

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion - Chapter 41 - The Sword Sect is getting serious -

Chapter 41: The Sword Sect is getting serious

Han Muye also wanted to discuss business with Bai Suzhen.

A sword Qi had already absorbed half of the spiritual energy in his dantian. This made him feel a little worried.

To nurture the sword Qi, he needed more spiritual energy.

He had to spend a lot of money to buy spiritual herbs and refine pills.

If a man did not have money, he could not straighten his back.

Currently, one of the ways he could earn money was to go to the Demonstration Building to answer questions and earn merit tokens and spiritual rocks.

The other way was to refine the Cloud Qi Pill.

The Demonstration Building did not always require someone to answer questions, and the pay was not very high.

The way to earn real money was still refining supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills.

A supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill was worth 3,000 spiritual rocks.

Everyone was like this. After they had a taste of big money, they did not care about an earning of 300 to 500 spiritual rocks.

However, the woman in front of him was not easy to deal with.

Looking at the beautiful Bai Suzhen, Han Muye said with a straight face, "We can discuss business, but don't have any ideas about anything in my Sword Pavilion."

Bai Suzhen chuckled and said, "Are you talking about the sword or the person?"

Han Muye ignored her and walked down the steps towards the secluded mountain path in front of the Sword Pavilion.

Bai Suzhen chased after him with a smile.

In the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six stuck his head out and muttered, "Little Han can't be so weak-willed, right? He's going into the forest with her just like this..."

On the mountain path, Han Muye turned to look at Bai Suzhen. "Storeowner Bai, I'll pay you spiritual rocks for those two spiritual herbs."

Bai Suzhen nodded and didn't refuse.

"Senior Brother Han, when can you refine that supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill again?" Although they were talking about business, Bai Suzhen really spoke directly.

"I don't think ten Cloud Qi Pills will be sold out so easily, right? My Nine Mystic Sword Sect probably doesn't have so many rich disciples." Han Muye chuckled and said calmly.

Even if the Cloud Qi Pill was supreme-grade, it was still a Cloud Qi Pill after all. It was a pill used to condense Qi to the Foundation Establishment realm.

Those who needed such pills were all inner sect disciples at the Qi Condensation or Foundation Establishment realm.

He sold at 3,000 spiritual rocks. Bai Suzhen probably further increased the price to at least 3,300 to 3,500 spiritual rocks each.

There were not many inner sect disciples in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect who had such wealth, unless they were second-generation cultivators.

But those second-generation cultivators did not lack pills.

"Hehe, Senior Brother Han, supreme-grade pills are rare at all times. There are many who are willing to spend spiritual rocks to buy them."

Bai Suzhen chuckled, then her eyes lit up as she said in a low voice, "Besides, I didn't say that it would be sold in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

As expected, there was a huge influence behind Bai Suzhen.

In fact, this influence was so powerful that it could even place their influence in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Was it one of the nine factions of the Western Frontier?

Han Muye frowned.

Was this considered betraying the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

“Senior Brother, you’ve only just started cultivating. You don’t have to worry for the sect, right?”

“Now, it’s more important for us to start a business and earn more spiritual rocks to improve our cultivation level.”

Bai Suzhen was indeed a businessman. With just a few words, she had moved Han Mu’s heart.

“Alright, I don’t care if you sell the pills to other sects, but you’re not allowed to sell them to the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.” Han Muye pondered for a moment and made his request.

Bai Suzhen agreed without hesitation.

There were so many sects in the Western Frontier. They could sell off any number of supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills. Why would they have to sell to the Great Spiritual Sword Sect?

Besides, if it landed in the hands of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect after a few rounds of transaction, it would have nothing to do with her.

“In the future, I’ll give you 100 Cloud Qi Pills a month. They’re all supreme-grade.” Han Muye made a simple calculation. After all, it was a supreme-grade pill. If he released too many pills at once, it would definitely affect the price.

100 pills a month, no more.

