attacked, the head of the Cao Family was beheaded and his grandson was abducted.

This matter made the people of the Nine Mystic Mountain very angry, and they launched many rescue missions.

But there had been no news from Cao Ang.

At this moment, Han Muye said that this sword was refined by Cao Ang.

*Then he's back?*

“That sword was actually refined quite well. There were also some blood refinement techniques mixed in, causing the quality of the sword to increase greatly. Blood refinement techniques are commonly used by demons.”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

*Demons?*

*Where did Cao Ang learn how to refine weapons?*

*Besides, how could he learn the refining methods of the demons? Wasn't he kidnapped?*

Lu Gao felt that it was better not to think too much.

Senior Brother Han's comprehension was unparalleled. Huang Six was becoming more and more discerning.

Instructor Lin didn't say much, but he was ruthless.

Yang Mingxuan was learning like a madman.

Jiang Ming was a genius among geniuses.

In the Sword Pavilion, he was probably only slightly smarter than Gao Xiaoxuan for the time being.

When that kid grew up, he would probably become the stupidest person in the entire Sword Pavilion.

In the past, Lu Gao felt that his thoughts were quite clear.

However, what he saw and heard in the Sword Pavilion was not something he could understand at all.

*I understand, but I don't seem to,* he thought.

“Brother Lu, later, you will enter the mine first. Tell them that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is here to collect spiritual materials and wants ten portions of Mystic Jade Steel. If anyone dares to stop you, kill them.”

Han Muye's voice rang out.

Lu Gao grinned. “Understood.”

*There you go,* he thought.



*If there's anything to say, just say it and wouldn't it be clear?*

The two of them ran for more than an hour. There was a continuous mine in the mountains ahead. There were all kinds of wooden shelves, chains, and many miners.

The exposed mountain rocks emitted a green spiritual light.

Han Muye moved and turned into an invisible breeze hiding between the rocks.

This was a combination of Dao techniques and sword techniques. A small trick could only fool low-level cultivators.

Those who had reached the Foundation Establishment realm could sense it with their spiritual will.

Lu Gao strode forward to the mine's wooden fence.

"Who goes there!"

"The Cao family mine. Don't go near it."

A few shouts sounded.

When the men saw Lu Gao, they were slightly stunned.

Some people recognized his Nine Mystic Mountain disciple robe, while others were stunned by his black veil.

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Weapon Refinement Hall is here to retrieve 10 sets of Mystic Jade Steel. We have already reported to the Cao Family.”

Lu Gao spoke up.

His voice was loud and neither servile nor overbearing, and it immediately stunned the cultivators guarding the door.

“You want the Mystic Jade Steel? I’ll report it...”

As soon as the person spoke, his expression suddenly changed and he shouted in a low voice, “Not good! Someone from the Nine Mystic Mountain is here!”

The hands of the cultivators behind him flashed, and sword lights and spells hurtled towards Lu Gao.

Lu Gao, whose eyes were covered by a black veil, grinned.

It was easier to use his hands than his brain and mouth.

“Ho—”

He charged forward and reached out to grab the sword that was stabbing at him.

“Clang—”

The sword snapped.

“Boom—”

Lu Gao collided with a few cultivators in front of him and sent them flying.

These people were bleeding from their noses and noses, and their eyes were unfocused. They were either dead or seriously injured.

“I still didn’t control my strength well...”

Lu Gao shook his head, clenched his fists, and threw the broken sword away.

After cultivating the Military Sword Technique, his body was like a long sword.

His body was fused with a spiritual weapon, a long sword. All the swords below the spiritual weapon level were completely unable to harm him.

There was a lot of movement at the door. Guards with weapons rushed at Lu Gao from all directions.

“Is your Cao Family rebelling? You want to disobey the orders of my Nine Mystic Sword Sect?”

Lu Gao shouted as he attacked, sending those charging at him flying.

Han Muye stood on a mined green boulder and narrowed his eyes as he looked at the guards attacking Lu Gao.

These people were not from the Cao Family at all.

At the Duanhua Sword Sect.

After seeing the Hand Sword Technique, Han Muye had already recognized these people.

Back then, at the gathering on the Nine Mystic Mountain, the Duanhua Sword Sect was suppressed.

Later on, when the Three Stones House issued the demon extermination mission, those sects who betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect participated but they did not contribute anything.

If not for the fact that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect could not spare any time, they would have long cleaned up the place.

Fortunately, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was as powerful as the sun now. No one would betray them unless he was a fool.

Sweeping his gaze around, Han Muye turned around and quietly headed towards the mine that was dozens of feet high.

There were no experts outside. With Lu Gao's strength, he could deal with them easily.

His figure flickered and he was already outside the mine in a few flashes.

The mine was deep and dark.

Han Muye flew like a fallen leaf and quietly stepped into the mine.

The mine was wide and flat. The surrounding stone walls were illuminated by oil lamps and jade stones that stimulated spiritual light.

In such a space, Han Muye couldn't hide anymore.

"Who goes there!"

With a shout, a black-robed figure blocked the way.

The man was tall in a black robe, his head and face covered by a hood.

*Demons?*

Han Muye stood there and looked at the figure.

After being exposed by Han Muye, the figure took off his hood, revealing a face full of mane.

Wolf head, human body.

The Black Wolves Race.

“Looks like you’re from the Nine Mystic Mountain. You’ve come so quickly.”

The wolf-headed man chuckled and bared his teeth. His face was full of cruelty.

“Unfortunately, I shouldn’t have sent a little fellow like you to die.”

Han Muye, who was in front of him, did not emit any powerful strength, nor did he have the aura of an expert.

Obviously, the people of the Nine Mystic Mountain noticed the abnormality of the Cao Family, but they did not take it seriously.

“What’s going on?”

A voice came from the depths of the mine, deep and old.

“It’s nothing. A little reptile.”

The black wolf demon laughed, and the green-black halo on his hands turned into sharp long blades. He took a step forward and aimed at Han Muye’s head.

If this attack had landed, Han Muye would be torn into pieces.

This black wolf demon cultivator was at the fifth level of Qi Condensation. He was stronger and faster than humans of the same level.

His long blade was also sharp. Ordinary swords could not block it.

In such a small space, if one cultivated spells, they would probably be torn apart before they could even use a spell.

Fortunately, Han Muye did not cultivate spells. He cultivated sword techniques.

“Clang—”

The sound of a sword being drawn.

The Green Destiny Sword.

With a gentle stir of the Green Destiny Long Sword, the black wolf’s long blade shattered.

The Green Destiny Sword, which had been nurtured to the point where it was about to become a spiritual weapon, could easily shatter these long blades.

Then Han Muye took a step forward and swept his sword in front of the black wolf demon’s wide eyes. It brushed past its neck, bringing with it a spray of blood.

That was all.

Unlike the first time he killed someone, Han Muye’s heart was calm as the sword light swept across.

Was it because he had adapted to being a cultivator, or was it because the other party was a demon?

Perhaps it was both.



Blood dripped from the blade. The black wolf demon struggled twice and fell to the ground.

“Who—”

A shout came from the depths of the cave.

