

## **Pavilion 171**

### **Chapter 171: Defeat Ten Techniques and Break the Sky with Force!**

*The medical hall is also willing to help?’*

Han Muye felt a little strange.

However, thinking about it, these guys who were focused on refining pills were not very normal.

“Young Master, I’ve been going to the medical hall often recently and having nice chats with Elder Sun Ce and the others.”

Jiang Ming, who was standing behind Han Muye, coughed lightly and spoke in a low voice.

*Having nice chats?*

Han Muye turned to look at Jiang Ming.

*After a pleasant conversation, they are willing to fork out real money to help with the bounty?*

*Did this guy do something else?*

“Senior Jiang Ming’s achievements in alchemy are really amazing.

“Senior Jiang demonstrated his alchemy skills in the medical hall. He made 13 furnaces a day, each of them supreme-grade.

“Senior Jiang and Elder Sun Ce discussed the Dao and suppressed ten elders alone. They were speechless.”

At the bottom of the stone steps, Jin Yuan looked at Jiang Ming with a bright gaze.

Han Muye looked at Jiang Ming and chuckled.

*There you go.*

The level of alchemy on the Nine Mystic Mountain was ordinary in the Western Frontier.

Now that a great alchemist was willing to come and teach from time to time, those elders were overjoyed.

*It won't be long before that old man Sun Ce comes to the Sword Pavilion to invite Jiang Ming to the medical hall, right?*

Han Muye did not care about this matter. Whether he went to the medical hall or stayed in the Sword Pavilion depended on Jiang Ming.

“Thank you, Elder Su Liang and the seniors of the medical hall.”

Han Muye cupped his hands at Jin Yuan and said, "If the medical hall is willing to help with the bounty, that would be great.

"As for the Immortal Grade Pill, I produced one to build trust.

"Whether it's pills or swords, they're all dead.

"Cultivation is about being carefree and having a clear mind, right?"

Han Muye's words made Jin Yuan's eyes shine even more.

She looked up at Jiang Ming and whispered, "Clear mind, clear mind..."

Unknowingly, her face turned red.

Just as the dazed Fairy Jin Yuan left, a few elders in green robes arrived in front of the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye had seen the leader before.

"Junior Brother Han."

The old man in the lead cupped his hands at Han Muye.

Bao Xu.

The deacon elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Defense Hall.

On the surface, Han Muye's current identity was just an ordinary Sword Caretaker of the Sword Pavilion.

However, the Sword Pavilion Elder was not around. Han Muye was in charge of everything in the Sword Pavilion.

This was the status of the Sword Pavilion's leader.

Therefore, Bao Xu vaguely addressed Han Muye as Senior Brother.

"Deacon Bao, everyone, what's the matter?" Han Muye raised his hand in return and asked curiously.

The Defense Hall usually did not interact with him.

Instead, it was the Sword Battle Hall that had more things to do with the Sword Pavilion.

Most of them were from the Sword Battle Hall.

“Senior Brother Han, Huang Zhenxiong is the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker. He should report to my Defense Hall when he leaves the mountain,” a middle-aged man in a green robe beside Bao Xu said.

*Report?*

Han Muye frowned.

Just as he was about to speak, Bao Xu said, “That’s right. We’re not coveting Senior Brother Han’s bounty but Brother Huang has left the mountain. It doesn’t make sense for our Defense Hall to not even send a guard.”

*So this was what the Defense Hall meant?*

Han Muye nodded. “I was careless.”

Bao Xu waved his hand and said loudly, “Senior Brother Han, you are busy. Our Defense Hall should take care of this matter.

“Last night, five Earth Realm disciples and more than 50 Qi Condensation and Foundation Establishment disciples from my Defense Hall have already left the mountain.”

At this point, Bao Xu coughed lightly and looked at Han Muye. He said in a low voice, “That’s right. Senior Brother Han, is your bounty real?”

Bounty.

A Purple Jade Pill.

It seemed like Bai Suzhen was quite fast. At least everyone on the Nine Mystic Mountain already knew about the bounty.

“That’s right. Recruit experts to protect Sixth Brother and Sixth Sister-in-law. If you protect their lives at a critical moment, you will receive an Immortal Grade Pill as a reward.”

Han Muye looked at Bao Xu and the people behind him solemnly.

These people were all in the Earth Realm. There were middle-aged and old people.

Those who could cultivate to the Earth Realm were at least 30 to 50 years old.

“Senior Brothers, who doesn’t want to have a few good friends to support us in our cultivation?

“Sixth Brother led me on the path of cultivation in the Sword Pavilion and we’re close. Offering a few Immortal Grade Pills is not too much, right?”

At Han Muye’s words, Bao Xu and the others showed complicated expressions.

From the time they started cultivation until now, how many of their peers were left?

Cultivation was destined to be a lonely path...

“Not too much.”

“Sixth Brother Huang is benevolent. That’s why he has a brother like you.”

The few elders of the Defense Hall standing in front spoke.

“We know Brother Han’s intentions.”

Bao Xu cupped his hands and said loudly, “Our Defense Hall will send more people to the mountain.”

Han Muye nodded and cupped his hands. “Thank you.”

Even though they knew that the Defense Hall only made a move because of the pill reward, it was a rare friendship that made Bao Xu and the others arrange for their disciples to leave the mountain.

Seeing Bao Xu and the others leave, Han Muye turned around and said, “Brother Lu, pay more attention to the situation at the foot of the mountain. Let me know if there’s any news.”

Lu Gao nodded.

He was good at getting information.

From the moment Huang Six left the mountain, he had already instructed the servants and outer sect brothers guarding the mountain gate to send news to the Sword Pavilion immediately.

...

Han Muye walked straight into the Sword Pavilion and stepped onto the third floor.

At this point, it would be heaven's will if anything unexpected happened.

At this moment, he needed to solve his cultivation problem.

Going to the secret place of the Green Wheat Mountain allowed him to finally deduce his body-tempering cultivation technique wholeheartedly.

Sitting cross-legged in front of the long table, he adjusted his spiritual energy and spread out his divine sense.

After a day and night of rest, his soul and spiritual energy had recovered significantly.



This was the benefit of refining an Immortal Grade Pill.

The immortal-grade Purple Jade Pill in his divine treasure continued to release its medicinal power, slowly replenishing Han Muye's depleted soul power.

Sitting cross-legged in front of the long table, a dark blood aura rose from Han Muye's body.

His spiritual energy cultivation had already reached the peak of the seventh level of Qi Condensation.

If he suppressed it and did not break through, he would wait for the body tempering technique to synchronize.

The subsequent cultivation information he obtained from the secret place was enough to deduce a suitable body tempering technique.

"Hum—"

The shadows of iron bulls appeared behind Han Muye.

After the nine phantoms condensed, Han Muye's body trembled as his blood essence and spiritual energy collided.

In his mind, the cultivation scenes of the Bull Strength Technique and the Demon Bull Technique appeared and kept overlapping.

“The Bull Strength Technique is based on the path of neutrality. Its strength and speed are stronger than the Iron Bull Strength, but it’s not exaggerated.

“The Demon Bull Technique has given up on the comprehensive attributes and maximized the instantaneous explosive power.

“Both of these cultivation techniques have gone astray.”

Han Muye whispered to himself, his eyes shining.

The Bull Strength Technique’s cultivation path was based on demonic cultivation techniques.

The Demon Bull Technique was clearly a demonic technique.

Body-tempering cultivation techniques could indeed be chosen from these two paths, and it was also the easiest to find a physical reference.

Bulls were considered common demon beasts in the cultivation world.

It was said that many places with deep demonic intent also appeared.

However, body-tempering cultivation techniques should be developed to trace the source and seek the extreme of the wilderness. How could they not pursue the purest power just because they wanted to cultivate something simple?

“Bam—”

The nine bulls became one, and their blood qi turned into a pillar of light.

Crimson blood light mixed together and condensed into a long horn that soared into the sky. Its figure was like the phantom of a mighty bull.

As soon as this phantom appeared, the golden stream of light outside the Sword Pavilion trembled and the array formation was activated.

Power.

Han Muye clenched his fists and smiled.

*There you go!*

Retracing the origin to find the power of the ancient bull bloodline.

He did not seek speed, but the greatest defense and absolute strength!

Strength could defeat all!

To Han Muye, body-tempering cultivation techniques were just secondary. Of course, he was looking for a combination of strength and defense.

The power of this ancient bull bloodline was much stronger than that of the Demon Bull.

A bull phantom was 30,000 catties of strength.

Moreover, the bull's skin was rough and its muscles were strong.

By pouring his bloodline power into his body, he could increase his defense to a terrifying level.

When the bloodline power was fully condensed to the extreme, even ordinary spiritual weapons could be ignored.

This was the body tempering technique that he really needed.

The bull phantom behind him slowly dissipated. Han Muye chuckled and stretched his muscles.

When a body-tempering cultivation technique reached the Qi Condensation Realm, one's body would accumulate 30,000 catties of strength. Every move was completely different!

With the power of the bull's bloodline poured into his body, the sword qi and spiritual qi that his meridians, tendons, and bones could withstand were dozens of times denser.

"Bam—"

A Red Flame Pillar landed in front of him. Han Muye raised his hand and punched.

Fist shadows flew everywhere as he moved. Every move was the Red Flame Army's Body Tempering Fist Technique.

Although the cultivation technique of the Central Continent's soldiers was simple, it had its merits.

The fist wind wreaked havoc, and the fist marks overlapped with the marks on the stone pillar.

In front of the Red Flame Pillar, there were agile fist shadows.

It wasn't until 15 minutes later that Han Muye stopped and stopped punching.

"In the future, this cultivation technique will be called Bull Strength Technique."

It was naturally suitable to call it the Bull Strength Technique for a body-tempering technique that could condense the phantom of an ancient bull.

The first level of the Bull Strength Technique could condense the phantom of an ancient bull, and its body weighed 30,000 catties.

When he reached the peak of the ninth level of Qi Condensation, he would be able to condense the strength of 270,000 catties!

Such strength was not inferior to a body cultivator who specialized in physical training.

Moreover, to Han Muye, this Body Tempering Technique was just a minor skill.

“Boom—”

Just as Han Muye was retracting his Qi and blood, the spiritual energy that he had been suppressing finally rose with a bang.

The spiritual energy in his meridians surged, and his dantian surged. The spiritual energy and the sword intertwined and turned into a vortex.

At the center of the vortex was a jade-colored sword pill.

Han Muye raised his hand, and high-grade spiritual rocks appeared.

“Bam!”

“Bam!”

The spiritual rocks exploded, and endless spiritual energy was absorbed into his body.

As the five high-grade spiritual rocks entered his body, the surging spiritual light on Han Muye’s body slowly converged.

Peak of the eighth level of Qi Condensation.

The next breakthrough would be the ninth level of Qi Condensation, preparing to establish the foundation of the Great Dao.

Foundation Establishment was the beginning of a cultivator’s cultivation.

One step at a time at the ninth level of Foundation Establishment.

Foundation Establishment cultivators had to solidify their foundation. Only when they stepped into the Earth Realm could they soar into the sky.

Retracting his strength, Han Muye walked downstairs.

On the first floor, Yang Mingxuan was carefully wiping his sword.

Jiang Ming had gone somewhere.

At the door, Lu Gao hurriedly bowed and said, "Senior Brother Han, Sixth Brother has arrived at Cold Plains Valley."

The Cold Plains Valley was south of Clear Wind Temple. The terrain was steep.

"According to the current news, Sixth Brother led many experts from the various sects to block a portion of the disciples of the Clear Wind Temple and the demons of the Southern Wasteland in the Cold Plains Valley."

At this point, Lu Gao said in a low voice with a strange expression, "The Cao family helped to offer a spiritual weapon and three semi-spiritual weapons.

The mission is to protect Sixth Sister-in-law."

## **Chapter 172: 200,000 Cultivators Protecting Sixth Brother**

*The Cao family?*

Han Muye nodded.



The head of the Cao family was not an ordinary person.

After dealing with the Sword Pavilion for so long, Cao Anchun knew its foundation.

Today, their Cao Family contributed a spiritual weapon and three semi-spiritual weapons. The Sword Pavilion would naturally return this favor in the future.

The Cao Family would definitely earn more than what they offered today.

Moreover, there was a benefit to the Cao Family's actions. There would definitely be many sects and families close to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect who would do the same.

This was a rare opportunity to show goodwill to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

After Han Muye cultivated for half a day, he went downstairs to have dinner with Lu Gao, Yang Mingxuan, and the others. As expected, Lu Gao said that two more sects and forces had offered a bounty.

Lingjue Sect sent an Earth Realm expert to lead the team and offered a reward of 30,000 spiritual rocks.

The Sun family of Heliang Town offered a reward of 20,000 spiritual rocks.

The spiritual rocks reward was not much, but it was a signal.

In the next two to three days, there were more than 30 families offering rewards to protect Sixth Sister-in-law.

The total bounty of spiritual rocks exceeded a million.

On the fourth day, Mushen City offered a reward of 300,000 spiritual rocks. Patriarch Tao Ran personally refined a Void Meridian Pill.

All the cultivators within a hundred thousand miles had a question.

*Who is Sixth Sister-in-law?*

The news of the bounty was spreading too fast, even faster than Huang Six's story.

This made countless small sects and itinerant cultivators who traveled thousands of miles after hearing about the mission wonder who Sixth Sister-in-law was.

Considering Lu Qingping's safety, Huang Six, Han Muye, and the others did not specify who Sixth Sister-in-law was, what her strengths were, and where she was now.

The only news was that Sixth Sister-in-law was abducted by a sect that had rebelled against the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and was heading south.

That force wanted to betray the Western Frontier.

All the way south!

Countless cultivators headed south.

Some were after the reward of the Immortal Grade Pill, while others were after a spiritual weapon.

Some people wanted to split the dozens or hundreds of spiritual rocks equally.

Countless cultivators were just joining in the fun.

They wanted to know who Sixth Sister-in-law was.

...

Cold Plains Valley.

The Cold Plains Valley, which was only 20 miles in radius, was now surrounded by thousands of cultivators.

In heaven and earth, not a fly could fly out.

“Sixth Brother is here!”

It was unknown who shouted, but everyone turned around and saw Huang Six striding over.

If one only looked at him, his aura was not obvious and he was extremely ordinary.

However, behind him, other than a half-grown child carrying a little white fox, there were also three Earth Realm experts with sword qi and spiritual qi.

More than 30 Foundation Establishment cultivators followed closely behind with solemn expressions.

In such a situation, who would dare to say that Sixth Brother was just an ordinary mortal?

“Is this Sixth Brother?”