“Help me gather spiritual herbs. Also, tell me everything about the lifespan-increasing pills and spiritual herbs.”

Other than being dissatisfied with the limit of 100 pills a month, Bai Suzhen returned with huge gains.

However, the businesss involving 100 supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills a month was enough for her to consolidate her position in the sect.

Besides, she valued long-term business more.

When Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six carefully looked at his neat clothes and muttered, "So soon?"

Han Muye couldn't be bothered with him and slowly nourished the sword Qi in his dantian.

At the bottom of a steep cliff on the Nine Mystic Mountain, a few white-robed inner sect disciples waited nervously.

In front of them, a green-robed middle-aged man with a short beard closed his eyes. The sword in his hand kept trembling.

"Boom—"

The middle-aged man swept out his sword, and flames appeared 30 feet in front of him.

"Prairie Fire! Master has comprehended Prairie Fire!" Seeing this sword light, a white-robed disciple exclaimed excitedly.

The others were also overjoyed.

With this sword technique, one could fight above their level.

Although he could not fight against the three Grand Elders, he could at least fight against the experts of the Earth Realm and mid-level Core Formation realm.

If his master comprehended this sword technique, he would be able to support the fire-type lineage.

Opening his eyes slowly, Su Yuan's eyes revealed a trace of excitement and regret.

"The crimson flames reach the sky, and the grass and trees fall. With one sword, 10,000 kilometers will be burned."

"My move lacks wind to strengthen the fire."

His words stunned the disciples.

Shen MUYANG hurriedly said, "Master, do you mean that you haven't comprehended this sword technique?"

He had said everything that he had seen and heard in the Demonstration Building.

He did not hide anything.

"I've comprehended the Prairie Fire." Su Yuan shook his head and chuckled. "But I haven't grasped the sword momentum contained in the Prairie Fire yet."

At this point, he looked at the nervous disciples. "Don't worry, with this sword technique, my fire-type lineage will definitely be able to survive."

The various rumors about the fire-type lineage being annexed in the sect were definitely not groundless.

He had also thought that the fire-type lineage was about to dissipate.

He did not expect his disciple to bring back the Prairie Fire Sword Technique.

Thinking of the masked man that Shen MUYANG mentioned was demonstrating the sword technique, Su Yuan narrowed his eyes.

Who was this person?

Other than his master, Patriarch Tao Ran, was there really someone else who knew how to do it?

Taking a deep breath, Su Yuan held his sword and looked at his disciple.

"Wu Teng and the others were killed by Qin Yuanhe. I'm going to avenge them."

"With the Prairie Fire Sword Technique, I'm confident of winning."

At this point, he lowered his voice and said, "After killing Qin Yuanhe, with this merit, I will definitely be able to gather the people of the fire-type lineage."

The fire-type lineage was already in a state of disunity. Only a top expert could suppress everyone.

Su Yuan wanted to kill Qin Yuanhe to avenge the disciples of the fire-type lineage and display his combat strength to reunite the people of the fire-type lineage.

“We’ll follow Master.” The disciples hurriedly cupped their fists and bowed.

Su Yuan nodded, then looked at Shen MUYANG and said, “MUYANG, stay in the sect and try to find that senior in the Demonstration Building.”

“If you meet him, tell him that I, Su Yuan, want to visit him personally and present him with 1,000 merit tokens.”

At this point, he smiled bitterly and said, “If I don’t complete this mission, I really won’t be able to take out 1,000 merit tokens.”

The fire-type lineage had resources, but they were scattered amongst people. Everyone had nothing much.

Shen MUYANG bowed and said, “I understand.”

He could not imagine which senior in the sect had taught him Prairie Fire.

But from the sound of it, he didn’t seem old?

“Clang—”

From the distant mountains came the melodious sound of bells.

Su Yuan narrowed his eyes and said in a low voice, “I’m afraid the sect elders are discussing this matter. I’ll go take a look.”