He had been discovered.

Foundation Establishment realm.

Han Muye’s expression remained unchanged. He held his sword and walked forward step by step.

“Kill!”

Two figures rushed towards him, using the sword techniques of the Duanhua Sword Sect.

“Someone from the Duanhua Sword Sect?”

Han Muye said lightly and raised his sword.

“He recognized us now. Don’t leave anyone alive!” The person opposite him shouted, and his sword light turned into a light wheel.

“Since you’ve betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, go to hell,” Han Muye muttered to himself. The sword in his hand drew two poignant arcs of blood.

There was a flaw in the Duanhua Sword Sect’s swordsmanship.

Back at the sect gathering, Han Muye could already tell.

Without stopping, figures appeared to block his way.

The Demon Race of the Duanhua Sword Sect.

Han Muye’s sword made no unnecessary movements.

Stab, or gently sweep out.

Killing people did not require much action to begin with.

In this small mine, the flickering streams of light were like stamens from the abyss of death every time they bloomed.

Seductive.

Icy cold.

This was not the first time Han Muye had killed someone.

It was the first time he had killed someone with a sword.

The feeling of the sword cutting through the skin and stabbing into the throat and chest, drawing blood, made his soul surge.

At this moment, the soul sword qi in his divine treasure quickly condensed.

Sword Qi should have been condensed with killing intent!

There was something wrong with his previous thoughts!

No matter how much sword qi there was, it should be used to kill, not to accumulate and slowly condense.

He could see through Lu Ten and Li Three's problems, but he did not care about his own problems.

How could there be sword intent without killing someone?

In Han Muye's dantian, the originally diffused sword qi spun rapidly and condensed into a faint sword shadow.

Sword intent!

Although it did not gather to 128,000, this was the sword intent he cultivated.

Half-step Sword Intent!

As this sword intent condensed, Han Muye felt that everything in front of him had changed.

The speed at which he attacked seemed to be like a turtle crawling.

The sword light that he thought was very profound turned out to be a trick like a child waving a sword.

No wonder Huang Six had said that his swordsmanship was not good.

Such swordsmanship was too poor.

"Slash—"

He thrust his sword, and the wind howled. The three figures in front of him stopped and slowly fell to the ground.

Third level of Qi Condensation, fifth level of Qi Condensation, sixth level of Qi Condensation.

It was just a sword.

“Who are you?”

Ahead, a voice came from the depths of the mine.

They were in a wide stone room surrounded by gravel.

Dozens of demon beasts of various shapes and sizes were digging desperately, as if they were searching for something.

“Squeak—”

A huge rat that was five feet long hissed and dragged a foot-wide green rock out.

Han Muye’s gaze fell on the rock.

“The mother steel of Mystic Jade Steel? Are you going to clean out this mine?”

Han Muye turned and looked at the thin figure standing in front of the stone wall.

“Cao Ang, is this how you repay your family?”

Cao Ang.

The black-robed figure was the direct descendant of the Cao Family, Cao Ang.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Cao Ang lifted his hood, revealing his scarred face.

“Senior Brother Han of the Sword Pavilion? I didn’t expect you.”

### **Chapter 157: Killing a Half-Step Earth Realm with One Strike!**

“It’s him!”

Nearby, someone let out a low cry.

“Sect Master, this person once commented on the sword techniques of the disciples of the various sects at the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s gathering. His judgment is extremely unique.”

The speaker was a one-eyed man with a look of hatred.

“At that time, one of my eyes was injured. He said that my Duanhua Sword Sect’s swordsmanship was unbalanced and the injury was expected.”

As his voice fell, an old man in a purple robe walked out of the shadows.

This person was tall and had an extraordinary aura. His hands were behind his back, and his eyes seemed to be flickering with starlight.

“Senior Zuo Yao, the Sect Master of the Duanhua Sword Sect?”

Han Muye turned around with a smile on his face.

“I really didn’t expect the master of a sect to be reduced to doing chores for the demons.”

Han Muye’s words made the old man’s expression turn cold.

“Hmph, if it weren’t for the fact that your Nine Mystic Sword Sect has extorted too much and almost wiped out our small sects, why would I have colluded with the demons?”

Zuo Yao snorted coldly and walked forward step by step. Sword qi surged on his body.

“Stop talking nonsense. Hurry up and deal with this guy.” Not far away, a rough voice could be heard.

A nearly ten-foot-tall figure walked out.

*A minotaur?*

Han Muye looked at this tall and strong figure and chuckled.

This burly man with two horns had an unknown bloodline.

He wondered if he could get some clues from this guy that would be helpful to his cultivation of the Iron Bull Strength.

Cao Ang's expression was ugly as he said in a low voice, "Seniors, since this person can come here, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect must have taken action. We should leave quickly."

His words made the expression of the Sect Master of the Duanhua Sword Sect, Zuo Yao, change. His eyes focused, then he raised his hand and waved.

Several impatient figures pounced at Han Muye.

The sword light was dark and sharp in the stone chamber.

Peak Qi Condensation Realm.



The few people who attacked were all at the peak of the Qi Condensation Realm. They were the elites of the Duanhua Sword Sect.

His cultivation was profound and his swordsmanship was extraordinary.

The few of them attacked ruthlessly, and the sword light sealed off Han Muye's escape route.

Cao Ang's eyes lit up as he stared at Han Muye.

He had always remembered how Han Muye and Huang Six had humiliated him in front of the Sword Pavilion.

If he didn't hate the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, why would he choose to submit and betray his family?

Zuo Yao's aura condensed as he stood there, staring at Han Muye's hand holding the sword.

He wanted to see what kind of methods this Nine Mystic Sword Sect expert had.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was ranked as one of the four major sword sects. Was it because of the many experts or because of the true inheritance of the sect? The disciples behind were all powerful!

Han Muye did not disappoint him.

He raised his sword hand.

However, Zuo Yao's eyes widened when he saw Han Muye's stance.

"Mu Yang's swordsmanship? The sword technique of the Duanhua Sword Sect?"

*What else could this sword move be other than the ultimate sword technique of the Duanhua Sword Sect?* Zuo Yao thought.

*How did this person know this move?*

Not only was the Sect Master of the Duanhua Sword Sect in a daze, but the elite disciples who were attacking Han Muye were also stunned.

*How could it be our sect's sword technique?* they wondered.

Han Muye's sword didn't stop.

"Mu Yang's swordsmanship is lethal enough, but when he was in the legacy of the Flower Severing Sword Sect, he chased after them too much."

"With this move, I should use seventy percent of my strength and leave thirty percent for sunset."

“Slash—”

He thrust his sword, colliding with the sword light in front of him. The other party’s sword trembled, and Han Muye’s sword light had already retracted, brushing past the edge of the other sword!

At that moment, the sword light flashed!

“The last brilliance of the slanting sun!”

Han Muye whispered, and the sword light brought out a spray of blood!

With a single strike, his fellow disciple at the peak of the Qi Condensation Realm died.

The others trembled and immediately restrained the strength of their swords.

They didn’t know if Han Muye would attack them next.