“Why?” On top of a mountain, a rogue cultivator in a linen robe whispered, “Why does he look like a mortal?”

*Why does he look like a mortal?*

“I’m afraid he’s a mighty figure...” someone whispered, but felt that something was wrong.

*If Sixth Brother is really a mighty figure, does he still need a bounty?*

*Couldn't he just do it himself?*

"Hehe, don't you know?" The sword-bearing young man standing on the stone cliff not far away said indifferently, "Sixth Brother is a mortal."

*Is he really a mortal?*

*Are there still mortals in this world who could mobilize so many cultivation experts?*

"However, he wasn't a mortal before." The sword-bearing young man's eyes lit up with admiration.

Looking at Huang Six who strode to the front of the Cold Plains Valley, a manic aura rose from the young man's body. "Sixth Brother lost his cultivation for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"At the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain, he used the soul sword qi that he had condensed his entire life to help the sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect injure a Heaven Realm cultivator."

He had injured a Heaven Realm cultivator!

Everyone's eyes widened as they stared blankly at Huang Six.

At this moment, when he looked at Huang Six, who was like an old mortal farmer, he immediately felt that he was extremely tall.

“Sixth Brother, awesome.”

With that said, the sword-bearing youth moved like a bird and rushed behind Huang Six.

Foundation Establishment expert.

The people from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Oh my, no wonder so many people were alarmed when Sixth Brother saved Sixth Sister-in-law.” After hearing the young man’s words, someone in front of the cliff clicked his tongue in surprise.

“He helped the Nine Mystic Sword Sect injure a Heaven Realm expert and lost his cultivation for the sect. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect will definitely not let him down.”

Someone’s eyes flickered as he rushed forward.

So this Sixth Brother had such a background!

Whether it was earning money or favors, it was a good opportunity!

“Senior Brothers, please attack.”

In front of Cold Plains Valley, Huang Six spoke in a deep voice.

The three Earth Realm experts behind him looked at each other and flew up.

“Boom—”

The sword qi and spiritual energy transformed into a long dragon that directly broke through the array formation set up in the Cold Plains Valley.

“Charge in.” Huang narrowed his eyes and gently raised his hand.

Dozens of Foundation Establishment experts condensed their sword lights into a line and rushed into Hanyuan Valley.

Screams, pleas, and roars filled the air.

Teams of cultivators rushed into the valley.

Huang Six stood calmly with his hands behind his back.

Two hours later, blood flowed like a river in the Cold Plains Valley.

After the three Earth Realm experts and dozens of Foundation Establishment experts joined forces to break through the valley, Huang Six interrogated the captured demons.

The information he received coincided with the previous information.

The Clear Wind Temple and a few other forces were going to the Southern Wasteland to join the original Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

During the interrogation, many captured disciples of the rebel sects surrendered.

These people revealed the plans of the demons and the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

The great demon, Hu Taisheng, was leading some demons and sect members in the Abyss Valley, preparing to disrupt the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

According to the plan, those people would wipe out a few sects, plunder the market city, and then split up to leave the Western Frontier.

As for most of the rebel sects, they would take advantage of the chaos to pass through Phoenix Head Mountain and head to the Southern Wasteland.

The demons had already promised that when they went to the Southern Wasteland, these human sects would have their own territory and would not be under the jurisdiction of the demons.



The demon experts would help the Sect Master of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect improve his cultivation.

An old man with a long beard beside Huang Zhenxiong turned his head and said, "Junior Brother Zhenxiong, it seems that this time, it's not just to save your sister-in-law."

"This is a sect matter."

Sect matters naturally had to be reported and left to the sect to handle.

As a cultivator of the sect, he should be impartial.

Huang Six shook his head and strode south without looking at the valley behind him.

"I can't handle sect matters. I'm only going to save my Ping."

His voice was loud and clear. There was no hesitation.

The long-bearded old man sighed as he watched Huang Six walk away, followed by countless cultivators.

"To be honest, I really envy Huang Zhenxiong for being able to fight like this," the burly man standing beside the long-bearded old man said in a low voice.

“Senior Brother Zhang, send a message to the sect to report this matter,” the burly man said as he strode forward.

“I’m going to accompany Sixth Brother.”

...

In the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye nodded slightly when he heard that Huang Six had broken through the Cold Plains Valley.

In the cultivation world, life and death were uncertain.

If one was not ruthless, one would definitely not live long.

“The sect sent another group of experts to the Abyss Valley. More than 200,000 cultivators have followed Sixth Brother to save Sixth Sister-in-law.”

At this point, Lu Gao looked emotional.

“I didn’t expect Sixth Brother to have such a reputation,” Jiang Ming said softly.

Who would have thought that a sword caretaker from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect without any cultivation could actually mobilize hundreds of thousands of cultivators to protect him?

Today, 200,000 cultivators had followed Huang Six all the way south. Whether it was for the reward or because of his benevolence and love, it was impressive.

At the very least, such a thing had never happened in the Western Frontier for countless years.

“I think Sixth Brother is more concerned about Sixth Sister-in-law’s safety.” Han Muye shook his head, stood up, and walked out of the Sword Pavilion.

This matter was caused by Huang Six’s reputation and Han Muye’s bounty.

But most of it was fueled by various forces.

*The Nine Mystic Mountain must have put in a lot of effort behind this.*

*The decisive battle with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect should be coming to an end, right?*

Turning to look at the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain, Han Muye chuckled and shook his head before turning to head to the small market city.

It was unknown how worried the sect master, who had not appeared since the last Core Formation battle, was recently.

Han Muye ran as fast as a wisp of smoke on the mountain path.

Now, be it his spiritual energy cultivation or body refinement cultivation, he was already at the Qi Condensation Realm.

When he arrived at Suzhen Store, he saw two female cultivators in green walking out with jade boxes.

“Senior Brother Han, you came at the right time.” Bai Suzhen stuck her head out of the shop and chuckled.

“I was planning to get them to send spiritual rocks and spiritual herbs to Mr. Jiang.”

After handing the jade box to Han Muye, Bai Suzhen led him upstairs.

“I’ve already spread the news of your bounty. According to what I know, at least five Core Formation experts are willing to take action.”

Bai Suzhen turned to look at the serious Han Muye and whispered.

She naturally knew that Huang Six had led a group of cultivators south, causing a huge commotion.

However, things in the cultivation world could not be accomplished by sheer numbers.

Without a true expert holding the line, believe it or not, two or three Core Formation experts could kill the 200,000 cultivators.

The 200,000 cultivators listened to his mighty voice, but the only ones who would really risk their lives for Huang Six were probably those from the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Those itinerant cultivators, aristocratic families, and small sects would only take advantage of the situation.

However, Bai Suzhen said that five Core Formation mighty figures were willing to help, so it was different.

With five Core Formation cultivators holding the line and 200,000 cultivators accompanying them, even the Nine Great Sects had to treat this scene seriously.

“Thanks a lot.”

Han Muye nodded. He had come to look for Bai Suzhen mainly to ask her about the experts.

Without experts, no matter how many cultivators there were, they were all useless.

He opened his hand and a golden flower bloomed in his palm.

Spiritual light flashed on the flower, and wisps of spiritual energy intertwined and transformed.

“This is a magnolia.” Bai Suzhen’s gaze landed on the flower and she said happily, “A thousand-year-old spiritual herb.”

Spiritual herbs were extremely precious.

Most importantly, magnolias was the main ingredient or concoction for many Sixth-grade pills.

With this thousand-year-old magnolia as medicine, Han Muye would definitely be able to refine it into an immortal-grade item, right?

Now, news had spread secretly that Senior Brother Han of the Nine Mystic Mountain could refine immortal-grade pills.

Several Earth Realm experts had already contacted the Bai family’s shop, wanting to find Senior Brother Han to refine pills.

However, recently, Bai Suzhen knew that Han Muye was not in the mood to refine pills and had been delaying this matter.

Indeed, Han Muye was not in the mood to refine pills recently.

However, he had spent too many spiritual rocks on cultivation recently.

This time, he was going to get Bai Suzhen to find some spiritual herbs to concoct a few more sixth-grade pills.

Such a pill could be exchanged for more than a million spiritual rocks.

“Do you really want me to sell it?”

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Bai Suzhen was pleasantly surprised.

Han Muye nodded.

He could hand the pills to the medical hall and exchange them for spiritual rocks and merit points.

The medical hall would not let him lose out.

However, it was difficult for the Nine Mystic Mountain’s medical hall to take out a few sixth-grade pills.

It might take a year or so.

Han Muye couldn’t afford to wait.

It was better to look for Bai Suzhen.

If Bai Suzhen lacked spiritual herbs, Han Muye could still trade with that great demon from the Green Wheat Mountain.

There were many spiritual herbs in the Green Wheat Mountain.

“Alright, Senior Brother Han, give me a few days. I’ll definitely gather a few spiritual herbs and send them to the Sword Pavilion.”

As she sent Han Muye out of the shop, Bai Suzhen was all smiles.

Every sixth-grade pill was a big deal.

After walking out of the Suzhen Store, Han Muye looked up at the sky and narrowed his eyes.

In the distance, a stream of light flew over.

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”



A long bell rang.

Where was great victory won?

### **Chapter 173: Falling Sword, Li Xixi**

The bell rang four times, but it was a great victory.

*Has the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect won?*

Han Muye turned into a stream of light and ran towards the Sword Pavilion.

“Li Xixi, an inner disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, killed a great demon of the Southern Wasteland. She obtained his sword and sent it to the Sword Pavilion—”

“Song Shiyuan and Song Siyu, inner disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, killed a Southern Wasteland Great Demon.”

“The inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Lu Yi, zeng, hunted a Southern Wasteland’s Tiger Demon and sent its bones back.”

...

Li Xixi, second in the inner sect.

The third in the inner sect, Song Shiyuan.

Fourth in the inner sect, Song Shiyu.

Fifth in the inner sect, Lu Yizeng.

All of them were elites among the younger generation of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

At this moment, when these names sounded, everyone realized that these young elites had already grown into pillars of the Nine Mystic Mountain!

The few experts in the inner sect already had the ability to kill Earth Realm experts!

It turned out that they had won the battle at Fengshou Mountain.

“Looks like Third Sister and the others are going to become famous in the Western Frontier,” Han Muye whispered with a smile and strode towards the Sword Pavilion.

Cultivators in the world were always fighting for the secrets of the heavens.

The experts of the younger generation would eventually surpass those seniors and dominate the world.

It was inevitable.

If one did not want to be eliminated and used as a stepping stone, then one would have to compete.

When Han Muye arrived at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, a group of disciples in red robes were already standing there.

Yang Mingxuan and the others stood solemnly in front of the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye walked up the stone steps and looked at the person who had delivered the sword.

Lu Ten was the first.

Fifth in the inner sect, Lu Yizeng.

“The inner sect disciple Lu Yizeng presents the sword Senior Sister Li Xixi obtained.”

Lu Ten shouted and took a step forward with his sword in both hands.

Han Muze walked down the two stone steps and reached out to take the sword.

“Clang—”

The sword was unsheathed, showing how cold it was.

A spiritual weapon.

This was a spiritual weapon-level sword.

With the sword in his hand, Han Muze could feel the blood and violence coming from it.

This sword was refined using the Southern Wasteland Blood Sacrifice Technique. Its resentment and baleful aura were extremely heavy.

This sword needed to be placed on the third floor to nourish its Qi and neutralize the evil in it.

“Today, I will accept a spiritual weapon sword from the disciple stationed at Fengshou Mountain. If there are no mistakes, the sword will be ours.”

Returning the sword to its sheath, Han Muye nodded at Lu Ten, then held the sword with both hands and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

He strode forward and mounted the stairs. His hand was on the hilt of the sword. Sword energy poured into it.

This sword was a rare sword belonging to an expert of the Demon Race in the Southern Wasteland.

Han Muye was very curious about what he could see from this sword.

Sword qi poured into the sword, and a violent sword qi surged back.

However, this diffuse sword qi was nothing in front of Han Muye's pure sword qi.

His sword qi stirred and shattered the sword qi in the sword.

Images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

The sword was tempered with metal and refined with the blood of pure demon beasts.

Just this sword alone had been refined from several peak-level Foundation Establishment demon beasts.

An Earth Realm demon, Tuo Yuan.

Green Wolves Race.

In the images, this Earth Realm demon with green fur on its cheeks and pointed wolf ears was holding a sword and going on a killing spree.

He killed those from the same race, foreign race, and human race.

From this sword, Han Muye saw the chaos in the Southern Wasteland.

Human cultivators pursued the Great Dao and adhered to the morals of the world. Most of the time, they focused on cultivation and did not deliberately seek to kill.

As for the demons of the Southern Wasteland, the strong preyed on the weak. Killing was their nature.

This also made the various races of the Southern Wasteland warlike and combat-ready.

From the images in the sword, this Great Demon Tuo Yuan was at the eighth level of the Soul Awakening Realm. His combat strength was even stronger than a third or fourth level Core Formation cultivator.

On Fengshou Mountain, this person killed several human cultivators with his sword.

No wonder Li Three killed Tuo Yuan and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect gifted her with a sword so openly.

Han Muye was comprehending the demon race's sword technique, Feng Lang.

He had comprehended the demon race's sword technique, Bloodlust.

Compared to human sword techniques, the demon race's sword techniques were less predictable and more crazy.

Tuo Yuan's sword technique was strange and extremely ferocious when used.

He was not the only one. Many other demons were the same.

Through the images in the sword, Han Muye also understood why the Sword Sect had sent Li Three and the others to Fengshou Mountain.

The other sects were probably the same in sending their elites there.

This was because the first batch of disciples and elders sent to guard the city were not true experts.

Their combat power could not stop the demons at all.

As expected, more and more human experts appeared on Fengshou Mountain.

With a wave of his hand, ten miles of ice and wind were frozen. Dozens of young female demons were killed.

There was an image of a young Daoist with a sword that was accompanied by wind and lightning.

There were itinerant cultivators with array formations and talismans.

There was also a scene where Li Xixi made the long sword fall to the ground.

“Hum—”

As he walked to the third floor, a scene showed how Great Demon Tuo Yuan was killed by Li Xixi.

His sword was like a dragon, and the wind and clouds followed.

Li Xixi’s sword was extremely fast and agile.

This sword caused the weather within 10 miles to change.

With one strike, he killed Tuo Yuan.



Fengshou Mountain had really become the stage for the young experts of the Western Frontier!

Looking at the young experts in the images, Han Muye felt his heart burn, and the sword pill in his dantian trembled and jumped.