When Han MUYE, who was standing at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, turned around, he saw the Sword Pavilion Elder walking down the stairs.

“I’ll go watch the elders’ meeting. Close the pavilion door.”

With that, the Sword Pavilion Elder moved, covering a hundred feet with each step.

Han MUYE narrowed his eyes. This was a body-tempering technique.

It seemed that his method of dual cultivation was correct?

He looked toward the distant peaks.

“The Sword Sect is getting serious. I wonder if we can see the glory of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect this time,” Huang Six muttered.

Han Muye frowned and said, “Brother, once he touches the Nine Mystic Sword, won’t the elder’s cultivation be crippled?”

The Sword Pavilion caretaker spent 60 years nurturing his sword Qi just to activate the Nine Mystic Sword and transform it into the Heavenly Realm.

After one strike, the sword Qi would be exhausted, and the Sword Caretaker’s cultivation would become crippled.

“Who said that touching the Nine Mystic Sword will consume your cultivation?” Hearing Han Muye’s words, Huang Six glared and said, “As long as you carry the sword, who will dare to attack?”

“Does he have a death wish?”

Chapter 42: You can go out if you don’t want to receive your sword

With the Nine Mystic Sword out, the Sword Pavilion Elder’s cultivation was used up.

However, as long as the opponent was not at the Heaven Realm, he could be killed with one strike.

If someone really provoked the Sword Pavilion Elder who brought the Nine Mystic Sword, they had to be prepared to die.

Not many people in the world really didn’t care about their lives, right?

Huang Six’s words made Han Muye speechless.

It seemed that the deterrence effect of the Nine Mystic Sword might even be above its actual combat strength.

This thing was a strategic weapon.

Closing the Sword Pavilion gates, Huang Six went to sleep.

Han Muye took the sackcloth and went to wipe the swords.

He first wiped the long swords that had been infused with sword Qi and collected a total of 1,000 sword Qi. Then, he injected these sword Qi into the other swords.

While wiping the swords, Han Muye discovered that the quality of all the swords containing sword Qi had improved slightly.

Although this improvement was insignificant, it could change greatly over time.

Perhaps those half-spiritual weapons could be nurtured into spiritual weapons.

Thinking of spiritual weapons, Han Muye returned to his room.

He now had three swords.

Patriarch Tao Ran's sword, Purple Flame, was a short sword. It contained the Patriarch's sword intent, but it was not a spiritual weapon. It had been nurtured by the Patriarch for many years.

The other sword, Destiny, was a sword Qi that Mo Yuan had nurtured for 200 years. It was similar to the purple flames.

These two swords carried sword intent as mortal weapons.

Sword intent poured into the sword, flowing and surging. Han Muye could sense the familiarity from the sword.

These two swords had an additional connection to him.

It was an unseen force.

"This is the true function of the Sword Nurturing Technique, right?" Han Muye muttered to himself as he sensed the change in the sword intent.

At this moment, the sword was not infused with sword Qi, but sword intent.

The sword was nurtured with the mind.

He believed that before long, the two swords would have more spirituality and would be more sensitive to him.

Even Earth Realm experts might not be able to do this.

After all, whoever cultivated sword intent wouldn't hide it in their dantian's sea of Qi and constantly polish it?

Who could cultivate additional sword intent and then nourish the sword? And there was more than one swords!

It was too wasteful.

Putting away the two swords, Han Muye took out the long sword he had obtained from Qin Yuanhe.

This longsword called Flowing Moon was a true spiritual artifact.

Whether it was the forging technique, the spiritual materials mixed in, or the spiritual patterns carved later.

This sword was nurtured in the hands of the Three Qin Sword Sect's elder and Qin Yuanhe with sword Qi.

This greatly increased the spirituality of this sword. When Han Muye obtained this sword, there was still sword Qi resisting him.

"Hum—"

A sword intent poured into the sword, and it began to tremble.

In front of Han Muye, the three-foot-long sword slowly formed a faint image.

The sword shrank from three feet to a small sword that was no longer than a foot.