With a single strike, Han Muye had already intimidated these elites of the Duanhua Sword Sect.

However, he did not come here today to intimidate them.

He was doing it for—murder!

“Sect Master Zuo Yao, take a look at my sword.”

The sword light rose again!

“Get out of the way!”

Zuo Yao roared and the sword qi on his body turned into a long dragon that rushed into the battle circle.

Those disciples could not block Han Muye’s sword at all!

Zuo Yao had already understood this fact from the moment Han Muye delivered his first strike.

Han Muye’s swordsmanship was even more proficient than his own!

Such swordsmanship had returned to its original state. Every move he made was sword logic.

Not to mention those disciples of the Duanhua Sword Sect, even he could only rely on his cultivation that far exceeded the other party to suppress them.

Seeing Zuo Yao rush over, Han Muye chuckled. The sword in his hand moved even faster!

“Slash—”

Three figures fell. The others retreated in panic, their faces filled with fear!

He killed three peak-stage Qi Condensation cultivators with a single strike. What kind of sword expert was this?!

“You have a death wish!”

Zuo Yao shouted, his face flushed.

Han Muye had killed without hesitation in front of him, making him furious.

He unsheathed the sword in his hand, and a dense sword qi instantly pierced out. The 30-foot-long sword light slashed down from above Han Muye’s head.

Simple and crude.

He was suppressing others with his realm.

As expected of a sect master, he was ruthless. He saw through Han Muye’s weakness at a glance.

With his half-step Earth Realm sword technique and the spiritual weapon sword in his hand, he only needed one strike to kill Han Muye!

Before the sword arrived, the sword light pressed down. The pressure that assaulted Han Muye made him feel like he was suffocating.

Looking at the incoming sword light, Han Muye was calm.

There were many flaws in this strike.

There were so many flaws that even sword cultivators who had just started practicing swordsmanship could find them.

However, under this strike, those who were not at the fifth level of Qi Condensation or above would probably not even have the courage to raise their swords to resist.

This was the suppression of cultivation.

Back then, Han Muye had used two sword intents to slash an Earth Realm expert. He really didn't take Earth Realm experts seriously.

Looking at the situation, if he had exhausted his sword intent and fought with an Earth Realm expert, he would probably die.

Han Muye was glad that he had only encountered the Sect Master of the Duanhua Sword Sect today, and not an Earth Realm cultivator.

He decided that when he fought with Earth Realm experts in the future, he would never give them a chance to show off.

Otherwise, it would be really hard to say if he would survive.

The sword light arrived, and Han Muye raised the Green Destiny Sword.

The blade vibrated and turned into a yellow leaf.

One leaf.

The leaf split into three before Zuo Yao's eyes.

Then Zuo Yao widened his eyes and quickly retreated.

But it was too late.

Three leaves exploded, turning into countless leaves that chased after Zuo Yao and surrounded him.

By the time Zuo Yao landed 30 feet away, the scattered leaves had already slowly drifted away.

Every leaf carried traces of blood and they gathered together to form a blood-colored butterfly!

Zuo Yao's face was pale. He pointed at Han Muye and gurgled a few times. In the end, his legs went limp and he knelt on the ground.

Breathless!

A peak-level Foundation Establishment cultivator, a half-step Earth Realm cultivator, was killed in one strike!

Only when Zuo Yao fell to the ground did the blood-colored butterfly slowly fade away, turning into pure sword qi that returned to Han Muye's Green Destiny Sword.

One strike to kill a peak Foundation Establishment cultivator!

Silence filled the stone chamber.

The Duanhua Sword Sect disciples who had attacked Han Muye earlier were all trembling.

If not for the fact that his sect master had sacrificed himself, he would be the one lying on the ground now...

Standing in front of the stone wall, Cao Ang's face was pale as he quietly moved back.



Holding the sword in his hand, Han Muye smiled.

He did not use the sword intent in his sea of vital energy. He only activated the sword qi in his dantian.

Although the sword qi consumed some energy, it could be retracted and re-cultivated.

In other words, this time, Han Muye had relied on his own strength to kill a peak-level Foundation Establishment cultivator.

Raising his sword, Han Muye turned his head calmly.

In the stone chamber, everyone who caught his gaze turned pale and subconsciously retreated.

Who wouldn't be afraid of such combat power!

Han Muye pointed his sword at the minotaur.

The people from the Duanhua Sword Sect retreated out of the mine.

If their sect master could not even withstand a single strike, who would dare to step forward?

They would be courting death.

Han Muye didn't care about the others. He just pointed his sword at the minotaur and chuckled. "Let me see what you're capable of."

The minotaur's expression was solemn. With a long shout, the green light on its body turned into a thirty-foot-tall green bull.

The horns on the head of this huge bull reached the top of the stone chamber. With a light sweep, countless gravel fell towards Han Muye's head.

Han Muye paused, and the sword in his hand turned into a stream of light, shattering all the gravel.

If it had known that the gravel could not do anything to Han Muye, the bull wouldn't have taken a step forward when Han Muye attacked. Its huge body collided with Han Muye.

If such a body was hit, even metal would be torn apart.

However, Han Muye would not give it the chance to hit him.

His body turned into a breeze, and his sword light was like a cloud.

The green bull shadow crashed out and Han Muye was nowhere to be seen.

When the huge bull turned its head, it saw Han Muye calmly holding a sword and smiling.

The giant bull roared and took a step forward. The cave trembled, then it charged again.

After a few rounds, Han Muye was unscathed.

The demons had their advantages.

If this huge green ox shadow was fighting in the wild, the human cultivators' defense line would probably be broken with a collision.

However, in this one-on-one battle in a narrow space, the giant bull could not unleash its strength at all.

Shaking his head, Han Muye raised his sword.

This bull's body was full of strength, but its speed and aura were extremely poor.

Fortunately, it did not choose to train its body.

Even though they were of the same race, there was a huge gap in combat power between the ancient demon race's bloodline.

*It seems like I have to study the secrets of the ancient demon bloodline in the future.*

Without waiting any longer, the sword in Han Muye's hand slashed through the green bull's neck.

When he turned to look at Cao Ang, whose body was pressed against the stone wall, the green bull's body dissipated behind him. The minotaur covered its neck and fell to the ground.

Cao Ang's eyes were filled with fear.

At the half-step Earth Realm, the Sect Master of the Duanhua Sword Sect, who had peerless sword techniques, could not withstand Senior Brother Han's sword.

The bull demon, who was extremely strong and had an incomparably powerful body, could not withstand a single strike.

"You shouldn't have betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Cao Family."

Han Muye raised his sword.

Cao Ang leaned against the stone wall, his eyes filled with anger and madness.

"Shouldn't have betrayed? Who the f\*ck wants to betray? But do I have a choice? If I don't betray them, they'll kill me. I don't want to die. I don't want to die..."

"Boom—"

The stone wall behind Cao Ang exploded, and a stream of spiritual light rushed out, crashing into Han Muye, who was standing 10 feet away, and instantly swallowed him!

#### **Chapter 158: There's a Big Deal. Do You Accept It?**

"I'd like to see you die!"