*Who in this world isn't hot-blooded?*

*As a sword cultivator, how could one not find killing gratifying?*

The sword vibrated, and one of the blood qi returned.

This blood energy flowed onto Han Muye's body and condensed into a blood-colored wolf shadow.

His entire body trembled and dispersed the wolf shadow. Then his scattered blood and qi slowly turned into a Long-Horned Bull.

*A pleasant surprise.*

The blood essence in the sword could actually help him condense his body tempering power and raise his Bull Strength Technique to the second level of Qi Condensation.

*I will look for more blood essence power from demon swords in the future.*

Placing the sword on the wooden shelf on the third floor, Han Muye turned and went downstairs.

When they arrived downstairs, Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming had already put away the other swords.

“Tenth Brother, how was your harvest?”

Leading Lu Ten to the side, Han Muye chuckled.

Lu Ten grinned at his words.

“Of course I killed to my heart’s content.

“Let me tell you, if you’re free, go to Fengshou Mountain too.

“If you don’t fight a few battles with the Southern Wasteland Demon Race and don’t feel the fear of being on the brink of death, you’ll really stagnate.”

A faint murderous aura floated on Lu Ten’s body, and a trace of spiritual light flashed.

“Eh, congratulations, Tenth Brother. Your cultivation has improved again.” Han Muye’s eyes lit up as he whispered.

It was obvious that Lu Ten’s cultivation had increased.

Lu Ten waved his hand and shook his head. "Compared to Third Sister and the others, my improvement is nothing."

Turning around, Lu Shiyi said with a sigh, "Third Sister is now known as Wandering Sword on Fengshou Mountain."

"You don't know. Those who can have a name on Fengshou Mountain are all top figures in the various sects.

"Frozen World, Luo Xiaoyu.

"All is Well, Sun Jinshi.

"Changing Hands, Chen Er."

Lu Ten's eyes flickered.

As he listened to him, Han Muye also seemed to see the appearance of those geniuses.

"What about you, Tenth Brother?" Han Muye asked curiously.

"I'm going to make a waistcoat out of the tiger demon's skin." Lu Ten laughed and said, "They call me the Tiger Killing Sword."

After going out to Fengshou Mountain, Lu Ten no longer retreated like before. His eyes were filled with ferocity as he recounted the battles he fought.

Han Muye felt that life and death training was the best way to grow.

“Nineteen, your pills are a treasure for the battlefield. You’ve helped me a lot.”

Lu Ten took a step forward and handed a mysterious paper bag to Han Muye.

“I’m bringing you this gift first. Next time I have something good, I’ll definitely think of you.”

Han Muye took the paper bag and opened it curiously.

*F\*ck.*

What a big tiger whip.

Lu Ten had already left with a group of disciples.

“Tenth Brother, take care. Ask Third Sister to drink less.”

Lu Ten waved his hand and did not stop walking. He said loudly, "Got it. Third Sister doesn't drink anymore."

Han Muye nodded, his expression turning solemn.

Previously, he had seen from Tuo Yuan's sword that several Heaven Realm experts from the Southern Wasteland were preparing to head to Fengshou Mountain.

The demons of the Southern Wasteland had sent their true experts over.

They seemed to be set on annexing the Western Frontier.

I wonder if Elder has heard much news in the Southern Wasteland.

There's also the Mu family's patriarch. I wonder how he's doing.

Han Muye shook his head and walked back to the Sword Pavilion to register the swords he had just recorded.

...

As the battles raged at the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain, Han Muye had more time on his hands.

Usually, Yang Mingxuan would be the one to collect the sword.

Jiang Ming was involved in the exchange of pills for spiritual rocks.

Rugao, on the other hand, made daily inquiries.

Han Muye, who had nothing to do, could only play with swords in the Sword Pavilion.

On the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, a black sheathed sword was placed horizontally on his knees.

The Mystic Sun Sword.

This Mystic Sun Sword was given to him by the inspector of the Mystic Sun Guards, Xia Yi.

The sword was standard and contained half a sword intent.

From this sword, Han Muye saw the prosperity of the Central Continent.

Just the area of Shuxi County alone was more than half of the Western Frontier.

There were no fewer cultivators than in the Western Frontier.

There were five top experts in Shuxi County.

Three of them were from the imperial court.

The general of the Red Flame Army of Shuxi County, a Heaven Realm Nascent Soul cultivator.

He was the commander of the Mystic Sun Guards in Shuxi County, a Heaven Realm expert.

Shuxi County Governor, Heaven Realm.

Confucianism.

Looking at the image transmitted from the sword, Han Muye whispered.

There was no Confucianism in the Western Frontier.

The cultivation of the Confucian Dao was similar to the Dao Sect, but also different.

The Dao Sect cultivated itself.

Confucianism entered the world and cultivated the mind.

The Central Continent Dynasty's Prime Minister was the world's number one Confucian scholar and a Sage of the Confucian Dao. It was said that this realm surpassed the Heaven Realm.

His word was law.

The figure that Han Muye had seen in the Mystic Sun Sword back then was the Prime Minister of the Central Continent Dynasty.

Today, he saw from the sword that the cultivation of Confucianism was the highest in Shuxi County.

Xia Yi had once held this sword and watched the Shuxi County Governor cast a spell to pray for rain.

With his Confucian cultivation as the foundation and his brush as the basis, he guided the spiritual energy of the world and traveled 3,000 miles.

Such methods were really like that of an immortal god.

No wonder the Central Continent Dynasty could stabilize the world for countless years.

Mortals were powerless, but they were the foundation of the cultivation world.

By stabilizing the hearts of the people in the world, the Confucian Dao could naturally unify the world.



However, the Central Continent was vast. Even with the dynasty's luck, it could only barely suppress the world.

There were countless sects and Heaven Realm experts in the cultivation world of the Central Continent. There were even mighty figures that the dynasty had to be careful of.

Demons, demonic cultivators, and evil cultivators.

The Central Continent was not only a holy land for cultivators.

It was also a dangerous place for countless cultivators.

"Dong—"

The sound of bells and drums resounded throughout the Nine Mystic Mountain.

"Sect Master and Elder are having a meeting in the hall. Senior Brother Han Muye of the Sword Pavilion, please attend."

A voice sounded in front of the Sword Pavilion.

*What matter is the main hall discussing?*

*Wind Spiritual Sword Sect?*

*Fengshou Mountain?*

Apart from discussing these two areas, neither Huang Six nor the Abyss Valley had the right to have a meeting with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

After straightening his clothes, Han Muye slowly went downstairs.

This was the first time he represented the Sword Pavilion and stepped into the Nine Mystic Mountain's meeting hall.

Although he was present as a non voting delegate today, his attendance meant that he had the qualifications to join the higher-ups of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

#### **Chapter 174: You'd Better Not Find a Dao Companion**

At the peak of the Nine Mystic Mountain, clouds filled the air like a paradise.

The grand hall was ancient and vast.

This hall had stood on Nine Mystic Mountain for 10,000 years and had never fallen.

Walking up the stone steps, Han Muye could see countless cracks on the stone steps.

These were the cracks left behind by battles, as well as daggers and swords.

“A thousand years ago, a large sect attacked. At the most critical moment, the entire sect was surrounded by this Nine Mystic Hall.”

A voice could be heard behind Han Muye.

Han Muye turned around and saw a dignified old man in a light purple robe.

“Han Muye greets Elder Lu.”

Among the five lineages of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Lu Hao was the Grand Elder of the golden lineage and a peak Core Formation expert.

This person had always been in charge of the Sword Battle Hall and rarely appeared.

Compared to the two Grand Elders guarding the spiritual land and the library, Elder Lu Hao was more murderous.

“Yes, actually, the Sword Pavilion is a special existence in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.” Lu Hao nodded and strode up.

Han Muye took a step back and walked with him.

“You’re the caretaker of the Sword Pavilion. You should know the secret of the Sword Pavilion.

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s existence depends on the Sword Pavilion. The Sword Pavilion is protected by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Every Sword Pavilion caretaker has the same status as a Grand Elder.”

Lu Hao looked straight ahead and said calmly.

Han Muye knew what he meant.

Even if Han Muye’s cultivation was not high enough, he had the same status as the Grand Elders as long as he was in charge of the Sword Pavilion.

Back then, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was established because of the Sword Pavilion.

The Sword Pavilion was the foundation of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The two of them walked to the golden and bronze door, tidied their clothes, and slowly walked into the hall.

In the hall, there were nearly a hundred seats on both sides.

This was almost the most powerful strength of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

A hundred Earth Realm cultivators were at least at the Spirit Awakening Realm.

Only the Spirit Awakening God was qualified to be the deacon elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

According to the Spiritual Dao Sect's decree, Core Formation cultivators in the Western Frontier were not allowed to attack. Most of the people below the Core Formation realm in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect left the mountain.

More than half of the people in the hall were Core Formation experts.

Han Muye and Lu Hao came together and immediately attracted attention.

"This is Senior Brother Lu's disciple?"

"No, it's the Sword Pavilion. Senior Brother Gao Changgong told me before he left."

"The caretaker of the Sword Pavilion? There seems to be a lot going on in the Sword Pavilion recently?"

...

All kinds of whispers could be heard in the hall.

Han Muye looked ahead and walked to the center of the hall with Lu Hao.

“That’s your seat.”

Lu Hao pointed at a long table on the left.

Han Muye nodded, walked over, sat behind the long table, and said nothing.

Lu Hao walked to an empty seat at the head of the table and sat down.

Beside him, Zhang Zhiyuan, who was guarding the spiritual land, and Wu Ziyuan, who was guarding the library, had already arrived.

One after another, several elders arrived.

Han Muye glanced over and saw that most of them had white hair and looked old.

On the other hand, there were many deacon elders who looked to be in their prime sitting below.

There was no fault in the experts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

In another few decades or hundreds of years, the younger generation of experts would have grown up.

“Tang Chi.”

Someone in the hall suddenly whispered.

Han Muye looked up and saw a thin young man in a green robe and a golden crown striding over.

*Is this Tang Second?*

The direct disciple was second, and the inner sect was first.

There was very little information about this person in the Sword Sect. They only knew that this person had been in seclusion and had not even come out of seclusion to challenge Li Xixi.

As if sensing Han Muye’s gaze, Tang Chi looked up and nodded slightly at Han Muye. Then he strode to a long table that was placed diagonally.

It was also a non voting attendance.

“Tang Chi’s cultivation level broke through to the eighth level of the Soul Awakening Realm some time ago, so I gave him the right to attend the Elders’ Association.”

“Today, the new caretaker of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye, is also present.”

In the seat of honor, Sect Master Jin Ze’s voice sounded.

After more than half a year, Han Muye finally saw Jin Ze again.

At this moment, Jin Ze’s face did not change much, but he looked a little older.

Han Muye frowned slightly and said nothing.

Previously, he had suffered the pain of his lifespan drying up and was extremely sensitive to the aura of his lifespan reaching its end.

Now that he saw Jin Ze, it was obvious that his lifespan was about to end.

*Surely not to that extent?*

With Jin Ze’s cultivation, even if he shattered his Golden Core, it wouldn’t damage his lifespan too much.



Suppressing the doubts in his heart, Han Muye looked down and only listened.

*Isn't this kind of meeting just about listening?*

“The Wind Spiritual Sword Sect has officially submitted the document.

“We'll reassign the territory. We won't fight for the next hundred years.”

Jin Ze looked down and spoke calmly.

They would not fight for a hundred years.

They would redraw boundaries in the Western Frontier.

This also meant that within a hundred years, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would become the second sword sect in the Western Frontier.

Among the nine sects, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect finally became the number one sect under the three major sects.

Many of the elders present sighed with excitement.

*Three hundred years?*

*Five hundred years?*

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had spent several generations of effort to finally reach their current status.

They were old, but wasn't the prosperity of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect what they wanted?

With the might of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect today, they would definitely be able to nurture a Heaven Realm expert in another hundred years.

In a hundred years, even if there was a conflict with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect again, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would not be afraid.

"Sect Master, I suggest that the first-rate disciples of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect return and we hold a grand memorial ceremony."

An old man with white hair stood up and shouted.

"Three hundred years. My Nine Mystic Sword Sect has been suppressed by the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect for 300 years. This time, it's a celebration."

His words caused countless responses to ring out in the hall.

The lifespan of the Earth Realm was hundreds of years. Many people here had survived these 300 years. The hardships of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect in the past 300 years were still vivid in their minds.

“Yes, Sect Master, you host it.”

“Sect Master, you worked hard for the sect to achieve such a great victory. The price you paid...” An old man spoke excitedly, his entire body trembling.

At the head of the table, Jin Ze was also a little excited.

However, after calming down, he still shook his head and waved his hand. “It’s not that it’s not auspicious. It’s just that the overall situation is dangerous and we can’t celebrate.”

*Is the situation dangerous?*

The elders who were excited were stunned.

Han Muye’s expression remained unchanged as he listened quietly.

He had already obtained a lot of information from the sword of the Southern Wasteland Great Demon.

The situation at Fengshou Mountain was really not optimistic.

“The latest battle report says that at the front line of Fengshou Mountain, 50 Earth Realm experts from the various sects have died.

“Nearly 10 Core Formation cultivators from the Spiritual Dao Sect and the Yuntai Dao Sect died.”

Jin Ze’s indifferent words made the entire hall fall silent.

There were many experts in the Western Frontier, but it had only been a short while, and 50 of them had already died.

50 Earth Realm experts had the strength of a sect at the bottom of the nine sects.

Ten Core Formation experts had died. This was a serious blow.

There were so many Core Formation cultivators in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s hall. If 10 of them died at once, it would probably take more than a hundred years to recover.

Which Core Formation expert did not take hundreds of years to nurture?

The Spiritual Dao Sect was the number one sect in the Western Frontier. It was fine if the Core Formation realm cultivator died, but the Yuntai Dao Sect did not have the family business of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

However, the Yuntai Dao Sect was not far from Fengshou Mountain, so they could not hide.

“Several Heaven Realm demons from the Southern Wasteland have arrived at Fengshou Mountain, as well as the young experts of the few big clans in the Southern Wasteland.

“Senior Brother Tu Sun is already guarding Fengshou Mountain.”

Jin Ze spoke softly.

The number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, Tu Sunshi of the Tai Yi Sword Sect.

*Even this one has to go to the front line?*

There were a total of four people in the Western Frontier Heavenly Realm. Other than Zhang Cheng of the Wind Spiritual Dao Sect who was in seclusion to recuperate, one of the other three had already arrived at Fengshou Mountain.

*Is the situation in the Western Frontier really that dangerous?*

Everyone in the hall was silent. No one spoke again.