This was a spiritual artifact. After refining it, it could change its size.

If it was a treasure like the Nine Mystic Sword, it was said that it could directly transform into a pill that could be swallowed into the dantian's sea of Qi and hidden in the body to nourish.

Putting the small sword into his bag, Han Muye heaved a sigh of relief.

The three sword intents dispersed from his body, and the pressure on his body lessened.

And these three swords could allow him to unleash his absolute combat strength.

Lying on the wooden bed, Han Muye smiled.

His dantian was ten feet wide, his sea of Qi contained sword intent, and his spiritual body had completed dual-cultivation.

He had also mastered sword refinement and pill refinement methods, as well as the comprehension of more than a hundred sword techniques.

Now, he was finally a qualified cultivator.

Sword cultivator.

This feeling of having power and cultivation was very fulfilling.

...

It was already midnight when the Sword Pavilion Elder returned.

“Tomorrow, a disciple will come to receive the sword.”

When the Sword Pavilion Elder went upstairs, he instructed.

On the second day, starting in the morning, a few inner sect disciples came to collect their swords.

They had participated in the Sword Sect mission and obtained the qualifications to receive a sword.

These inner sect disciples whose cultivation levels were not outstanding could only receive the lowest level sword initially.

Such a sword could be used for cultivation in the sect, but its quality was too poor for fighting outside .

As they were receiving a sword because of a mission, they only registered and went to choose their swords.

When Huang Six saw that there was nothing to gain, his expression turned ugly.

“Senior Brother!”

At the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, there was suddenly a cry of surprise.

Han Muye and Huang Six looked up and saw seven or eight outer sect disciples in green robes standing there.

Han Muye had met the leader, Jiang Han, before.

The 100th person in the outer sect.

Jiang Han’s face was filled with joy. He bowed to Han Muye and said, “Jiang Han greets Senior Brother.”

The people beside him quickly bowed.

Huang Six had a strange expression.

The few inner sect disciples who were still choosing swords in the Sword Pavilion looked up and revealed mocking smiles.

They were indeed from the outer sect. How humble.

Han Muye waved his hand and looked at Jiang Han. “Why? Do you want to receive a sword?”

He had personally chosen the sword in Jiang Han’s hand, which was very suitable for him.

With Jiang Han’s current strength, there was no need to change swords.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Jiang Han shook his head and said, “Senior Brother, my fellow disciples accepted the mission and want to receive a suitable sword.”

Then, he turned around and said in a low voice, “This is the Senior Brother who is a Sword Caretaker of the Sword Pavilion. Believe me and stop hiding anything.”

Those people seemed to be very convinced by Jiang Han’s words. They hurriedly stepped forward and placed the spiritual rocks on the long table in front of Han Muye and Huang Six.

10 spiritual rocks.

10 spiritual rocks per person.

There were eight of them, which meant 80 spiritual rocks were piled there, shining.

Huang Six's eyes widened.

These outer sect disciples were actually so generous?

The inner sect disciples who were still choosing swords also revealed shocked expressions.

The inner sect disciples only had 10 spiritual rocks every month, which was not even enough for their cultivation.

Were these outer sect disciples so rich?

"Hmph, did your spiritual rocks come from nowhere?"

An inner sect disciple snorted and looked at Jiang Han and the others. "You're here to receive a sword at the Sword Pavilion, yet you still have to make offerings to show respect. The rules of the sect have been broken by you."

After saying that, he looked at Han Muye and Huang Six and said with a dark expression, "They're only outer sect disciples. They saved every spiritual stone with much difficulty. Be careful that you'll feel uneasy after taking them."

Huang Six narrowed his eyes at his words and opened the book he had registered.

"Zhao Youzhi, inner sect disciple. I saw that you didn't take a bath to clear your mind just now. You have a strange smell on you."

"You shan't receive the sword today."

Huang Six spoke slowly, causing the expressions of the inner sect disciples to change.