Cao Ang, who was sitting on the ground, panted heavily. He stared at Han Muye, who was wrapped in the torrent, and laughed sinisterly.

"The earth lineage has a spirit. My Cao family has nurtured the Earth Spirit of this Mystic Jade Steel for hundreds of years. Originally, my Cao family was prepared to use this earth spirit to refine a Dharma treasure."

Cao Ang laughed maniacally. He slowly stood up and looked at the spiritual light wrapped around him turning into a ball of light.

"I'm the direct descendant of the Cao family. No one objects to me using this treasure, right?"

"When the earth spirit devours your soul and body, I'll use you to refine my sword.

"Aren't you good at appraising swords? You should like it if I refine you into a sword, right?"

Han Muye didn't care how Cao Ang laughed outside the ball of light.

At this moment, his entire mind was fighting with the light shadow that had rushed into his divine treasure.

However, it was not as Cao Ang thought. It was the Earth Spirit that wanted to devour Han Muye's soul and body. So he trapped it in his divine treasure and attacked with all his might, wanting to kill it.

The Earth Lineage Spirit was a spiritual item comparable to a spiritual weapon.

If he obtained this item, he could use it to infuse his sword!

In the divine treasure, the huge body that looked like a worm kept squirming before being strangled by Han Muye's soul sword.

Every time the sword light slashed, it would bring out fragments from the earth silkworm.

The sword light that was stained with spiritual fragments became more and more condensed.

The sword of the soul could absorb a trace of spirituality and increase its purity.

Most of the spiritual fragments were sent to Han Muye's dantian.

The sword pill that was originally nourishing in his dantian vibrated and swallowed all the fragments.

Then spiritual light appeared on the sword pill, as if it was extremely happy.

After 10,000 years of loneliness, the sword pill that the sword spirit had left was nourished by spirituality again.

All the spiritual energy in Han Muye's dantian was absorbed by the sword pill.

*Not enough spiritual energy?*

Then he would make up for it with pills.

He raised his hand and placed several immortal-grade Cloud Qi Pills into his mouth.

The vigorous medicinal power turned into extremely pure spiritual qi and rushed into his dantian.

Divine Treasure Slashing Earth Spirit, Dantian Sword Refinement Pill.

The huge earth lineage power outside his body seeped into his body and landed on Han Muye's sword bone.

This power was inexplicably compatible with the sword bone.

Opportunity!

The Cao Family's earth lineage power that had been nurtured for countless years was an opportunity for Han Muye.

Every time the sword of the soul slashed, the sword light became more corporeal.

The spirituality absorbed by every slash was comparable to Han Muye's months of cultivation.

The spiritual fragments were absorbed by the sword pill in his dantian, making it more agile and active.

10 breaths.

A hundred breaths.

A quarter of an hour.

"Hum—"

The spiritual light shook, then dissipated into nothingness.

Seeing the earth lineage power that had accumulated for countless years dissipate, Cao Ang's face flashed with regret.



In the blink of an eye, he stared at Han Muye, who was standing there with his eyes closed.

“Haha, Mystic Jade Earth Spirit, I didn’t go back on my word, right? When I say I’ll take you away, I’ll take you away. How’s this body? Follow me from now on. I—”

Before he could finish, Han Muye opened his eyes.

There was no confusion in Han Muye’s eyes, and his expression was calm.

“Thanks a lot.”

Han Muye spoke calmly.

Cao Ang laughed and was about to walk forward when he suddenly stopped.

In front of him, Han Muye raised his hand, and a Primordial Jade White Pill appeared in his palm, spinning gently.

*That is—*

Although Cao Ang had never seen it before, he had heard of it countless times!

*Sword Pill!*

“I used the earth lineage spirit to condense this sword pill.”

Han Muye spoke calmly. With a tap of his finger, the sword pill spun and floated in the air, with traces of sword energy flashing on it.

Spirituality.

This sword pill was very spiritual.

*A spiritual sword pill. Is that a Dharma treasure?*

Cao Ang’s mouth fell open and his eyes widened.

This sword pill had yet to reach the level of a Dharma treasure. Han Muye had seen the appearance of a Dharma treasure sword spirit before.

At present, this sword pill was at most a peak-level spiritual weapon.

The sword spirit in the sword pill still needed to be slowly nurtured before it could become a Dharma treasure.

Enough.

How many Dharma treasures were there in the entire Western Frontier?

With a raise of his hand, the sword pill returned to his dantian.

Han Muye looked up at the pale Cao Ang.

“How did this happen? How did this happen...?”

Cao Ang whispered with a blank expression.

That was an earth spirit!

That was the Earth Spirit that the Cao Family fed with the blood of countless mortals!

The power of the Earth Spirit should at least be equivalent to the soul power of an Earth Realm expert.  
How could this guy in front of him refine it into a sword pill?

And the Sword Pill...

For some reason, Cao Ang sighed in his heart at this moment.

Han Muye shook his head, turned around, and walked out of the mine.

“You—you’re not going to kill me?”

Han Muye didn’t answer him. He flew past and appeared at the entrance of the mine.

At the entrance of the mine, the disciples of the Duanhua Sword Sect who had escaped earlier were all lying on the ground.

The head of the Cao family, Cao Anchun, who had lost an arm, and the eldest daughter of the Cao family, Cao’e, who was holding a sword, were both standing there.

Lu Gao, whose face was covered in a black veil and whose body was stained with blood, grinned when he saw Han Muye come out.

“Senior Brother Han.” Cao’e looked at Han Muye and called out in a low voice.

“Master Cao, I think you know what to do.”

Han Muye looked at Cao Anchun and turned to leave.

Lu Gao followed him and strode away.

After walking out of the mine, Han Muye said, "Brother Lu, stay here. If a third person comes out of the mine today, destroy the Cao family."

Destroy the Cao Family!

Lu Gao shuddered.

Watching Han Muye leave, Lu Gao slowly turned around and stood where he was.

Since Senior Brother Han said that only two people could come out of the mine, there would be two people.

Senior Brother Han said that if one more person came out, he would destroy the Cao family.

...

Lu Gao returned to the Sword Pavilion just before sunset.

"Senior Brother Han, the head of the Cao family and Miss Cao left the mine. Then the head of the Cao family destroyed the mine."

Lu Gao reported in a low voice, then said, "Senior Brother Han, Patriarch Cao asked me to bring you a message. The Cao family is still the Cao family."

Han Muye nodded, a smile on his face.

Cao Ang could not be left alive.

Today, he had betrayed the Nine Mystic Mountain and the Cao Family. In the future, he might betray them again.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not care about the betrayal of the Cao Family.

However, the Cao Family could not tolerate a grandson who had betrayed the family.

Today, Han Muye did not make a move and let the Cao Family Head and Cao'e choose.

If they kept Cao Ang, Lu Gao would take action and destroy the Cao family.

Looking at the setting sun in the distance, Han Muye sighed.

Unknowingly, he had become so indifferent to the lives of others.

“Brother Lu, go to the Cao family tomorrow and hand this refining technique to the eldest daughter of the Cao family.”