“Senior Brother Lu, the Sword Battle Hall will transfer to Fengshou Mountain in three days.” Jin Ze turned to look at Lu Hao and said in a deep voice.

“Senior Brother, lead the team yourself.”

Lu Hao nodded.

A Grand Elder led the team, and he was a Golden Lineage Elder. He was a person with powerful killing power.

Moreover, they were transferring the Sword Battle Hall disciples who had been fighting with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect for nearly a year to Fengshou Mountain.

A sword cultivator who had fought like this was a true elite.

Han Muye felt that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was definitely unwilling to only have a supporting role in Fengshou Mountain this time.

No family in the Western Frontier would be willing to place so many junior disciples on Fengshou Mountain, right?

“Also, many sects have contributed to the extermination of the demons under the Sword Sect. This time, we can unite these people and organize another force.”

Jin Ze’s gaze landed on Han Muye, then shifted over.

“The Sword Pavilion has a good way of offering a reward for encouragement this time. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect can be generous. A hundred thousand merit points. A hundred spiritual weapons.”

Jin Ze's eyes lit up as he looked around. "Everyone, who should lead the second batch of reinforcements?"

A hundred spiritual weapons.

100,000 merit points.

Han Muye felt that Jin Ze had spent more money than him.

*Is this the boldness of a sect master?*

After Jin Ze finished speaking, all the gazes in the hall turned to Han Muye, then to the other side.

Tang Chi.

Indeed, these people from the sect did not do things for no reason.

Isn't that why Tang Chi is here?

Most of the disciples in the sect did not have high cultivation levels.

There were also people from the other sects who went south with Huang Six. There were not many experts, but there were many people.

These people organized themselves into a second army to support Fengshou Mountain.

In Han Muye's opinion, the main purpose of these armies was to boost their prestige and become cannon fodder.

This was the fate of low-level cultivators.

Sitting behind the long table and listening to the discussion in the hall about who would lead this team, how to train, and how to go to Fengshou Mountain, Han Muye felt like he had become a spectator.

Not a pawn.

Not a chess player.

A spectator had to have the rules.

He remained silent.

Han Muye didn't say a word until the meeting was over.



After the meeting ended, the elders dispersed. Han Muye also stood up and walked out of the hall.

“Nineteen, you have to help me in the future.” Tang Chi, who was wearing a green robe, walked to Han Muye’s side and said softly.

Tang Second, Han Nineteen.

“Second Brother, don’t worry. As long as the Sword Pavilion can help, I will.”

Han Muye nodded.

In the meeting just now, he proposed that everyone in the Sword Sect should be united and overcome the difficulties together.

Wasn’t the so-called unity just bloodletting?

The Sword Pavilion had plenty of swords now. At most, they would just provide reinforcements.

“Nineteen, everyone says that your alchemy cultivation is outstanding. I wonder how many pills you can help Second Brother refine?”

Tang Chi looked at Han Muye and smiled, “Don’t worry, you won’t lose a single spiritual rock.”

*Pills?*

It was easy for Jiang Ming to refine two furnaces.

As for the spiritual rocks, Tang Chi was willing to give them.

“For the sect, these pills are nothing.” Han Muye waved his hand and walked out of the hall.

“Nineteenth Brother is generous.” Tang Chi laughed and said, “There’s one more thing. Sword Pavilion’s Huang Zhenxiong has attracted tens of thousands of cultivators to gather at Fengshou Mountain. Nineteenth Brother, can you let him stop for a while?”

*Stop?*

Han Muye slowly turned around and looked at Tang Chi.

Tang Chi, who was smiling, nodded gently.

“Second Brother Tang, you don’t have a Dao companion, right?”

Han Muye suddenly spoke.

Tang Chi shook his head and said, "For the prosperity of the sect and for cultivation, I naturally don't have the heart to seek the Dao—"

Before he could finish, Han Muye said calmly, "Fortunately.

"Second Brother Tang, you're heartless and only have Dao in your heart. It's better not to find a Dao companion."

Then he turned and left.

Looking at Han Muye's back, Tang Chi slowly narrowed his eyes.

#### **Chapter 175: Tuoba Cheng Comes Out of Seclusion**

To Han Muye, sacrificing and contributing to the sect was acceptable.

After all, he and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were in the same boat.

However, Tang Second would not agree to letting Huang Six lead those cultivators and wait for them to train in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Perhaps in the eyes of outsiders, sacrificing a little for the sect was nothing.

Moreover, if Huang Six could take in more than 10 cultivators, it would be a great contribution to the sect. The sect would definitely not treat him badly.

However, in Han Muye's opinion, he followed his heart as a cultivator.

Huang Six wanted to save his sixth sister-in-law. How could he stay?

If Huang Six cared about the sect's rewards, he would have long cultivated Patriarch Tao Ran's cultivation technique.

If Tang Second wanted pills, he could give them to him.

He would not stop Huang Six.

When they returned to the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao, Yang Mingxuan, and the others saw that Han Muye's expression was not very good.

"Brother Lu, go and tell Storeowner Bai to send the spiritual herbs over quickly." After saying this, Han Muye went straight to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion.

He sat cross-legged in front of the long table with the Mystic Sun Sword resting on his knees.

Stroking his sword, Han Muye's eyes lit up.

“We sword cultivators seek pleasure in our hearts. If we scheme too much, we will lose our edge.”

He slowly closed his eyes, and sharp sword lights intertwined on his body.

But with a sharp sword in hand, what was there to fear?

...

A day later, countless sword lights flew up from the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The elders of the Sword Battle Hall headed to Fengshou Mountain under the lead of the Golden Lineage Grand Elder, Lu Hao.

All the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect who were fighting with the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect reorganized on the spot and then headed to the Fengshou Mountain to receive Elder Lu Hao's command.

Two days later, sword lights flew out from the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The former number one expert of the inner sect, the new elder Tang Chi, led 300 inner sect experts and brought a large number of resources to Changming Mountain.

Changming Mountain was the southernmost place under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Along with Tang Chi was the decree issued by the Sword Pavilion.

All the factions under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were on standby, waiting for Elder Tang Chi to reorganize them.

Accompanying this order was the mission of the Sword Pavilion to take out 100,000 merit points and 100 spiritual weapons as rewards.

100,000 merit points were worth 10 million spiritual rocks.

A hundred spiritual weapons were worth tens of millions.

The Nine Mystic Mountain had recently destroyed the Three Qin Sword Sect, destroyed the Taixuan Sword Sect, and attacked the Wind Spirit Sword Sect's camp. They had gained a lot along the way.

Otherwise, they wouldn't have dared to offer such a generous reward.

Such a generous reward naturally attracted countless cultivators.

Three days after Tang Chi left the mountain, more than 30,000 cultivators had gathered.

...

In the Sword Pavilion, there was a loud bang. Han Muye raised his hand and put away the three pills in front of him.

Spiritual light flashed, and auspicious clouds covered the sky.

At this moment, there were 10 jade bottles in front of him, each containing three Immortal Grade Pills.

Bai Suzhen had delivered 10 sets of spiritual herbs needed for the sixth-grade Perfect Divine Pill. At this moment, he had finally finished refining them.

The Perfect Divine Pill was a pill needed to condense a Golden Core at the peak of the Spirit Awakening Realm.

This pill could allow the power of the soul to surge in an instant, greatly increasing the success rate of forming the core.

A Perfect Divine Pill was worth 500,000 spiritual rocks.

Exquisite, supreme-grade, and double the price.

Immortal items were not available in the Western Frontier in the past.

According to the agreement with Bai Suzhen, Han Muye needed to give her eight pills.

However, Han Muye waved his hand and distributed three jade bottles.

Three jade bottles, nine pills.

Walking downstairs, he handed the three jade bottles to Yang Mingxuan.

“Jiang Ming, give the pills to Storeowner Bai. Ask her to send a message to Sixth Brother for me.”

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and said softly, “Tell Sixth Brother that I’m on the Nine Mystic Mountain.”

Yang Mingxuan nodded, took the pills, and went to Suzhen Store in the small market.

Han Muye turned around and handed a small jade bottle to Jiang Ming.

“Jiang Ming, send this pill to the medical hall.”

Although Han Muye was very famous in the Nine Mystic Mountain’s Alchemy Dao, other than Elder Su Liang, no one had really seen the Immortal Grade Pill he refined.

This time, he took out three Immortal Grade Pills to show the Nine Mystic Mountain his alchemy strength.



How many people in the Western Frontier could refine an Immortal Grade Pill?

Outside the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye had the ability to refine pills. He wanted to see who dared to look down on him on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Jiang Ming took the pill and went to the medical hall.

Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion and took out a linen cloth to wipe the swords.

After wiping 10 or so swords, there was a commotion at the door.

“Outside the Sword Gate, no noise is allowed.” Lu Gao’s rough voice sounded.

“Don’t come unless you’re receiving or giving a sword.”

“Senior Brother, we’re here to receive our sword.” A voice at the door replied.

“Yes, we’re here to receive our sword.”

“We are retrieving the sword that’s temporarily placed here.”

“That’s right. We want to bring our master’s sword back to the Three Lake Pavilion.”

There was a commotion at the door.

*Three Lake Pavilion?*

Han Muye put down his sword and walked out of the Sword Pavilion.

Outside the Sword Pavilion, seven or eight disciples in white clothes were gathered.

“Senior Brother Han.” Seeing Han Muye come out, the inner sect disciple in the lead cupped his hands and said loudly, “Senior Brother Han, we’re here to receive the sword of the Three Lake Pavilion’s elder, Xu Haosheng.”

Su Chengyun, an elite disciple of the Three Lake Pavilion.

Han Muye nodded and said lightly, “I remember you guys were here last time.

The original agreement was to wait for the mission to be completed and decide who to give this sword to according to their relationship.”

Su Chengyun cupped his fists. “Senior Brother Han is right.”

“However, Master’s last disciple, Yang Shao, has betrayed the sect and is no longer qualified to receive the sword. We unanimously decided to retrieve Master’s sword and pursue Yang Shao.”

*Yang Shao betrayed the sect?*

Han Muye stood on the stone steps without speaking.

“Senior Brother Han, Yang Shao betrayed the sect. He colluded with a family under the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect and saved the family at the critical moment. He went all the way east. We suspect that he took advantage of this family and wants to join another sect.”

A burly man with thick black eyebrows said loudly, “In betraying the sect, he naturally doesn’t have the right to receive Master’s sword.”

Han Muye nodded.

Seeing Han Muye nod, Su Chengyun and the others were delighted, but Han Muye said calmly, “Then we’ll wait for him to come back.”

With that, he turned and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

*Wait, who?*

*Yang Shao?*

*Waiting for Yang Shao to return?*

*No, didn't Yang Shao betray the Sword Sect?*

Everyone standing in front of the Sword Pavilion was dumbfounded.

“Senior Brother Su, what... what does this mean?” A disciple asked in a low voice.

*How the hell should I know?*

Su Chengyun glared at him and turned around. “Senior Brother Han means that we’ll come back to receive the sword after we find Yang Shao.”

*Find?*

*How?*

*That guy had already run away...*

“Senior Brother is right. No matter if Yang Shao is dead or alive, he is Master’s disciple. If he betrays the sect, he has to be escorted to the Sword Pavilion and kneel in front of Master’s sword to kowtow.”

The burly man from before shouted with a righteous expression.

The others nodded.

No wonder Senior Brother Han from the Sword Pavilion said that he would wait for him to return.

So he wanted to bring Yang Shao back.

Whoever brought Yang Shao back would definitely be able to obtain this master's sword.

Su Chengyun nodded with a dark expression and turned to leave.

What else could he do but leave?

The Sword Pavilion was like that. When you couldn't get what you wanted, you had nothing to do with them.

However, if he really requested for the Sword Pavilion, he would have to follow the rules.

Han Muze, who had returned to the Sword Pavilion to wipe the swords, shook his head and stopped paying attention to what was happening outside.

Since Yang Shao was willing to fulfill his master's last wish, he would just keep Xu Haosheng's sword for him.

He wondered if Yang Shao would be able to go to the East Sea smoothly and if he would have a chance to return to the Western Frontier.

These things depended on luck.

No one could be sure about the matters of the cultivation world.

Instead of caring about others, it was better to do your own thing and improve your cultivation.

On the first floor of the Sword Pavilion, in front of the wooden frame, Han Muye held his sword in his hand, and the linen cloth gently brushed against the edge of the sword.

The sword vibrated, as if it was very happy.

At this moment, the sword qi in his body kept surging. Sword qi poured into the sword in his hand and replaced the sword qi that he had nurtured in the sword.

The cold sword qi followed his meridians and slowly entered his dantian before being refined.

On the first level of the Sword Pavilion, nearly 5,000 swords were nourishing the sword qi.

Every three or two days, Han Muye could collect a batch of sword qi.

Nurturing the sword qi like this could not only increase the quality of the sword, but also allow Han Muye to quickly nurture a large amount of sword qi.

A sword intent required 128,000 sword qi to condense. After a few times, one could condense a sword intent.

It was easier for Han Muye to refine such sword intent.

He only stopped when he felt a tearing pain in his dantian.

After returning to the third level, he began to carefully refine his sword qi.

In his dantian, the first sword intent that he had condensed was only 30,000 sword qi away from forming.

If he could continue cultivating in the Sword Pavilion, he would be able to condense the first sword intent in his dantian in less than three months.

The spiritual energy in his dantian was already full. Soon he would be able to reach the ninth level of Qi Condensation.

At this moment, his dantian space was already hundreds of feet wide. It was like a huge lake filled with spiritual energy.

This dantian was even wider than an ordinary third level Foundation Establishment cultivator.

Now Han Muye rarely meditated and absorbed spiritual energy, because outside the spiritual land, if he wanted to fill his dantian, he had to meditate for at least a month without sleep.

He cultivated with spiritual rocks and pills.

A high-grade spiritual rock could replenish 30% of his spiritual energy.

It was just that spiritual rocks replenished spiritual energy and damaged his meridians. Most of the time, he used immortal-grade pills and supreme-grade pills to nourish his spiritual energy.

As long as it was not consumed in battle, it was enough for him to slowly improve.

The sword qi in his dantian was filled with spiritual energy, and the sword pill suppressed it. In his Qi Sea, 18 sword intents intertwined.

Out of the 18 sword intents, two sword intents that were about to form sword momentum were in the middle, while the other sword intents revolved.

Even if these sword intents were consumables for the time being and could only be consumed in battle and could not be used repeatedly, it would still allow him to become an 18-sword intent expert.



With the power in his Qi Sea and dantian, Han Muye dared to fight against those above the Earth Realm Meridian Opening Realm, Spirit Awakening Realm, and even Core Formation Realm.