"Senior Brother Zhao, don't interfere in this matter."

"Senior Brother, the Sword Pavilion has rules. We can't interfere."

A few inner sect disciples went forward to persuade him in low voices.

Zhao Youzhi gritted his teeth and clenched his fists as he stared at Huang Six.

Huang Six sat behind the long table and swept all the spiritual rocks on the table into the drawer below.

This provocation made Zhao Youzhi's eyes seem to be on fire.

"Senior Brother Zhao, thank you for your concern." On the other side, Jiang Han suddenly took a step forward and bowed to Zhao Youzhi. Then, he said, "We're not here to show our respect to Senior Brother. Instead, we're here to ask Senior Brother to help us choose a sword."

Hearing his words, Zhao Youzhi turned to glare at Jiang Han and shouted, "Nonsense. Why do we sword cultivators not choose our own swords and have to ask outsiders to do so?"

"With your spineless appearance, your cultivation and swordsmanship must be extremely poor."

Jiang Han was not angry when he heard Zhao Youzhi's words. The other outer sect disciples who came with him could not hold back anymore.

"Senior Brother Jiang Han is in the top 100 of the outer sect. His cultivation and sword techniques are top-notch in the outer sect."

"Senior Brother is doing this for our own good. You're being nosy."

"So what if you're from the inner sect? After this mission is completed, with our merits and cultivation, we can all enter the inner sect."

...

Their disrespectful words made Zhao Youzhi and the inner sect disciples behind him widen their eyes as spiritual energy rose from their bodies.

"If you don't want to receive the sword, you can go out. The Sword Pavilion can't tolerate you acting wildly." Han Muye's words made the entire Sword Pavilion fall silent.

He looked at Jiang Han. "Where are you going for your mission?"

Jiang Han bowed and said in a low voice, "Senior Brother, the Three Qin Sword Sect has betrayed the Sword Sect. The sect has issued a mission to eliminate them."

Chapter 43: Observing the sword, the person and sword technique

The matter regarding the Three Qin Sword Sect had been exposed.

Han Muye nodded.

Back then, he had killed so many people from the Three Qin Sword Sect, including disciples of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

Later on, if the Sword Battle Hall went to investigate, this matter would definitely be revealed.

"Since it's a mission outside, it is inevitably dangerous. It's indeed necessary to choose a suitable sword."

Han Muye looked at the bowing outer sect disciples, then pointed at one of them.

"First, demonstrate the sword technique you usually practice. I'll see what sword suits you."

The disciple called on by Han Muye was stunned, then cupped his hands in surprise. "My name is Sun Dayong. Greetings, Senior Brother Han."

With that, he pulled out his iron sword, made a starting gesture, and swung it.

The other disciples hurriedly retreated to make space for him.

Perhaps it was because he was practising the move in front of Han Muye, or perhaps it was because there were inner sect disciples watching, although Sun Dayong was very serious, his sword technique looked really pitiful.

After he finished his sword dance, he felt a little embarrassed and stood there helplessly.

Beside Zhao Youzhi, an inner sect disciple holding a sword said coldly, "He doesn't have the speed or strength. His gaze and changes can't keep up at all. With such standards, he still dares to participate in the mission?"

Sun Dayong's face turned red and he did not dare to look up.

This evaluation was quite neutral.

Han Muye agreed.

However, he was here to receive a sword. How could he feedback as such?

Since Huang Six had already accepted the spiritual rocks, he naturally had to think of a way.

Sitting in front of the long table, Han Muye tapped his fingers on the table.

There was only a slow knocking sound on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion.

Images circulated in Han Muye's mind. Sun Dayong's sword moves were magnified, and then his moves repeated.

He had comprehended the Mystic Origin Sword Technique, Staggered Wood.

After comprehending the sword technique, the image in Han Muye's mind changed again. It was no longer an image of Sun Dayong's slow moves.

Every move was straight. The strength, speed, and sword light were much more magnificent.

This sword technique was not bad. It needed some support and also a correction of the sword technique.