Han Muye reached for a piece of paper and spoke softly.

Lu Gao took it and said, “Why the eldest daughter of the Cao family?”

“Because he wants to stay with the Cao family.” Huang Six’s voice sounded.

Han Muye shook his head and turned to walk up the Sword Pavilion.

Looking at his back, Huang Six clicked his tongue and said in a low voice, “This kid is becoming more and more like that old man Gao Changgong. He speaks and does things mysteriously.”

Lu Gao nodded and leaned over. “Does he really want to stay with the Cao family?”

Huang Six turned to look at Lu Gao and said calmly, “Are you short of spiritual rocks?”

Lu Gao shook his head.

“Then after you send the letter tomorrow, you can go to the market at the foot of the mountain. You can stay there for three nights at the price of a spiritual rock.”

Huang Six turned and stepped into the Sword Pavilion.

“That expensive? Can I quote Sixth Brother’s name for a cheaper price?”

Lu Gao muttered.

...

On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged, was surrounded by sword light.

Endless spiritual energy surged before being retracted into his dantian.

The gains today were even greater than he had imagined.

Not only did the Earth Spirit’s power allow him to refine the Sword Pill and obtain a peak-level sword, but it also condensed nearly half of the soul sword in his divine treasure.

The sword of the soul that originally required 60 years to condense now required 30 years of effort.

In addition, his sword bone was also attached to the power of the earth lineage and benefited a lot.



Reaching out, Han Muye took out an immortal-grade Energy Nurturing Pill and swallowed it without hesitation.

As soon as the pill entered his mouth, the surging spiritual energy turned into a torrent that flowed through his meridians.

The Energy Nurturing Pill could increase one's cultivation level by one level. It could also provide a huge amount of spiritual energy for the Qi Condensation Realm.

Moreover, this one was an immortal-grade.

The stream of spiritual energy rushed into his dantian and continuously expanded the space in his dantian, making the sword qi and sword pills more comfortable.

Two days later, Han Muye trembled and opened his eyes.

There was no flash of sword light in his eyes.

He was now at the peak of the Seventh level of Qi Condensation.

He did not continue to increase his cultivation. He stood up and walked downstairs.

His body tempering technique did not keep up, and his strength was not balanced enough.

This was nothing to other cultivators. Many cultivators did not cultivate body tempering techniques.

However, Han Muye cultivated the Mystic Sun Technique and needed to stabilize his body with a body-tempering technique.

Furthermore, he also felt that his physical body was not strong enough. When his cultivation reached a certain level, it would eventually become a weakness.

As he walked downstairs, Huang Six looked up at him.

“Your cultivation level has increased?”

Han Muye nodded.

Huang Six grinned. “Zhao Pu has broken through to the Earth Realm. He came to find you yesterday.”

Zhao Pu.

Eldest Senior Brother of the Three Stones House.

After so many days of seclusion, he had finally broken through to the Earth Realm.

To those direct disciples, breaking through to the Earth Realm was as easy as drinking water.

However, to 99% of the cultivators in the world, the Earth Realm was the starry sky that they had to look up to for their entire lives.

“I’ll take a look at the Three Stones House.”

Han Muye nodded and walked out of the Sword Pavilion.

At the door, Lu Gao crossed his arms and closed his eyes.

“Brother Han, the head of the Cao family asked me to bring back two swords. Sixth Brother said that they are both spiritual weapons.”

Seeing Han Muye, Lu Gao said.

Two spiritual weapon-level swords.

Han Muye knew that this sword was the sword of the Sect Master of the Duanhua Sword Sect, and the other was naturally a gift from the Cao Family.

It was also a sign of allegiance.

Han Muye nodded.

He did not lack swords now. If he placed them in the Sword Pavilion, the sect would give him merit points.

Two spiritual weapon swords could be exchanged for thousands of merit points.

After leaving the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye went straight to the Three Stones House.

There were many Earth Realm experts in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Elders, deacons, and inconspicuous old men might all be Earth Realm experts.

If he encountered an old man going for a walk with a bird by a mountain path, he might be in the Earth Realm.

However, to the junior disciples, no matter who broke through to the Earth Realm, they had to come and congratulate them.

Han Muye walked into the Three Stones House. When he arrived at the lobby, he saw Zhao Pu standing there with his shiny bald head.

“Brother Han.”

Seeing Han Muye arrive, Zhao Pu greeted him with a smile.

Han Muye's Void Meridian Pill had helped him a lot in breaking through to the Earth Realm.

Therefore, as soon as he came out of seclusion, he went to the Sword Pavilion to visit Han Muye.

"Congratulations."

Han Muye smiled and took out a scroll, the White Tiger Scroll.

Zhao Pu's face stiffened.

"Why? Senior Brother Zhao, are you not interested in my gift?" Han Muye chuckled.

This scroll gave Han Muye a lot of insights.

Moreover, it was a treasure that could rival an Earth Realm expert.

But for the current Han Muye, it was useless.

To Zhao Pu, this scroll was something he wanted from the bottom of his heart.

Zhao Pu laughed and reached out to take the painting. “Then I won’t be pretentious. Brother, I’ll remember your kindness.”

Han Muye didn’t stay in the Three Stones House for long.

Zhao Pu had to receive a lot of people these few days.

However, he had an appointment with Zhao Pu. Ten days later, they would go to the secret place where he had discovered the Iron Bull Strength.

When he returned to the Sword Pavilion, he saw Bai Suzhen standing at the door from afar.

“Senior Brother Han, there’s a big deal. Do you want to take it?”

Seeing Han Muye, Bai Suzhen came over and whispered.

#### **Chapter 159: Immortal-Grade Purple Jade Pill, Itinerant Cultivator Guan Chaosheng**

Since Bai Suzhen said that it was a big business, he would naturally be able to earn a lot.

Moreover, she had specially waited for Han Muye. It must be pills that only Han Muye could refine.

Sure enough, Jiang Ming, who was standing at the side, looked helpless.

After coming to the Sword Pavilion, Jiang Ming’s confidence had suffered a blow.

As an alchemy genius from a hundred years ago, he felt that he could discuss and communicate with Han Muye about alchemy.

However, the truth was that other than earning a lot of spiritual rocks, he felt that he had nothing in common with Han Muye in alchemy.

Alchemy theories and alchemy rules were all useless in front of Han Muye.

The sword qi entered the pill furnace, and the pill became an immortal.

Every time he watched Han Muye refine pills, Jiang Ming's mental trauma would take a long time to recover.

As a result, Jiang Ming stopped watching Han Muye refine pills.

"Storeowner Bai wants a Purple Jade Pill from you."

Jiang Ming said softly.

Big business indeed.

In the three small realms of the Earth Realm, the Meridian Opening Realm drew the power of heaven and earth into one's body, enabling one to comprehend the Great Dao. In other words, it was the process of truly cultivating the Dao and cultivating one's true intent.

Only those in the Earth Realm could master sword intent, because after the Earth Realm opened the meridians, they could receive the power of heaven and earth.

The Spirit Awakening Realm was a step further, allowing the power of his soul to fuse with the power of heaven and earth.