As for the sword of the soul in the divine treasure, it gave him the courage to challenge those above the fifth level of Core Formation.

Although the soul sword had yet to condense, it was already extremely dense.

What would it be like to use the Sword Pill with the Sword of Soul?

Han Muye didn't even dare to think about it.

If he could fuse his dantian, Qi Sea, and divine treasures into a sword core, how strong would he be?

What if he could fuse the Sword Pill into the sword bone and form a Sword Dao Nascent Soul?

The Great Dao could be looked forward to.

When Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming returned, they would report what they had done.

Bai Suzhen promised to help Han Muye pass the news to Huang Six and even asked Yang Mingxuan to bring back dozens of high-grade spiritual rocks.

Han Muye was consuming spiritual rocks very quickly now, and he was struggling to make ends meet.

With these dozens of high-grade spiritual rocks, he did not have to worry about spiritual rocks.

Jiang Ming brought back 20 high-grade spiritual rocks from the medical hall.

There was also an invitation from Elder Sun Ce to Han Muye to teach alchemy in the medical hall.

This invitation meant that the medical hall was starting to take it seriously.

“If you demonstrate alchemy, will they give us spiritual rocks?” Han Muye turned to look at Jiang Ming and asked curiously.

Jiang Ming shook his head and said, “They often thank us, but didn’t mention the spiritual rocks.”

“Then why did you go?”

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Jiang Ming’s eyes lit up. He said in a low voice, “Although I don’t have any spiritual rocks to take, there are so many spiritual herbs for me to test. I won’t lose out.”

*Can you settle scores like that?*

Han Muye felt that what Jiang Ming said made sense.

“Brother Jiang, it’s because Fairy Jin Yuan brings gifts every time she comes. You can’t reject her, right?”  
Lu Gao, who was sitting at the side, suddenly said.

Yang Mingxuan also nodded. “I think so too.”

Jiang Ming opened his mouth and blushed.

“Is Senior Brother Han from the Sword Pavilion here? Elder Tuoba Cheng from Three Stones House sends for you, please.”

A voice could be heard in front of the Sword Pavilion.

*Tuoba Cheng?*

*Is he out of seclusion?*

Han Muye strode out of the Sword Pavilion and saw a disciple of the Three Stones House standing at the bottom of the stone steps. He bowed and said, “Senior Brother Han, Master has come out of seclusion. Please go.”

**Chapter 176: Treasure Hall, Sword Pill?**

Tuoba Cheng had been in seclusion since the battle at the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain.

He had always claimed that he was seriously injured.

Han Muye felt that this old fox might not be completely healing himself. He might be plotting something.

Following that disciple, Han Muye walked all the way to Three Stones House.

Three Stones House was much quieter because Zhao Pu and the others had left the mountain.

When he walked to the second floor of the wooden building, Tuoba Cheng, who was sitting upright, was creating a White Tiger Scroll.

However, this White Tiger Scroll was different from before. When he was tens of feet away, Han Muye actually felt a surging blood aura.

This time, Tuoba Cheng was really pouring his blood essence into the painting.

“Kid Han, come and take a look at my painting.”

When Han Muye arrived, Tuoba Cheng did not look up and spoke in a deep voice.

Han Muye took a few steps forward and felt a sense of solemnity.

“Uncle-Master Tuoba, you broke through to the Core Formation realm?”

Tuoba Cheng’s cultivation talent was superb. His Sword Dao condensed into the White Tiger Sword Force, and he used the sword force to fight against a half-step Heaven Realm expert.

Now that his spiritual energy cultivation had also broken through to the Core Formation realm, his combat strength had increased again.

“Haha, I can’t hide it from you, kid.”

Tuoba Cheng, who had straightened his back, had a ruddy complexion. His eyes flickered, and he did not look injured at all.

As expected, this guy was in seclusion to break through. He was not seriously injured.

“Uncle-Master, congratulations on your breakthrough.” Han Muye cupped his hands and said with a smile, “It’s just that Senior Brother Zhao Pu and the others don’t know about this joyous occasion yet. Uncle-Master should send someone to inform them.”

Zhao Pu and the others had always thought that it was difficult for their master to resolve the knot in his heart. His cultivation had stagnated, and it was difficult for him to recover from his serious injuries.

Unexpectedly, Tuoba Cheng was in seclusion to break through.

Han Muye felt that the disciples of the Three Stones House were really pitiful. His master, Tuoba Cheng, was a guy who played his disciples like monkeys.

“No, thanks.”

Tuoba Cheng waved his hand and put down the ink brush. Then he looked at his White Tiger Scroll and said, “Let them train.”

“My disciples have to have the ability to fight against demons.”

Han Muye couldn't be bothered to respond.

Tuoba Cheng raised his head and looked at Han Muye. He sized him up and said, “You broke through in your body-refining technique?”

Han Muye nodded, and the shadow of a bull appeared behind him.

“Backtracking?” A trace of surprise appeared on Tuoba Cheng’s face. He nodded and said, “You’re quite bold.”

Retracing the origin was easy, and involved refining the power of the bloodline.

However, because there were too few ancient bloodlines, he could not learn from them. It was easy to make mistakes if he slowly explored.

In Tuoba Cheng’s opinion, Han Muye was taking a gamble by daring to cultivate the Bull Strength Technique.

“Who do you think would be the most appropriate person to hand over Three Stones House to?”

Turning around, Tuoba Cheng suddenly spoke.

*Who to hand over the Three Stones House to?*

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

Tuoba Cheng’s blood essence was condensed. He had just broken through to the Core Formation realm and had a long lifespan. Why did he suddenly say that?

Seeing Han Muye looking at him, Tuoba Cheng waved his hand and said, “Sect Master has another mission for me. I want to put aside the Three Stones House for the time being.

“Are you willing to take over Three Stones House?”

*Take over Three Stones House?*

The courtyard of an Earth Realm elder on the Nine Mystic Mountain was not devoid of substance.

If there was a courtyard, there would be corresponding industries.

Three Stones House was at the top of the earth-type lineage and had many industries.

Spiritual minerals mines, spiritual fields, and shops in the market.

With these, he could earn hundreds of thousands of spiritual rocks every year.

Not everyone was like Han Muye, whose flow of spiritual rocks was like water.

Three Stones House earned hundreds of thousands a year and was a wealthy family on Nine Mystic Mountain.

Moreover, there were many experts under Three Stones House.



Although only Zhao Pu was at the Earth Realm, there were a bunch of other Foundation Establishment and Qi Condensation cultivators.

Earth lineage, body refinement, resistance to beatings, and obedience.

Thinking of so many benefits, Han Muye really wanted to hold Three Stones House in his hands.

But when he thought about it, he shook his head.

“Uncle-Master, if you really have something else to do, hand Three Stones House to Senior Brother Zhao Pu. If there’s anything you need my help with, I won’t hold back.”

He was already in charge of the Sword Pavilion, so how could he have the energy to interfere with the Three Stones House?

Besides, Zhao Pu had long wanted to be the number one person in Three Stones House, so he could not snatch his position.

“Hehe, I thought you would let Lin Shen take over.” Tuoba Cheng shook his head and smiled. “Since you recommended Zhao Pu, let’s wait until he returns to the mountain.”

“I think the matter at the Abyss Valley is about to end.”

Han Muye knew that Tuoba Cheng’s seclusion was not real. Didn’t he know everything that was happening outside?

He was probably just probing when he said that he would be in charge of the Three Stones House.

*Do you think I care?* Han Muye thought.

“Your body tempering cultivation is still low.”

Tuoba Cheng looked at Han Muye and said, “Go to the sect’s Treasure Hall and find two sets of tiger bones. I’ll teach you the White Tiger Movement and let you quickly temper your body. As long as you cultivate diligently, your body tempering cultivation speed before Foundation Establishment will be very fast.”

As he spoke, Tuoba Cheng handed a scroll to Han Muye.

This was Three Stones House’s inherited body tempering technique, White Tiger Movement.

It was said that the White Tiger Movement was a powerful cultivation technique that could cultivate the bloodline of ancient divine beasts.

Han Muye was still a little confused when they walked out of the Three Stones Temple.

*Tuoba Chenghe has given me his inheritance cultivation technique?*

As he walked on the mountain path and slowly recalled, Han Muye trembled.

*Did the sect master give Tuoba Cheng a mission?*

*What mission requires him to put aside the Three Stones House?*

*Sect Master Jin Ze seems to have exhausted his lifespan. What mission does he have now?*

*Could it be that Jin Ze really has the intention to let Tuoba Cheng take over the position of sect master?*

*Before there are any signs of this, it's better not to speculate too much.*

However, since he had taken Three Stones House's White Tiger Movement, Han Muye turned to the Treasure Hall.

The Treasure Hall was where the Sword Sect kept all kinds of treasures.

As long as it wasn't a sword, it would be sent here.

Spiritual herbs, medicinal pills, and various Dharma artifacts were stored in the Treasure Hall.

If he wanted to obtain treasures from the Treasure Hall, he would have to exchange them for merit points.

Not everyone could make exchanges. At the very least, only the true disciples of the various lineages were qualified to enter the Treasure Hall.

The Treasure Hall had a total of three floors. The first floor was for the true disciples, the second floor for the elders, and the third floor for the direct disciples. Only the Grand Elder, the Sect Master, or a few seventh or eighth-stage Golden Core elders with profound cultivation could go.

When Han Muye arrived at the Treasure Hall, there were not many people at the door.

Now that the direct disciples and even many elders had left the mountain, this place was naturally deserted.

“Senior Brother Han of the Sword Pavilion?”

Han Muye walked into the Treasure Hall. An old man sitting at the door stood up with a surprised expression.

“What a rare guest.”

Han Muye looked up at him. He had seen him a few days ago at the meeting in the main hall.

Han Muye didn’t know his name.

“Han Muye greets Senior Brother.”

Han Muye cupped his hands at the old man and said softly, “I cultivate body techniques, so I want to find two sets of tiger bones.”

Body Tempering Technique, search for Tiger Bones.

The old man looked at Han Muye and said with a smile, “My name is Qiu Shan, one of the five deacons guarding this Treasure Hall.

“Since Senior Brother Han wants to find the tiger bones, you can go to the second floor store where various demon beast skeletons are kept.”

At this point, Qiu Shan said in a low voice, “Senior Brother Han, the treasures in the Treasure Hall are not accepted directly like receiving a sword.”

Treasure Hall treasures had a price.

Of course, Han Muye knew this.

Moreover, the price of treasures in the Treasure Hall was higher than in the market outside.

Otherwise, wouldn't it be profitable to exchange for treasures from the Treasure Hall and sell them outside?

The disciples of the sect came here to exchange for treasures mainly because there were indeed treasures in the Treasure Hall and they were urgently needed for cultivation. They were rare outside, so they came here to exchange for treasures.

"I understand." Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands. Then, under Qiu Shan's guidance, he ascended to the second floor.

The Treasure Hall was somewhat similar to the Sword Pavilion. All kinds of items were placed on shelves.

However, the treasures here were of various sizes, and the wooden shelves were different.

Just like the 30-foot-long jade-colored tree that he saw as soon as he entered, it really took up 30 feet of the wooden frame.

Han Muye looked at the treasures in the Treasure Hall with interest.

There were all kinds of Dharma artifacts, talismans, array discs, and pills.

These were finished items.

There were also various spiritual materials, spiritual herbs, and the skeletons of various demon beasts. Those were materials.

In addition, there were also some broken artifacts, wooden staffs, array discs, and other items that had lost their spiritual energy.

There were also some items that could not be identified because they were special materials or obtained from extraordinary places. They would also be stored in the Treasure Hall.

Han Muye had never known that the Treasure Hall was so fun. If he had known, he would have come to search for treasures.

“Senior Brother, are you here to pick up scraps too?”

When Han Muye squatted in front of a small clay pot, a young man in a pale white Daoist robe smiled and spoke.

“I have my eyes on this clay pot. Although this item is ordinary, it has at least 3,000 years of history. I suspect this is a wine pot that was passed down from ancient times.”

The young man was a little friendly as he squatted beside Han Muye and explained in a low voice.

After hearing the young man’s introduction, these unknown treasures seemed really useful.

Moreover, many of them were exchanged for unexpected opportunities.

“Senior Brother, my name is Liu Hong. If you want to go on a treasure hunt, I suggest you take this one.”

The young man handed a dark fist-sized iron ball to Han Muye.

“This is an ancient sword pill.”

*Sword Pill!*

*Big fist?*

*And dark?*

Han Muye took it.

It was cold to the touch and heavy.

This was a lump of metal.

“Senior Brother, this sword pill is only worth 1,000 merit points here. It’s cheap. An Ancient Sword Pill is worth at least a million spiritual rocks at the auction.”

Liu Hong patted Han Muye’s shoulder and sighed.



“Finding it ensures a profit. Unfortunately, I don’t have that many spiritual rocks and merit points.”

He looked regretfully at the fist-sized sword pill in Han Muye’s hand.

A thousand merit points were worth a hundred thousand spiritual rocks in exchange for this iron lump?

Han Muye shook his head and was about to put it back when his hand suddenly stopped.

At that moment, the sword pill in his dantian throbbed.

*Is this a sense?*

After putting away the iron lump, Han Muye stood up and walked out.

*Buy tiger bones.*

The two sets of tiger bones had a total of 300 merit points, which was 30,000 spiritual rocks.

When Han Muye dragged the tiger bones and the iron lump to Qiu Shan to pay the spiritual rocks, Qiu Shan was stunned.

“Senior Brother Han, did you meet Liu Hong?”

Qiu Shan looked at the iron lump in Han Muye’s palm and asked in a deep voice.

Han Muye nodded.

Qiu Shan waved his hand and said helplessly, “Don’t believe him.”

“He’s the grandson of Senior Brother Liu Chuanyi. His cultivation isn’t much, but he has all kinds of ideas.

“No one will exchange for those damaged treasures. Senior Brother Liu Chuanyi gave him a task to think of a way to deal with those treasures.

“He’s taking a commission.”

I see. Han Muye nodded.

As long as there was a commission job in the world, he would try to sell those damaged treasures.

Seeing Han Muye nod, Qiu Shan reached out and said, “Give me that thing. I’ll send it back later.”

Han Muye looked up and waved his hand. “Senior Brother Qiu, I want this thing.”

**Chapter 177: Six Bulls and Two Tigers**

*Want?*

*Do you really want it?*

*A thousand merit points to buy this thing?*

Qiu Shan did not believe him. He looked down at the iron lump in Han Muye's hand.

It was the same lump.

"Liu Hong, come here!"