Sun Dayong, who was standing there, felt uneasy and could not help but look up.

"How about this? On the left, on the 31st shelf, third row, fifth sword."

Han Muye suddenly spoke.

Sun Dayong quickly went over and followed the labels. He took the sword and hugged it.

At this moment, he seemed to place all his hopes on Han Muye's guidance.

It was as if the sword Han Muye had helped him choose was definitely the most suitable for him.

Seeing him like this, the inner sect disciples frowned.

How could a sword cultivator succeed without a firm heart?

“The name of this sword is Leaf Luo. It’s three feet one inch long. The blade is 1.4 inch wide, and the blood groove in the middle is half an inch deep.”

“The sword weighs 13 kilograms, and the hilt is wrapped in leaf luo wood.”

“This sword is very suitable for wood-type sword moves. It’s not considered heavy, nor is its strength in speed. It emphasises on stability.”

As Sun Dayong walked back with his sword, Han Muye spoke.

With every sentence he said, the surprise on everyone’s faces increased.

This Sword Caretaker could actually remember the weight and length of any sword in the Sword Pavilion?

He could even tell the pros and cons of refinement method of this sword.

Sun Dayong looked even more surprised and hugged his sword even tighter.

“This sword can unleash 100% of the power of your sword technique. You should practice your moves again with 30% faster speed. When you attack, don’t look up. Just look ahead.”

“Also, your wrist doesn’t seem to be strong enough. Tie the hilt and your wrist with a cloth first.”

Han Muye continued saying.

In the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six turned to look at him and muttered.

Sun Dayong no longer doubted Han Muye’s words and quickly did as he was told.

Zhao Youzhi and the others stopped choosing swords and stared at Sun Dayong as he wrapped his wrist.

Han Muye’s words made sense to these inner sect disciples.

Although they could see the flaws in Sun Dayong's sword moves, they could not really give him any guiders.

Hearing Han Muye's words, he immediately felt as if he had seen the sun.

"Clang—"

Sun Dayong unsheathed his sword and stabbed without looking up.

The sword was three times faster than before.

These three guiders immediately made the sword move completely different from before.

A cold murderous aura instantly filled the air.

"Slash—"

The sword swept across, bringing with it a cold light that made Jiang Han and the others subconsciously retreat.

Sun Dayong also felt the changes in his sword moves. He paid attention to every strike, especially the integration of strength and speed.

After 12 moves, the Sword Pavilion was silent.

Sun Dayong held his sword and bowed deeply to Han Muye. Then he took a few steps back and turned to look at Jiang Han and the others behind him. He grinned silently.

He could feel himself being reborn.

Looking at Sun Dayong, who seemed to have a strange aura around him, Zhao Youzhi trembled.

He remembered what his master had said.

"As sword cultivators, of course we have to believe in the sword in our hands."

"With a sword in your hand, you will have a sword in your heart."

"That's when the sword cultivation begins."

At this moment, didn't Sun Dayong only have a sword in his hand and in his heart?

"Sword in hand, sword in heart," Zhao Youzhi whispered to himself, his eyes shining.

"Senior Brother, my name is Tao Shiwu. I cultivate the Mystic Origin Sword Technique Carving Mark."

"Senior Brother, I-I cultivate willow leaves."

"Senior Brother!"

The remaining outer sect disciples rushed forward and bowed to Han Muye.

Han Muye smiled and waved his hand. "Don't worry, one by one."

...

An hour later, Jiang Han gratefully led his fellow senior brothers to bow to Han Muye, then strode out of the Sword Pavilion.

At this moment, on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion, other than Han Muye and Huang Six, only Zhao Youzhi and the other inner sect disciples were left.

They looked at each other.

Just now, Han Muye had helped Sun Dayong and the others choose a sword and gave them pointers for their sword techniques. They had watched the entire process and were shocked.

After every outer sect disciple received Han Muye's guidance, their sword techniques and combat power doubled.