The process was difficult.

Only when the soul and the power of heaven and earth truly fused could one sense the power of heaven and earth.

With two perfected resonances, one would reach the Core Formation realm.

One's cultivation would condense into a Great Dao Golden Core.

It was the key to immortality.

The Purple Jade Pill was a sixth-grade pill that could nourish the soul at the Spirit Awakening Realm and communicate with the power of heaven and earth to stimulate the soul.

A sixth-grade pill was precious. One pill cost at least 500,000 spiritual rocks.



Even if they prepared their own spiritual herbs, an alchemist would need to be paid at least 200,000 spiritual rocks.

“Supreme quality?”

Han Muye looked at Bai Suzhen.

If it was an ordinary Purple Jade Pill, there would be no need for her to specially look for Han Muye.

There were many alchemists in the Western Frontier who could refine sixth-grade pills.

Bai Suzhen nodded and smiled like a flower.

“Supreme-grade is fine. Immortal-grade is best.”

The answer was general.

Han Muye also smiled.

The more general the answer, the more it meant that the other party really needed this pill.

It had reached the point where she was willing to pay a huge price for this pill.

Ordinary-grade Purple Jade Pills cost 500,000 spiritual rocks. Supreme-grade ones naturally cost more than a million.

As for immortal-grade, more than a million spiritual rocks were worthless.

He had to exchange it for a real treasure!

The reason why the cultivation world was popular was because many valuable items could not be measured with spiritual rocks.

No one was willing to exchange many rare treasures for spiritual rocks.

“Senior Brother, name your price.” Bai Suzhen leaned forward a little, and a faint fragrance wafted from her body.

“If it’s supreme-grade, you can give me spiritual rocks, spiritual materials, and spiritual herbs at a discount.” Han Muye nodded and took a step back.

In the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six was staring at them.

“As for the immortal-grade, I have to at least add a medium-grade spiritual weapon.”

Most sects used middle-grade spiritual weapons as their sect-protecting treasures.

Of course, Earth Realm cultivators who needed Purple Jade Pills were already qualified to establish their own sects. They should be able to obtain a medium-grade spiritual weapon if they used everything they had.

As for those that he couldn't take out, why would he need an Immortal Grade Pill?

Hearing Han Muye's request, Bai Suzhen nodded and said, "I'll go talk."

To Bai Suzhen, earning spiritual rocks was a small matter. The greatest benefit was that she would obtain the favors of those Earth Realm experts.

The cultivation world valued karma.

A favor was also cause and effect.

"It's best if I can go down the mountain within seven days." Han Muye instructed.

He had agreed with Zhao Pu that he would go to the secret place to find the follow-up cultivation technique of Iron Bull Strength in 10 days. Han Muye calculated that it would be best to finalize the matter of alchemy in the next few days.

Otherwise, if he was delayed in the secret place, this business might be ruined.

“Don’t worry, I think that senior might be even more anxious than you.”

Bai Suzhen laughed and turned to leave.

To be honest, this Storeowner Bai was rich. To most cultivators, she was the rarest Dao companion.

But Han Muye really had no such thoughts.

He felt that if he wanted to find a Dao companion, he should find someone as refreshing as Mu Wan.

He couldn’t control a demoness like Bai Suzhen.

Turning around and entering the Sword Pavilion, Lin Shen looked at him and said in a low voice, “Brother Han, are you preparing to explore the secret place with Senior Brother Zhao?”

Han Muye had already discussed the Iron Bull Strength with Zhao Pu, and they had also talked about the origin of the Iron Bull Strength.

“Take me with you then.”

Lin Shen looked at Han Muye and said in a low voice, “My big brother told me that the Iron Bull Jin was obtained by him and a few other senior brothers. He was going to lead you to that place anyway.”

Han Muye was silent for a moment, then nodded.

Lin Chongxiao's remnant soul had already dissipated after the battle in the cultivator's cave abode. This matter had been suppressed in Lin Shen's heart and he could not let it go.

Han Muye did not tell Lin Shen that Lin Chongxiao's remnant soul might have been reborn.

This matter was too illusory. If it was given to Lin Shen, it would not be a good thing.

If there was an opportunity, they would meet again.

"Alright, Teacher Lin will go with you."

Han Muye patted Lin Shen's shoulder and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

Lin Shen turned to look into the distance and took a deep breath. A faint sword qi surged on his body.

...

Han Muye didn't have to wait long. Two days later, Bai Suzhen came to invite him down the mountain.

The Earth Realm expert who invited Han Muye to refine pills naturally wouldn't come up the mountain.

Even if his identity did not conflict with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Bai Suzhen would not bring him to the Nine Mystic Mountain.

If she did, wouldn't the Nine Mystic Sword Sect obtain the favor?

Those old fellows from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's medical hall were good at winning people over.

After following Bai Suzhen out of the sect, Lin Shen, who was carrying a huge sword on his back, raised his hand and the sect's flying boat floated in the air.

This flying boat was the standard flying boat of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Weapon Refinement Hall. It was priced at 90 merit points and only cost about 10,000 spiritual rocks.

Of course, this was because Han Muye and the others were rich now. 10,000 spiritual rocks was nothing. Ordinary inner sect disciples would not buy such a flying boat unless they really needed it.

They could run on their two legs.

Han Muye had brought Lin Shen here so that there was someone controlling the flying boat, saving him the trouble of consuming spiritual energy.

Secondly, when he was refining pills, Lin Shen could protect him.

It was taboo to disturb him while refining pills. If anyone had any ill intentions towards him, Lin Shen's cultivation and combat strength were enough to protect him.

One had to be wary of others, including the Earth Realm expert who had never met him or Bai Suzhen. They would be fools if they completely let their guard down.

In the cultivation world, fools did not live long.

There was a third reason. Huang Six had said that Han Muye and Storeowner Bai could not be together alone.

In Huang Six's words at that time, "I believe in Han Muye's character, but young men and women are hot-blooded. If anything happens, you'll have a headache."

In the cabin, Han Muye and Bai Suzhen sat opposite each other.

At this moment, Bai Suzhen was wearing a plain robe and a pale white veil.

"Senior Brother Han, the person who invited you to refine pills is a rogue cultivator expert named Guan Chaosheng. He's considered a famous rogue cultivator in the Western Frontier. He's a sixth level Awakening God who has cultivated for 500 years. It's rare for itinerant cultivators to have such cultivation."

At this moment, Bai Suzhen naturally had to tell Han Muye the identity of the Earth Realm expert who had entrusted him to refine pills.

Previously, she had already made an agreement with Han Muye that she would not help the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's enemy refine pills. This Senior Guan Chaosheng did not belong to any side.

"This senior has been at the fifth level of the Soul Awakening Realm for more than a hundred years. You know, once his realm is solidified, his potential will be exhausted. There's basically no possibility of him taking another step forward."

Cultivation was heaven-defying. If one did not improve, one would fall behind.

Cultivators could not advance bravely. Their cultivation would solidify. If they sat and waited, they would slowly degenerate and have no hope of advancing further in their lives.

There were too many such experts in the cultivation world.