Qiu Shan shouted and Liu Hong, who was wearing a white robe, ran over.

"Martial Granduncle, did you call me?"

Liu Hong smiled and leaned towards Qiu Shan. He lowered his voice. "Are you giving me a commission?"

Qiu Shan glared at him and said, "Kid, this is Senior Brother Han, who is guarding the Sword Pavilion. You have to call him Martial Granduncle. Don't show off your little tricks."

Liu Hong's face stiffened and he shouted, "Martial Granduncle, Martial Granduncle?"

He turned to look at Han Muye behind him, his face pale.

"Senior Brother Han, every piece of trash becomes a treasure in this kid's mouth."

"Don't believe him." Qiu Shan also looked at Han Muye and shook his head.

"That's really a treasure..." Liu Hong muttered and lowered his head to avoid looking at Qiu Shan.

Han Muye smiled and shook his head. He raised his hand and placed a pile of high-grade spiritual rocks on the long table.

"He's right. It might really be a treasure."

Han Muye put the iron lump and tiger bones into his storage ring, then cupped his hands and left.

It was not until he walked out of the Treasure Hall that Qiu Shan looked down at the spiritual rocks in front of him.

"Tsk tsk, I heard that Senior Brother Han can refine immortal-grade pills. I wonder how rich he is. Is it true?"

Qiu Shan shook his head and whispered. Then he took out the book and began to register.

"Rich?"

Liu Hong's eyes lit up. He reached out and grabbed the pile of spiritual rocks before running.

"Brat, what are you doing?" Qiu Shan shouted.

"This is my commission," Liu Hong said from outside the Treasure Hall.

"If you go to that place where you pay one spiritual rock for a three-night stay again, your grandfather will break your legs." Qiu Shan slapped the table and shouted.

Liu Hong, who had run out of the Treasure Hall, did not see Han Muye. He looked around in disappointment.

"Sword Pavilion, Senior Brother Han, I have to hug you tightly..." He muttered and slowly walked down the mountain.

...

Han Muye flew back to the Sword Pavilion.

After instructing Lu Gao and Yang Mingxuan that he wanted to cultivate in seclusion, he went straight to the third floor.

A faint golden light rose from the Sword Pavilion. This was the scene of the Sword Pavilion's array formation being activated.

The Sword Pavilion's array formation connected to the entire Nine Mystic Mountain's array formation and could easily block Earth Realm experts.

With the power of the array formation, even a Core Formation expert would find it difficult to gain any advantage.

Han Muye, who was sitting on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, raised his hand and waved. Two sets of white demon tiger bones landed in front of him.

"Hum—"

Two bull phantoms appeared and rushed towards the white tiger bones.

The bones were instantly shattered, and the bull phantom turned into a green-gray cloud.

The shattered tiger bones were wrapped in the clouds formed by the bull phantom. The two fused and rumbled.

Han Muye raised his hand, and the two clouds were summoned into his palm.

White Tiger Movement.

He clenched his fists tightly, and all the tiger bones in the cloud turned into powder before crashing into his body.

“Roar—”

With a tiger roar, the two tiger shadows landed in Han Muye’s divine treasure.

The white tiger roared and charged around.

This was the remnant soul of the tiger demon in the tiger bones.

If it were an ordinary cultivator’s divine treasure, it would definitely be shaken and torn apart.

Perhaps his soul would be implicated and injured.

However, in Han Muye's divine treasure, an immortal-grade Purple Jade Pill floated gently. A faint purple halo turned into a light screen and enveloped the two white tigers.

No matter how the two ferocious tigers collided, they could not escape.

Beside the Purple Jade Pill, a light sword qi floated gently.

Han Muye's divine sense turned into a phantom as he stretched out his hand and summoned his soul sword qi.

He raised his hand and the sword light scattered.

The two white tiger demon souls were shattered and turned into blood qi that poured into his body.

As the White Tiger Power entered his body, Han Muye felt like his bones were about to explode.

When Tuoba Cheng said that body refinement was bitter cultivation, it was really bitter cultivation.

Painful cultivation.

Gritting his teeth, he stood up and endured the pain of his body being torn apart. He raised his hand and punched the Red Flame Pillar in front of him.



“Bam—”

The power of this punch increased by more than 20%.

Satisfying!

With a smile of pain and pleasure on his face, Han Muye punched again.

In front of the Red Flame Pillar, he flew forward and punched again and again.

Unknowingly, a third bull phantom appeared behind him.

Not only the bull phantom, but also the phantoms of two white-chested tigers.

The White Tiger’s strength overlapped, allowing Han Muye to increase his strength by 20% with every punch.

With every punch, the power in his body fused.

The enhancement of the White Tiger Movement and the power of the Wild Bull Technique made his physical strength rise rapidly.

In front of the Red Flame Pillar, Han Muye’s every punch landed on the fist mark.

In his mind, he slowly saw naked figures sweating.

The soldiers of the Red Flame Army punched with all their might, tempering the power of the Bull.

“Our Red Flame Army is the strongest army in the dynasty. In the Heaven Mystic World, our Red Flame Army is invincible.”

“We are the blades in the hands of the Great General. We are the guns in the hands of the Great General.”

“Our duty is to protect the Heaven Mystic World. We will die without regrets.”

Figures roared, their blood boiling.

“Bam—”

With a punch, the six bull phantoms behind Han Muye trembled and then turned into nothingness.

For three days and three nights, he cultivated with all his might. His body refinement cultivation directly rushed from the second level of Qi Condensation to the sixth level of Qi Condensation.

The six bulls and two tigers slowly retracted into his body. Han Muye’s blood qi was restrained, as if he had never cultivated body tempering techniques.

The six bulls and two tigers slowly retracted into his body. Han Muye's blood qi was restrained, as if he had never cultivated body tempering techniques.

However, the light in his eyes was deep and difficult to look at.

This physical strength was enough to support his spiritual energy cultivation to the ninth level of Qi Condensation and Foundation Establishment.

After establishing the foundation of the Great Dao, spiritual energy and soul fused.

Foundation Establishment was the first hurdle for cultivators. It was the beginning of truly leaving the mortal world.

The spiritual energy in his body surged. Han Muye was already looking forward to stepping into the Foundation Establishment realm.

But he couldn't rush it yet. He had to make it happen.

After calming his spiritual energy and blood essence, Han Muye raised his hand, and an iron lump appeared in his palm.

It was the size of a fist and weighed more than ten catties.

Even if this iron lump was not a sword pill, the material it was wrapped in was not ordinary.

Of course, if it weren't for the expensive material, it wouldn't be so expensive.

Back then Su Yuan from the fire lineage could not take out a thousand merit points.

Looking at the iron lump in his palm, Han Muye's eyes turned cold, and sword qi intertwined on his body.

The spiritual energy and sword qi in his palm were carefully injected.

There was no feedback at all.

Naturally, if there was a direct feedback from the sword qi and spiritual energy, this metal lump would not have been thrown into the Treasure Hall.

Taking a light breath, Han Muye's dantian shone with a green light.

A jade-colored pigeon egg sword pill appeared in front of him.

"Hum—"

As soon as the sword pill appeared, the iron lump on Han Muye's palm began to shake.

Did he really feel something?

Following the vague intentions of the sword pill, Han Muye activated the sword pill and spun it around the iron lump in his palm.

Threads of sword light shone from the sword pill and wrapped around the dark iron lump.

A moment later, the metal lump was wrapped in sword silk and turned golden.

This was the Sword Pill. Even if it could bear a lot of weight, it could also turn into threads.

In ancient times, a sword pill could transform into endless things.

Now, most of the swords in the cultivation world had been transformed. The strength swords were heavy, the qi swords were light, and the intent swords were agile.

After the entire iron lump was surrounded, the sword light began to tighten.

A harsh creaking sound came from the iron lump.

Han Muye felt that his spiritual energy was being consumed extremely quickly. The spiritual energy in his dantian turned into a vortex and surged out, landing on the sword pill.

In the end, his cultivation level was not high enough, and the consumption of the Sword Pill was too high.

“Snap—”

A hundred seconds later, there was an explosion. The black iron lump was cut open.

A dazzling cold light shone from it, and then it instantly rushed towards Han Muye’s face.

“Clang—”

The jade-colored sword pill blocked the cold light, and there was the sound of a sword colliding.

Looking up, Han Muye’s face lit up.

It was really a sword pill!

What else could it be but a sword pill?

“Slash—”

The sword sphere seemed to be unwilling to be blocked. It slashed to the side and whistled sharply.

The sword pill paused 10 feet away and rushed towards Han Muye.

This time, the jade-colored sword pill stopped him five feet away.

“Clang—”

The sword exploded.

The two sword pills intertwined and collided, constantly fighting in a radius of a foot.

Han Muye stared at the two sword pills and activated his divine sense to the limit.

Impressive!

The Cold Clear Sword Pill was ever-changing. Every inch of its path was a move from a sharp sword technique.

Unknowingly, the sword pill pushed forward three feet in front of Han Muye.

“You’re one of the Heavenly Cycle Sword Pills of Sword Master Yuan Tian!”

Han Muye's face lit up as he shouted.

From the beginning of the battle between the sword pills, he had been constantly observing and comprehending. Wasn't the sword technique that this sword pill used the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation?

The Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation had 48 sword pills. Every sword pill had several sets of sword techniques combined together, finally forming the 360 Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation.

Han Muye could not imagine what kind of expert could control 360 sword techniques at the same time.

How much mental strength did this require?

Just as the Cold Clear Sword Pill was within three feet of him, Han Muye suddenly reached out.

The jade-colored sword pill shook and disappeared.

The Void!

Sword Technique Hidden Void!

Han Muye had used up 80% of the spiritual energy in his dantian!



“Clang—”

The jade-colored sword pill collided with the back of the Cold Clear Sword Pill, throwing it into his palm.

With the sword pill in hand, the sword intent in Han Muye’s sea of qi and the sword qi in his divine treasure surged!

“Hum—”

The sword pill shook and struggled.

However, the surging soul power and sword intent were like an incomparably delicious meal.

Han Muye smiled.

For a sword pill that had not been nourished by sword qi for countless years, wasn’t sword qi and soul power a delicious meal?

In his palm, the sword light trembled, and sword intent and soul power poured into the sword pill. Images appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

“Boom—”

The sword light exploded, and thousands of flames scattered.

“Sword Master Yuan Tian, you’re at the end of your rope. Surrender!”

A voice sounded like thunder.

“Surrender?”

Sword Master Yuan Tian’s voice was as arrogant and cold as before. “Those fellows from the Central Continent aren’t qualified to make me surrender. Just based on you demon brats who came out of nowhere?”

### **Chapter 178: Han Muye’s Second Sword Pill**

Endless demonic qi and thousands of sword lights.

Han Muye tensed up and clenched his fists.

This was not the first time he had seen Sword Master Yuan Tian attack.

But this time, he saw Sword Master Yuan Tian attack with all his might!

48 sword lights intertwined, tearing the world into rags.

The mountains and demonic beasts formed by the demonic aura were all torn apart.

Nothing could stop a sword cultivator's sword!

There were countless experts in the world, but the enemy of sword cultivators was only himself.

So what if the demonic aura permeated the world?

Just shatter the world.

If one sword couldn't break it, then two swords, three swords, five swords!

The sword pill turned into stars that filled the sky, illuminating the entire sky.

The mountains and rivers shattered, and endless streams of light flashed in the sky.

Han Muye saw the figure fighting with Sword Master Yuan Tian.

Two three-eyed figures covered in scales held long spears in their hands. Every spear carried the shadow of a black demonic dragon.

A demonic cultivator.

A peerless demon.

There was also a middle-aged Daoist with flowing Dao intent and an immortal aura.

The Daoist held a horsetail whisk in his hand and waved it once. A mountain and river were pulled over and collided with Sword Master Yuan Tian's Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation.

Among the three of them, it was obvious that the Daoist's cultivation was higher.

Han Muye couldn't understand how high the Daoist's cultivation level was, but he could see bolts of lightning crashing down in the world, and then being blocked by the green spiritual light around the Daoist.

To be able to block the lightning of heaven and earth, this Daoist's cultivation must have reached the peak of the world.

"A mere powerless person from the lower realm dares to stop me from descending?"

The Daoist shouted in a low voice and threw a ball of Eight Trigrams spiritual light at the head of Sword Master Yuan Tian.

The eight trigrams spiritual light seemed to be extremely powerful. Several sword pills collided with it and flew tens of thousand miles away.

Cold Clear Sword Pill was one of them.

“The town—”

“Explode—”

“Yuan Tian, you’re actually willing to be bait—”

Before the scene dissipated, there were exclamations and shouts.

The image in his mind disappeared, and Han Muye’s gaze landed on his palm.

Before he could spread his hands, his expression changed.

“Hum—”

From the sword pill in his palm, endless sword light rushed into his meridians and into his Qi Sea!

“Clang—”

In his Qi Sea, all the sword intent was activated and rushed towards the sword light.

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

...

A sword intent was shattered and turned into 128,000 sword qi.

One, two, three.

The 15 sword intents were instantly turned into sword qi that scattered in his Qi Sea.

Two half-step sword intent collided with the sword light.

“Boom—”

“Boom—”

With two loud bangs, Han Muye fell to the ground, blood flowing from the corner of his mouth.

If not for the fact that he had cultivated his body refinement technique to a rather profound level, the battle in his Qi Sea would have torn his body apart.

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

“Clang—”

...

Whether it was the fire-type sword intent obtained from Patriarch Tao Ran’s Purple Flame Sword or the earth-type sword intent obtained from the Broken Beam Sword, they did not last long before exploding.

The two sword intents exploded, turning into sword qi that seemed to fill the entire Qi Sea.

Only 3,000 sword intents could condense into sword momentum. Although these two sword intents showed signs of transforming into sword momentum, they were still half a step away.

This half a step was destined to be unable to block the sword light in front of him.

The cold sword light shattered all the sword intent before turning around and landing in the center of Han Muye's sea of qi.

This sword light occupied the center, and the other sword qi slowly gathered together to form sword intent.

After being scattered and condensed, these sword intents seemed to be purer.

However, none of the newly condensed sword intent dared to approach the center of his sea of vital energy.

The cold sword intent seemed to dominate the center of his Qi Sea.

Arrogant and cold.

It was very similar to its original master, Sword Master Yuan Tian.

Only when this sword intent condensed in his Qi Sea did Han Muye sigh slightly and open his palm.

Logically speaking, he should be happy.

This time, not only did he obtain a sword pill, but he also obtained an incomparably powerful sword intent.



However, from the scene and the final voice, it was obvious that a peerless sword cultivator like Sword Master Yuan Tian had been defeated.