There were many Core Formation Soul Awakening Elders in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, but only a handful of them could reach the half-step Heaven Realm.

Talent had long determined a person's upper limit.

This was also the reason why the cultivation world did not pay attention to cultivators with low aptitude.

Without sufficient aptitude, one was destined to waste resources for the rest of one's life.



Back then, Han Muye was rejected by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect because of his ninth-grade aptitude.

“That senior also wants to take a gamble.”

Bai Suzhen smiled at Han Muye and said, “He said that if you have an Immortal Grade Pill, he’ll give you an ancient sword that he treasured.”

An ancient sword was a true treasure.

Although most ancient swords like this would have some flaws due to special refinement methods and improper preservation, the materials used to forge ancient swords were definitely sufficient.

Even if he smelted it and refined it again, he could still obtain a top treasure.

Giving such an ancient sword meant that the other party was sincere.

“Guan Chaosheng?”

Han Muye closed his eyes and thought for a moment before saying, “His family seems to be at the front line of Fengshou Mountain?”

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Bai Suzhen laughed.

“Senior Brother Han, you’re getting smarter and smarter.”

When Bai Suzhen asked him to refine the Purple Jade Pill, Han Muye had already guessed that it was probably that Earth Realm expert who needed to refine this pill.

In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s spiritual land, in the Grand Elder’s house, there was information on the Earth Realm Soul Awakening Realm.

After spending half a day, Han Muye memorized all the information about cultivators above the fifth level of the Earth Realm Soul Awakening Realm recorded in the sect.

This was the foundation of a large sect.

Guan Chaosheng’s family was at the front line of Fengshou Mountain. He had planned for the worst by seeking to increase his cultivation.

If Fengshou Mountain fell, his cultivation would increase, and his chances of escaping would increase.

Even if he protected the family and moved to the hinterland of the Western Frontier, he would still have more bargaining chips in his hands.

To cultivators, no matter how much wealth they had, it was not as practical as their own strength.

“Hum—”

The flying boat swung gently and slowly descended.

There was a small city ahead. There were cultivators and ordinary people in the city.

There were countless cities in the cultivation world where ordinary people and cultivators lived together.

Bai Suzhen led Han Muye and Lin Shen to a large residence. The servant at the door invited them to the hall.

In the hall stood a white-haired old man in a gray robe.

Bai Suzhen smiled and cupped her hands. "Old Master Guan, thank you for waiting."

"Hehe, I've already waited for a hundred years. This is nothing. But if you say that there's no hurry." The old man's gaze landed on Han Muye, and he sighed. "From the moment I heard that you could help refine an immortal-grade Purple Jade Pill, every day felt like a year."

### **Chapter 160: Ancient Treasure Broken Sword**

Guan Chaosheng was not lying.

Cultivators were most afraid of obsessions.

Once he had any such thoughts, it would affect his mental state.

His cultivation had stagnated for more than a hundred years. He should have given up.

However, there might be a glimmer of hope in the Immortal Pill.

Seeing that Guan Chaosheng was staring at him, Han Muye cupped his hands and said softly, "Senior, no matter how good the medicinal pill is, it's still a support. Whether your cultivation breaks through or not depends on your cultivation."

"Haha, I know, I know." Guan Chaosheng laughed and waved his hand. "I've cultivated for so many years, so I have this temperament.

I've spoken to Miss Bai. As long as the pill is completed, I can give you everything you want."

Guan Chaosheng stared at Han Muye and said softly, "Mushen City suppressed the alchemy experts of the Western Frontier and you became the youngest alchemist to step into the Little Alchemy Pavilion. Perhaps this is my opportunity."

If Guan Chaosheng invited Han Muye to refine pills, the price he would have to pay might bankrupt him. Naturally, he would have investigated this matter.

Although what happened in Mushen City was covered up by alchemy cultivators, the news would still spread.

As long as he investigated, he would know something.

“I hope I can become Senior’s fortuitous encounter.” Han Muye chuckled.

He was not modest.

It was just refining the Purple Jade Pill.

If he was humble about such an easy matter, Guan Chaosheng would probably feel guilty.

What he was doing was refining an immortal-grade Purple Jade Pill. As for whether it was an opportunity or not, Guan Chaosheng would take care of it.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Guan Chaosheng’s eyes lit up. He nodded and said, “Young Master Han, do you want to rest for a day first?”

Han Muye waved his hand, looked around, and said, “Senior, prepare a quiet room for me, and then give me the spiritual herbs for refining pills.”

This place was only a few thousand miles away from the Nine Mystic Mountain. Along the way, Lin Shen drove the flying boat, and Han Muye did not consume much energy.

The sooner he refined the pill and returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain, the sooner he might be able to make it for dinner.

Since Han Muye wanted to refine pills immediately, Guan Chaosheng naturally wouldn't refuse.

He was the one in a hurry.

After bringing Han Muye and Bai Suzhen to the backyard, Guan Chaosheng took out a cloth bag and handed it to Han Muye.

Han Muye took the cloth bag, examined it carefully, nodded, and walked into the quiet room.

Lin Shen stood at the door with his arms crossed.

"Senior Guan, I received a good cup of tea last time. Why don't we go and taste the tea while waiting?" Bai Suzhen, who was standing in the small courtyard, chuckled when she saw Guan Chaosheng's nervous expression.

Guan Chaosheng turned his head and smiled awkwardly. "Miss Bai, I'm sorry. In the end, it's still related to cultivation. My heart is in a mess."

"Senior, you don't have to worry. I've never seen Senior Brother Han's talent in alchemy." Bai Suzhen smiled and turned around, walking out of the small courtyard.

Guan Chaosheng turned to look at the closed quiet room. He hesitated for a moment before following her out of the small courtyard.

...

In the quiet room, Han Muye sat cross-legged with a palm-sized round bronze inscription plate in front of him.

The center of the plate was a groove.

He took out a high-grade spiritual rock and placed it in the groove, and spiritual light shone from his fingertips as he activated the inscription.

The inscription flickered and triggered the power of the spiritual rock, turning into a 10-feet-long light shield.

This bronze plate was a formation plate refined by an array formation cultivator. There were array formations engraved on it, making it suitable to carry around.

The array disc in Han Muye's hand was bought from Suzhen Store, and there was an array formation that isolated spiritual energy from the outside world.

The array formation was not very high-level and was enough to block detection. At the critical moment, it was enough to block the Immortal Grade Pill and activate the power of heaven and earth.

The array disc was activated. Han Muye raised his hand and the pill furnace flew out.

“Hum—”

The sword flashed, and the furnace shook.

One by one, he threw the spiritual herbs into the pill furnace. Han Muye's divine sense split into two. One was focused on the pill furnace, and the other was focused on the method of refining the Purple Jade Pill in his mind.

This scene was something that Han Muye had already deduced and simplified. Many of the medicinal effects were purified with sword qi.

An hour later, the Pill Qi in the cauldron was already extremely rich. It urged the medicinal power to spin and turn into three bright points of light.

Han Muye heaved a sigh of relief and slapped his palm on the cauldron.