If he had not been defeated and died, he would not have let the Sword Pill scatter and not taken it back.

Was such a sword cultivator defeated?

As a fellow sword cultivator, Han Muye could not suppress his emotions.

After absorbing the sword intent in the sword pill, Han Muye spent half a day and dropped more than 30 spiritual rocks to refine this green sword pill.

When the two sword pills in his dantian were playing with each other, he got up and walked downstairs.

It was true that cultivation was endless. He had spent nearly five days in seclusion.

When they reached the first floor of the Sword Pavilion, there was a commotion at the door.

“Brother Lu, don’t worry. I, Xiao Liu, will help you investigate in the future.

“With my status as the grandson of a Core Formation cultivator, what news can’t I find in the Sword Sect?

“Mr. Jiang, come, let me toast you.

“Mr. Jiang, let’s discuss this. In the future, give me two pills a month. Don’t worry, the price will definitely be higher than those marketplaces.”

When Han Muye walked out of the Sword Pavilion, he saw a small table at the door. There was wine and meat on the table.

Liu Hong, who was selling him the sword sphere in the Treasure Hall, looked at him with his mouth open.

“Grand, Grand, Granduncle Han.”

Han Muye waved his hand and walked over to where Jiang Ming and Yang Mingxuan were sitting.

He took the bamboo chopsticks unceremoniously and ate the meat on the table.

Cultivation could really make one lose all emotions.

It wasn’t until the delicious meat entered his stomach that Han Muye felt the joy of being a mortal.

It was not satisfying to attack left and right. A spiritual light flashed in his hand, and a small gourd appeared in his palm.

He removed the stopper and took a big gulp.

Liu Hong, who was holding a wine glass, sniffed and his eyes lit up. "This is Third Sister Li's Heartbreak Wine!"

Looking at Han Muye, Liu Hong said in a low voice, "Granduncle, ordinary people don't have the chance to taste Third Sister Li's wine."

Li Three was a direct disciple. Those who could drink her wine were either direct disciples or legacy disciples.

*Could Uncle-Master Han have another identity?*

It seemed that there were rumors among the legacy disciples that someone in the Sword Pavilion had become a direct disciple?

Unfortunately, Liu Hong only relied on his grandfather's connections to obtain a legacy in name. He rarely even went to the spiritual land.

He usually didn't pay much attention to the news.

Why would a guy who had just condensed his qi consider these things?

Sword Qi surged from Han Muye's body, then he looked up and said, "Are you drinking it?"

Liu Hong hurriedly waved his hand and said, “Don’t, don’t. It’s not easy to condense my sword qi.”

*What a joke. Is this wine so delicious?* he thought.

If half of the sword qi was condensed, he would not know how to explain it to the old man when he returned.

Those old fellows definitely said that their sword qi had been absorbed at the foot of the mountain.

Seeing Liu Hong wave his hand, Han Muye filled the glasses in front of Lu Gao, Jiang Ming, and Yang Mingxuan.

“I haven’t had this wine in a while,” Lu Gao said, grinning. He picked up his glass carefully and drained it.

After drinking the wine, Lu Gao’s body flashed.

Liu Hong looked at Lu Gao in surprise.

*Isn’t this guy a handyman?*

*This sword qi is magnificent. Even the inner sect disciples can’t compare to him, right?*

Turning around, Liu Hong's gaze landed on Jiang Ming and Yang Mingxuan.

Jiang Ming took a long sip and closed his eyes without saying a word. Sword qi emitted from his body.

He came to the Sword Pavilion for sword qi. Every day, he would cultivate some sword qi and use it to refine pills.

At the side, a trace of sword light flashed on Yang Mingxuan's body.

Recently, he had started to fuse the sword that his father had found for him into his body. The sword light was emitted from the sword.

He had already cultivated two of the three sword techniques of the Sword Pavilion.

Looking at the three people in front of him, Liu Hong looked confused.

*It isn't like this...*

*Aren't the Sword Caretakers and Gatekeepers just ordinary servants?*

He had done his homework before coming to the Sword Pavilion. Over the past few days, he had spent some spiritual rocks to curry favor with Lu Gao and the others and obtain information about Han Muye.

He thought that other than Huang Six, whose name was known throughout the Sword Sect, the only other person in the Sword Pavilion was Granduncle Han, who he was prepared to cozy up to.

He had never thought that the others in the Sword Pavilion were all extraordinary!

He had been careless.

He should have investigated everyone in the Sword Pavilion.

Liu Hong gently picked up his wine glass and drank it dry. He felt upset.

How could this wine compare to the Heartbreak Wine...

Han Muye didn't care what Liu Hong thought and turned to look at Lu Gao.

"Brother Lu, is there any news from Sixth Brother?"

Hearing Han Muye's words, Lu Gao nodded, his expression slightly solemn.

"Most of the cultivators who followed Sixth Brother accepted the Sword Sect's recruitment and gathered at Changming Mountain.

“But there are still many who are willing to follow Sixth Brother to find Sixth Sister-in-law.

“It’s just that,” Lu Gao hesitated and said in a low voice, “many of the bounties have been changed to going to Changming Mountain.”

Previously, those families and small sects had offered rewards to curry favor with the Nine Mystic Mountain. It could be considered icing on the cake.

Now that the Nine Mystic Mountain had issued a bounty of tens of millions of spiritual rocks, the forces under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would naturally obey.

100,000 merit points and 100 spiritual weapons were already a huge temptation for those small factions.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked into the distance.

It was impossible for him to reverse the situation in the sect.

Only a large faction like the Sword Sects would dare to issue a bounty of 100,000 merit points and 100 spiritual weapons.

Even if they did, no one would dare to go against the Sword Sects.

Han Muye nodded and said, "Did Sixth Brother send any message?"

Back then, he had asked Lu Gao and Bai Suzhen to send a message to Huang Six, saying that he was in the Nine Mystic Mountain.

What he meant was that Huang should not consider the attitude of the Sect. He would take care of these things.

Excitement flashed across Lu Gao's face. He nodded. "Sixth Brother said he would not make things difficult for you."

"He said that he wouldn't do anything to let the sect down."

*Not to make things difficult for me.*

Han Muye's expression became even more solemn.

He could guess what Huang Six wanted.

Gathering the momentum, leading countless cultivators to chase after the defected sect and then saving Sixth Sister-in-law was the most ideal outcome.

However, the sect did not want to see so many cultivators gathered by Huang Six. They sent Tang Chi to issue a bounty.



Huang Six could choose to ignore Tang Chi and not be controlled by the sect.

However, this would make things difficult for Han Muye and the others who were still in the Sword Sect.

After all, Han Muye was the one who had pushed for the immortal-grade pills and the fire lineage.

If Huang Six went against the will of the sect, it would eventually implicate Han Muye.

Even if Han Muye got someone to send a message saying that he could settle everything on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

“Fortunately, there are still a few seniors who went for the Immortal Grade Pill and didn’t leave,” Lu Gao said in a low voice when he saw Han Muye’s solemn expression.

That was good news.

With the protection of experts, Huang Six’s safety would be guaranteed.

Taking a deep breath, Han Muye whispered, “I hope Tang Second will be smarter.”

**Chapter 179: 21 Sword Intents**

“Uncle-Master, I roughly know about Tang Chi.”

Liu Hong, who was sitting opposite, spoke softly.

“He was recommended to the Sect Master by Elder Wu Ziyuan. It’s a pity that the Sect Master didn’t take him in as a disciple. His talent is top-notch in the Sword Sect. Even Boss Deng said that Tang Chi’s talent in the Sword Dao is peerless.”

Looking at Han Muye, Liu Hong lowered his voice and said, “It’s fine if it’s just cultivation aptitude and sword talent.

“He’s ruthless enough.

“He’s ruthless to himself and to others.

“It’s said that Boss Deng didn’t want to compete with him, so he left the spiritual land and went somewhere.

“Back then, he wasn’t confident that he could beat Third Sister Li, so he went into seclusion for a few years.

“He’s very proud and selfish.”

A talented person like Tang Chi attracted the jealousy of Liu Hong and the others.

Not only did he snatch the resources of the second-generation cultivators, but he might also snatch their future opportunities.

Liu Hong did not have a good impression of Tang Chi.

Han Muye didn't believe all of it, but he knew that 70% to 80% of it was true.

"But my grandfather told me not to offend him."

Liu Hong curled his lips and picked up a peanut to throw into his mouth. "This guy is probably going to become a young sect master."

Young Sect Master.

The future sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Lu Gao, Yang Mingxuan, and the others looked at each other, their expressions darkening.

It was really difficult to resolve this matter with such a person.

“Brother Lu, do you remember when I first came to the Sword Pavilion?”

At this moment, Han Muye’s voice sounded.

Lu Gao nodded.

At that time, Han Muye was not even qualified to enter the Sword Sect. It was he who led him into the Sword Pavilion.

It was also because of this that he had the opportunity today.

“At that time, I was disturbed by the sword qi and only had a few days left to live.”

Han Muye’s eyes shone with a deep light as he said softly, “Sixth Brother gave me a hundred spiritual rocks and asked me to go to the Martial Arts Practice Hall to learn a body-tempering technique.”

Lu Gao nodded.

With only a few days left to live, these 100 spiritual rocks might be wasted.

A hundred spirit stones would have taken Huang Six a year to accumulate.

"I heard that Sixth Brother is benevolent. Everyone in the sect says that he sacrificed himself for the sect. Now that I hear you say that, I realize that Sixth Brother is really a worthy brother."

Liu Hong picked up the wine glass in front of him and downed it.

As a second-generation disciple of a sect, there were many people in the sect who wanted to curry favor with him, but there were very few who were sincere.

"Senior Brother Han, I'll protect Sixth Brother." Lu Gao stood up, and the sword qi on his body condensed into a line.

At this moment, his strength seemed to have increased again.

Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming looked at each other and stood up.

"You don't need to go."

Han Muye shook his head, stood up, and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

"When the elder left, he handed the Sword Pavilion and the people from the Sword Pavilion to me. When I need to attack, I won't hold back."

With that, he strode upstairs.

In front of the Sword Pavilion, a few people had complicated expressions.

Liu Hong looked at Lu Gao and the others and said softly, "Brother Lu, I want to ask if the Sword Pavilion still accepts people?"

Lu Gao turned to look at him and shook his head. "Senior Brother Han has the final say."

...

After returning to the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye sat cross-legged in front of the long table. The spiritual energy and sword qi on his body intertwined.

Everything in the world was disturbed. If the sword in his hand was sharp, everything would be broken.

If the sword in his hand was not sharp enough to cut off these worries, there would never be peace.

Han Muye, who had lived two lives, saw through everything.

Only with monstrous combat strength could everything be resolved.

Reaching out, small jade bottles appeared in front of him.

Sixth-grade pills.

Immortal Grade.

There were six bottles and eighteen pills.

Opening the jade bottle, he held pills in his palm. Then he wrapped them in spiritual energy and sword qi and refined them.

One.

Two pills.

Three pills.

The 18 Immortal Grade Pills landed in his dantian like small stars that revolved around the two sword pills.

Wisps of spiritual energy dissipated at the top of the pills.

The Immortal Pill had two uses.

The first effect was to nourish and slowly increase its cultivation with the spiritual energy it condensed.

The second effect was to instantly explode and release a massive amount of spiritual energy.

This time, Han Muye refined all 18 Immortal Grade Pills in his dantian.

In his divine treasure, there was also an immortal-grade Purple Jade Pill.

It took him three days to refine the 18 pills.

In the past three days, he had also gone downstairs to ask about the situation.

Lu Gao and Liu Hong had both inquired about the news and told him.

Two days ago, the Changming Mountain encampment officially issued an edict, asking Huang Six to lead all the cultivators to gather at Changming Mountain.

It was not a private matter. The Sword Sect would give Huang Six an explanation.

Tang Chi even gave Huang Six the position of deacon.



A day ago, Huang Six distributed the pills that Han Muye had given him to the experts accompanying him. Then he left quietly with Gao Xiaoxuan.

He did not bring the experts who followed him for the bounty.

According to him, he could not ruin the sect's momentum because of his personal feelings.

Han Muye, who had refined 18 pills, spent three days wiping nearly 10,000 swords on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion.

This time, he collected four sword intents.

There were 21 sword intents lingering in his Qi Sea.

Liu Hong had been here for the past few days. The news he brought was about Tang Chi reorganizing the cultivators.

This person was indeed impressive. He gathered nearly 300,000 cultivators and directly threw out five million spiritual rocks to greatly boost morale.

These 300,000 cultivators only trained for two days on Changming Mountain before they were brought south by Tang Chi.

This was exactly what the cultivators originally thought.

“Uncle-Master, Tang Chi is leading these cultivators south at a very fast speed.

“I heard from Grandfather that he brought hundreds of experts and set off alone. It seems like he wants to block the escape route of those sects who have defected.”

Outside the Sword Pavilion, Liu Hong glanced at Han Muye and said in a low voice, “At his speed, I’m afraid he can really block it. We can still block Fengshou Mountain before Brother Six.”

Han Muye nodded and said nothing.

*Sounds like a good thing.*

After all, if he blocked these defected sects, Lu Qingping would be intercepted.

This seemed to be a favor to Huang.

The scary thing was, would Tang Chi really be so kind?

Looking at the southern horizon, Han Muye took a deep breath.

He hoped that Tang Second really wanted to help Huang Six.

In his Qi Sea, 21 sword intents condensed, causing his body to flash with sword light from time to time.

He was almost at his limit.

In particular, the sword intent absorbed by the sword pill was too thick. It floated in his Qi Sea and squeezed it with every breath.

If there were a few more sword intents, it would probably break the balance in his body.

At that time, he would quickly consume his lifespan.

“Uncle-Master, do you think it’s better to cultivate, or to stay with your lover?” Liu Hong looked at Han Muye and asked in a low voice.

After helping to gather information these days, Liu Hong became more and more curious about the past of the people in the Sword Pavilion.

He admired Sixth Brother Huang even more.

*Is love in the world really so addictive?* he wondered.

*Spending three spiritual rocks at the foot of the mountain is like this.*

Hearing Liu Hong's question, Han Muye shook his head and said, "When you think it through, it'll probably be time for you to really enter the Dao."

Liu Hong was about to ask more when Han Muye waved his hand and said, "If you want to enter the Sword Pavilion, get your grandfather to agree first."

"The sword in the Sword Pavilion hurt people. I won't let you off just because you're the eldest grandson of an elder."

*Get my grandfather to agree?*

Liu Hong nodded with a wry expression and turned to leave.

It wouldn't be easy for him to get his grandfather to agree.