The cauldron shook, and the pills inside took shape. Then they pushed open the lid and escaped.

However, as soon as the pills flew out, they were blocked by the array formation. Han Muye reached out and pressed them back into the pill furnace, slowly nourishing them.

Two hours later, the pill furnace vibrated again. He stretched out his hand and used Cloud Dew Hand to grab the three purple misty pills in his palm.

Immortal Grade, Purple Jade Pills.



With these sixth-grade Purple Jade Pills in hand, Han Muye could feel a trace of desire in his soul.

The Purple Jade Pill was a pill that promoted the summoning of the power of heaven and earth. It had the effect of strengthening the soul.

Shaking his head, he put two of the immortal-grade Purple Jade Pills into a jade bottle and put it into his storage ring. Then he held the remaining pill in his palm and stood up.

After putting away the array disc and pill furnace, Han Muye slowly walked out of the quiet room.

“Brother Han, it’s done?”

Seeing Han Muye come out, Lin Shen hurriedly asked.

He was not an alchemy cultivator, but he knew that Han Muye was refining a sixth-grade pill.

Such a pill was worth tens of millions of spiritual rocks.

Han Muye smiled and nodded, opening his palm.

A pill surrounded by purple clouds floated quietly in his palm.

“But it worked?”

A voice came from outside the small courtyard. Guan Chaosheng’s figure flashed and he was already in front of Han Muye.

Sitting in the front yard drinking tea, he had already spread his divine sense outside the quiet room in the backyard. The moment Han Muye came out, he had already sensed it.

“Senior, I didn’t fail in my mission.” Han Muye slowly raised his hand.

It was as if a pill carved from purple spiritual jade was gently spinning, carrying endless mysteries.

Such agility and the attractiveness of the soul it emitted was mesmerizing.

Guan Chaosheng subconsciously reached out and was about to grab the pill when he paused.

Han Muye had already retracted his hand.

“Ahem, I understand, I understand.” Guan Chaosheng coughed lightly and raised his hand to take out a small bag.

Han Muye looked up at Bai Suzhen, who was slowly walking over.

Bai Suzhen held the small bag in her hand and examined it slightly. She nodded and said, "The spiritual materials and treasures here are worth 1.3 million spiritual rocks."

This was almost the price of a supreme-grade Purple Jade Pill.

The price of the Immortal Grade Pill had to be increased.

Guan Chaosheng raised his hand, and a rusty two-foot-long sword appeared in his palm.

It was a broken sword.

Although the sword was broken, there was still a flash of spiritual light on it.

Even though it was rusty, there was still a sharp glint that made people not dare to look at it directly.

This was an extremely powerful sword.

"I obtained this sword from an ancient secret place. This sword's grade is extremely high. It was only broken and lost most of its power."

Guan Chaosheng stroked the broken sword with his palm and felt a little emotional.

“If it weren’t for the fact that this sword power has been lost, I wouldn’t have to wait for Little Friend Han to refine the Purple Jade Pill.”

Han Muye understood what he meant.

If this sword was still intact and powerful, Guan Chaosheng could directly snatch a Purple Jade Pill.

Holding the sword upside down, Guan Chaosheng looked at Han Muye. “Little friend, I’ve nurtured this sword for 200 years. Please treat it well.”

Han Muye nodded, reached for the hilt, and then pushed the Purple Jade Pill over.

Guan Chaosheng reached out and grabbed the Purple Jade Pill. Excitement flashed across his face.

Han Muye led Lin Shen out of the courtyard. A moment later, Bai Suzhen also walked out.

“Senior Guan promised that after I break through in seclusion this time, he will help me do something within his capabilities.”

Bai Suzhen didn’t hide anything and directly told him about the benefits she had obtained.

As she spoke, she handed the small cloth bag to Han Muye.

“Senior Brother Han, if you don’t need the treasures here, you can exchange them for spiritual rocks at Suzhen Store.”

A favor from a seventh level Earth Realm Spirit Awakening Realm expert was no less than hundreds of thousands of spiritual rocks.

With such benefits, Bai Suzhen naturally gave all the spiritual rocks to Han Muye.

Han Muye accepted the small bag without hesitation.

“Senior Brother Han, I’m preparing to go to the nearby market city. You guys can return to the Nine Mystic Mountain first.”

Seeing Han Muye accept the spiritual rocks and treasures, Bai Suzhen spoke again.

“Alright, then we’ll go back to the mountain first.” Han Muye’s answer was straightforward. He cupped his hands and left.

“What a heartless Senior Brother. Why didn’t you accompany me to the market?” Bai Suzhen snorted as she watched Han Muye and Lin Shen walk away.

“Eldest Miss.” An old voice sounded behind Bai Suzhen.

Bai Suzhen turned around and saw a white-haired old man in a green robe.

There was a strange light in the old man's eyes that made it difficult to look straight at him.

"Seventh Grandpa, you're here."

When Bai Suzhen saw the old man, a trace of excitement flashed across her face.

"Little girl, your father asked me to tell you that if you can really find an immortal-grade Jade Bright Bone Pill, he will give you whatever you want."

Hearing his words, Bai Suzhen said anxiously, "Really? I want my mother's corpse to enter the ancestral land of the Shangyang Demon Sect. I want Li Mubai to admit that my mother is the only one in his life..."

Bai Suzhen's words were interrupted by the white-haired old man.

"Girl, let's talk about it when you find that pill."

"In the entire Western Frontier, there are only a few people who can refine immortal-grade pills. However, they won't refine pills for the Sect Master."

"As for that kid just now, his talent is not bad, but a fifth-grade pill is not something that can be achieved just by having enough talent."

Bai Suzhen nodded, her eyes shining.

“I’ll get the pill.”

...

The flying boat flew across the sky. Lin Shen stood at the bow and controlled it. Han Muye sat cross-legged in the cabin.

Between his knees was the broken sword he had obtained from Guan Chaosheng.

Without paying attention to the sword qi, he could already sense how extraordinary this sword was.

Although the sword was broken, the sword qi on it did not disappear. The spiritual light and sharpness were not lost.

This refinement method was passed down from ancient times. It injected the power of the Sword Dao into the sword and was constantly nurtured and tempered.

There were many benefits, but the requirements for the person who refined this sword were also high.

Without mastering the sword intent, it was impossible to nurture this sword.

Guan Chaosheng was not a sword cultivator and had not grasped sword intent.

Therefore, although this sword had been nurtured in his hand for 200 years, it did not stimulate the sword power at all.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes as he gripped the hilt of his sword.

*Who held such a precious sword?*

*Who had severed such a sword?*

The ancient era was an era of great cultivation.

Taking a deep breath, a sword intent turned into a trickle and flowed into the broken sword.

In his dantian, the nurturing spiritual energy and sword intent intertwined and wrapped around the broken sword.

“Hum—”

The moment the sword intent and spiritual energy surged into the broken sword, the broken sword trembled and a dazzling light bloomed.



“Sword Master Yuan Tian, even if my Blazing Sun Palace is destroyed today and thousands of disciples die, I won’t let you break the seal and leave!”

An image appeared in Han Muye’s mind, and he shouted.