After taking a few steps, he suddenly turned around and said, "Uncle-Master Han, is that sword pill real?"

"I keep feeling that I can sense many treasures, but my grandfather doesn't believe me."

Han Muye nodded and raised his hand. A cold pill appeared in his palm.

"It's real."

Sword Pill!

It really was a sword pill!

Liu Hong's eyes widened, then he laughed and turned to leave.

"I'm definitely entering the Sword Pavilion. I said so."

Seeing him leave, Han Muye shook his head.

It would probably not be easy for this second generation cultivator to enter the Sword Pavilion.

"Dong—"

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, the bell rang briefly.

This was the first time such a sound had come in several days.

"Dong—"

"Dong—"

Three bells later, a deacon elder died?

Did something happen on Fengshou Mountain?

Han Muye frowned as he watched the sword lights rush up the Nine Mystic Mountain.

“Luo Yisheng, the inner sect deacon of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, was carrying out a demon extermination mission. He encountered the great demon Hu Taisheng and died.

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s inner sect deacon, Sun Lin, was carrying out a demon slaying mission and was killed by the great demon, Hu Taisheng.”

The two deacon elders fell and the bell rang three times.

*Hu Taisheng?*

*Luo Yisheng?*

Han Muye frowned.

*Luo Yisheng once had a sword that was related to the Demon Race.*

*Could his death be related to this sword?*

Standing in front of the Sword Pavilion, a group of disciples in black robes strode over.

“Luo Yisheng, the deacon of the Sword Sect, encountered a great demon. He lost in a bitter battle and died heroically.

“Sword Sect Elder Qin Lin, send Junior Brother Luo Yisheng’s sword into the Sword Pavilion.”

The person in front had a thin face, a short beard, gray hair, and a sorrowful expression.

Beside him, a young man in his thirties stood holding a sword.

Zhu Guangsheng.

Or rather, the outer sect expert of the Sword Sect, Ji Yuan.

Looking at the two people holding swords in front of him, Han Muye slowly glanced behind them.

“Elder Qin, do they know the rules of the Sword Pavilion?”

Han Muye suddenly spoke.

Qin Lin was stunned and looked up at Han Muye.

Han Muye's gaze landed on Zhu Guangsheng, who was beside Qin Lin. Then he said indifferently, "Those who came to deliver the sword are all people close to the owner of the sword. So, you should shed a few more tears."

A look of confusion flashed across Zhu Guangsheng's face.

Beside him, Qin Lin was laughing. He shouted in a low voice, "Your eyes are indeed very sharp. If you can't get in, just barge in!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he grabbed the hilt of his sword and unsheathed it. A cold sword light pierced towards Han Muye's chest.

Zhu Guangsheng, who was beside him, also reacted. He reversed the sword in his hand and held the hilt. He pulled out his sword and took a step forward, rushing towards the door of the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye stood motionless on the stone steps with his hands behind his back, as if he had been scared silly.

"Boom—"



Zhu Guangsheng, who was charging towards the Sword Pavilion, advanced quickly and retreated even faster!

His body flew horizontally and fell from the nine stone steps, crashing into Qin Lin, who was stabbing forward with his sword.

Qin Lin's expression changed. He sheathed his sword and retreated, allowing Zhu Guangsheng to fall and roll at his feet.

At the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao, who was clenching his fists, strode forward and stood in front of Han Muye.

"You want to enter the Sword Pavilion? Get past me first."

#### **Chapter 180: I'll Give You a Chance to Draw Your Sword**

The gatekeeper of the Sword Pavilion.

Lu Gao.

He lost his eyes in trying to protect the Sword Pavilion.

Back then, he thought that he would be a disabled person for the rest of his life and was prepared to return to his hometown.

Han Muye made him stay.

He had also taught him the Military Sword Technique, one of the Three Techniques of the Sword Pavilion.

This was because the Military Sword Technique could replace his eyes with the sword.

From then on, he had eyes again.

It was the sword that had fused into his body.

His sword was his eye.

As far as Lu Gao was concerned, he was lucky.

The Sword Cultivation Technique allowed him to have the combat strength of an Earth Realm expert and a long lifespan.

He might even have a chance to step into the Heaven Realm, reconstruct his body, and regain his eyes.

Who could tell what was going on in this world?

For him, he would do two things in the future.

Cultivation.

Protect Senior Brother Han and the Sword Pavilion.

The second thing was even more important.

Now he was doing it.

Clenching his fists, a sword light rose from Lu Gao's body.

Golden light flashed on the Sword Pavilion behind him, responding to the Military Sword Technique on his body. The power of the array formation instantly enhanced his body.

"Boom—"

The shadow of a hundred-foot-long sword formed above Lu Gao's head.

The sword carried a cold stream of light. Spiritual light flickered, and one could see endless sword qi coming out of it.

There were spiritual patterns on the sword. The sword was simple and unadorned, and the patterns on the blade were clearly visible.

This sword had a powerful pressure.

Even an Earth Realm Level Five Meridian Opening expert would find it difficult to condense such a sword.

In front of the stone steps of the Sword Pavilion, Elder Qin Lin and the others behind him widened their eyes with gloomy expressions.

*How could this be?*

*Aren't the experts in the Sword Pavilion already transferred out?*

Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming, who had rushed to the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, also stared at Lu Gao, who was like a god of war.

*Is this strong guy with a black veil covering his face and always smiling actually so strong?* they wondered.

Lu Gao usually did the most work in the Sword Pavilion.

He went to the dining hall to bring food and run errands. Most of the chores in the Sword Pavilion were done by him.

Yang Mingxuan and Jiang Ming were more sympathetic to Lu Gao after seeing him lose his eyes for the Sword Pavilion.

However, they only knew today that such a powerhouse did not need anyone's sympathy.

Who had the right to sympathize with such a powerhouse?

"Hum—"

The activation of the Sword Pavilion Great Array caused the Nine Mystic Mountain's Mountain Protection Array to tremble.

Light screens began to flash.

The Sword Pavilion's array formation was activated, and it had triggered the investigation of the Defense Hall.

"You guys don't have much time..."

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

He looked down at the stone steps below and his gaze landed on Qin Lin's face. "I'm very curious. As an elder of the Sword Sect, why did you betray the sect? What are you after?"

Hearing his words, a strange smile appeared on Qin Lin's face. "What am I after? Lowly mortals will never understand."

As soon as he finished speaking, black demonic qi appeared on Zhu Guangsheng's body.

Not only him, but black demonic qi also appeared on the bodies of the disciples behind him.

"Demonic cultivator? Is he from the Shangyang Demon Sect?" Jiang Ming's expression changed as he shouted.

The Shangyang Demon Sect was the leader of the Western Frontier Demon Sect.

"Shangyang Demon Sect? Hehe." Qin Lin laughed, and a dark halo turned into three trees.

The leaves on these three trees had all withered, leaving only a few blood-colored fruits hanging shriveled.

Looking at the shriveled trees formed by the three demonic auras, Han Muye's eyes revealed a hint of surprise.

He had seen this technique before.

It was used by a demonic cultivator who fought with Sword Master Yuan Tian.

However, that fiendish cultivator was surrounded by thousands of towering trees. Every tree was filled with countless blood-colored fruits.

Those fruits exploded. They were all refined demon bodies.

The three trees around Qin Lin were only a few feet tall, and there were only three melons and two jujubes hanging on them.

Compared to the ancient demon, they were on completely different levels.

Looking at the demonic aura rising in front of him, Lu Gao's expression was solemn. He shouted and punched out.

Above his head, a hundred-foot-long sword light slashed down!

The sword light whistled as if the world had collapsed and pressed down!

“Bam—”

A big tree that blocked the sword light was directly shattered.

The fruits hanging on it also turned into nothingness.

Qin Lin's face was pale and his eyes were filled with fear.

He was a deacon elder of the Sword Pavilion. Although his cultivation level was not high, he was still at the seventh level of the Earth Realm.

What outsiders did not know was that the demonic technique he cultivated was much stronger than his sword cultivation.

However, such combat power was nothing in front of the huge sword.

The demonic cultivation technique that he had cultivated for decades was actually broken by 30%!

*What kind of swordsmanship is this?*

*Who is this blindfolded sword cultivator in front of me?*

Han Muye also looked at Lu Gao.

The moment the sword light slashed down, he clearly saw the demonic aura being suppressed by the sword light and then turning into nothingness.



He did not expect that cultivating the Military Sword Technique would actually have the effect of breaking demons.

Thinking back, it seemed that the Three Techniques of the Sword Pavilion all had the characteristics of suppressing demons.

The Sword Nurturing Technique nurtured his sword qi, and the demonic qi could not invade him at all.

The soul sword condensed by the Sword Condensation Technique was invincible against demons.

The Military Sword Technique condensed into a sword body. Since he was the sword, he would not be corroded by the demonic aura at all.

Could it be that the ancient Nine Mystic Mountain Sword Pavilion inherited the three techniques to suppress demons?

Very likely.

“Again.”

When the sword was done, Lu Gao laughed and raised his hand, raising the huge sword again.

One force could defeat 10.

This was the ultimate technique of the strength sword.

*No matter what he does, I'll only use one strike.*

*It's fine if he could catch it.*

*If he can't catch it, he will die.*

"Boom—"

The sword struck down again. With a solemn expression, Qin Lin shouted and waved his hand.

The demonic cultivators behind him and Zhu Guangsheng stood close to him. The demonic aura on their bodies was connected to him.

Then the fruits on the two remaining trees around him exploded.

Eight demonic bodies descended.

Their black bodies were covered in scales, and its eyes were blood-red. They were nearly 10 feet tall.

Their long, sharp claws glowed with a dark light.

Such demonic bodies could block a peak Foundation Establishment cultivator.

From the images in the sword pill that Han Muye had seen, the ancient demonic cultivator had combined countless demonic bodies into a monstrous demon.

At this moment, these demonic bodies collided with Zhu Guangsheng in front of Qin Lin, turning into a strange body with four legs and eight arms.

A violent aura rose, and the bloodthirsty power spread in all directions.

However, this aura came and went quickly.

Lu Gao's sword light slashed down without care.

"Boom—"

The sword light exploded, and the demon body shattered.

He was so domineering.

There were so many changes. No matter how many schemes he had, what could he do if he could not block a sword?

Lu Gao slowly raised his sword and looked at Qin Lin, who had taken a few steps back.

A trace of confusion flashed across Qin Lin's face.

He had never expected such an outcome.

He had calculated countless times that the greatest obstacle to charging into the Sword Pavilion was the array formation.

This array formation would be augmented by the Sword Caretakers guarding the Sword Pavilion and have the power of the Earth Realm.

He had rehearsed it many times. Through various secret techniques, he was very clear about the power in the Sword Pavilion.

However, none of this looked like it.

He was actually blocked outside the Sword Pavilion by an unknown fellow. He did not even have a chance to enter.

In the distance, streams of light flashed.

It was an expert from the Defense Hall.

He didn't have much time left.

If he did not rush into the Sword Pavilion, countless years of planning would be in vain.

There was a faint blood color in his eyes as a violent and cold aura rose from Qin Lin's body.

"Hu Taisheng, it's your turn."

He growled and threw his sword.

"Hum—"

The sword shook and turned into a gray-black fox that was 10 feet tall.

Behind this fox, two huge tails kept swaying.

With a move, the fox dissipated and turned into an old man in a green robe holding a long wooden stick.

Hu Taisheng.

The moment Hu Taisheng appeared, a surging blood aura rose from the Nine Mystic Mountain.

“Hehe, this old friend is still the same.”

Hu Taisheng turned to look in the direction of the Three Stones Temple and chuckled. Then, he looked up at Han Muye. “Little friend, I only want to take the demon bones of my fox demon. Give me the demon bone and I won’t hurt you.”

At this point, his gaze landed on Qin Lin, who was in front of him, and he said indifferently, “As for Fellow Daoist Qin’s request, that’s his business.”

Hearing his words, Qin Lin glared at him and gritted his teeth. “As expected of a cunning fox. You’re really unreliable.”

With that, his aura changed again and he shouted, “In that case, let’s fight!”

A dark Demon Bull appeared behind Qin Lin.

Demon Bull Technique.

This was the cultivation technique that the defected Red Flame Army cultivated.

It turned out that these people had been there all along.

Han Muye's eyes revealed an endless depth as he stared at the ox shadow that was rising with demonic flames. He said in a low voice, "A thousand years, what are you looking for?"

These words completely changed Qin Lin's expression.

He flew up and punched forward.

With a shout, Ru raised a fist to meet it.

"Boom—"

Lu Gao took two steps back. The Demon Bull phantom behind Qin Lin exploded, and he retreated.

He was very strong, but he was not stronger than Lu Gao.

Human-shaped weapons were like that.

Lu Gao laughed and took a step forward, his sword pointed skyward.

A man and a sword blocked the demonic cultivators and demons in front of him.

Behind him were the Sword Pavilion and Han Muye.

Hu Taisheng looked at the sword shadow with a solemn expression.

He raised the wooden staff in his hand and pointed it at Lu Gao.

Sword Qi seeped out of the wooden staff.

Lu Gao ignored him and slashed down with his sword.

Standing in front of the Sword Pavilion, Yang Mingxuan's face was filled with envy. He said in a low voice, "This battle technique is really satisfying."

Jiang Ming shook his head and nodded helplessly.

This big sword was really unrestrained.

But right in front of the Sword Pavilion, a single sword strike was completely unreasonable.

No matter how many tricks you have, I will only use one sword.

"Hu Taisheng, did you come specially to die—"



In the distance, there was a deafening sound.

This voice made Hu Taisheng's expression completely change.

Han Muye chuckled.

In the end, this Uncle-Master Tuoba could not suppress the obsession in his heart and revealed his cultivation.

Third level of the Earth Realm, Core Formation Realm.

He was not an ordinary Core Formation cultivator, but an expert at the Core Formation realm.

Compared to this Great Elder of the Blazing Demon Valley in front of him, Tuoba Cheng's cultivation was many times higher!

"Clang—"

Lu Gao's sword collided with the wooden staff. The shadow of the sword shattered. Rugao paled and took a step back.

The great demon, Hu Taisheng, had been famous for countless years. His cultivation was not something that Lu Gao, who had yet to master the Military Sword Technique, could compare to.

Lu Gao's face turned red, and the sword qi surged in his body.

He was about to step forward when Han Muye reached out and pressed his shoulder.

"Brother Lu, let me do it."

Han Muye looked at Hu Taisheng and Qin Lin in front of him. He took a step forward, and two sword lights rose from his hands.

"I'll give you a chance to attack. Remember, you only have one chance."