Even the late-stage Foundation Establishment realm deacon experts in the sect did not have such capability.

Perhaps only an Earth Realm expert had such foresight and knowledge.

Zhao Youzhi took a deep breath, took a few steps forward, and bowed to Han Muye.

"Senior Brother, I was wrong."

With that, he cupped his hands and said, "Senior Brother, please help me choose a sword."

Taking a step forward, he placed a merit token on the long table.

One merit token was worth 100 spiritual rocks.

Huang Six stared at the merit token, unable to move his eyes away.

The others also hurried forward and handed over a merit token.

Compared to a suitable longsword and sword techniques, what was a merit token?

Six merit tokens were equivalent to 600 spiritual rocks.

Huang Six turned to Han Muye.

How did this guy earn money like he was robbing?

Looking at the merit tokens in front of him, Han Muye shook his head gently.

Zhao Youzhi and the others' expressions darkened.

Huang Six, who was about to reach out, froze in midair.

"Well, Brother Han, we're all from the same sect. If you can help, just help," Huang Six coughed and said softly.

He could not bear to part with those 600 spiritual rocks!

Zhao Youzhi and the others looked at Huang Six gratefully.

Han Muye chuckled and shook his head. "You guys can leave."

Before the despairing Zhao Youzhi and the others could speak, Han Muye continued, "You've stayed in the Sword Pavilion for too long today. If you want to choose a sword, come back tomorrow."

Tomorrow!

It was not that he had rejected them, but because he had stayed outside too long that day and the sword Qi was harmful to their bodies!

Zhao Youzhi and the others hurriedly bowed happily. "Thank you for the reminders, Senior Brother. We'll come back tomorrow."

It was fine to miss the opportunity to receive a sword that day. As long as they could obtain a suitable sword and obtain Senior Brother Han's guidance, it would be worth it.

Zhao Youzhi and the others left. Huang Six kept the six merit tokens, then looked at Han Muye and sized him up.

"Brother Han, why do you know so much about those swords? Also, how do you know these sword moves?"

Hearing his words, Han Muye leaned back and narrowed his eyes.

"Brother, in the Sword Pavilion, we have to observe the sword, the people, and the sword techniques."

"This is the real job of the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker."

Then he turned back to the stacked wooden shelves.

"We wiped every sword here with our own hands. They're like our children."

"Are you willing to entrust them to unsuitable people?"

As if in response to his words, the Sword Pavilion shook.

Chapter 44: He's just a Sword Pavilion Sword Caretaker, is he worthy of being called a Senior Brother?

Huang Six looked confused.

Then he lowered his head and muttered a few words. His expression became pleasant again.

"Haha, Brother, in that case, these spiritual rocks are the betrothal gifts for our daughter?"

He put the pile into the small wooden box, his eyes sparkling.

This was practical.

Hearing his words, Han Muye stood up and took the wooden box.

“Eh, you...” Huang Six was stunned for a moment before grinning. “I understand. Three-seven split...”

Han Muye shook his head and said in a low voice, “It’s fine if you accept the spiritual rocks from the inner sect. But it’s not easy for the outer sect to save their spiritual rocks, and they’re out on a crusade soon. There are many places that require spiritual rocks, so don’t take these spiritual rocks.”

With that, he tucked the wooden box under his arm and walked out.

“Where—where are you going?”

Huang Six shouted after him.

“I’ll send the spiritual rocks back,” Han Muye said.

“Send them back? Then wouldn’t my daughter be raised for nothing?” Huang Six muttered. After a while, he took out the six merit tokens and smiled again.

“These days are getting more and more promising...”

Jiang Han and the others had told Han Muye where they lived.

Han Muye went to look for them, but he missed them.

Some disciples who knew Jiang Han and the others told Han Muye that they had gone to drink.

There were 1,000 outer sect disciples living in one place, and there were also servants around. There were a total of 10,000 people, making it seem like a small village.

Those restaurants and shops were all opened by the sect for the disciples to spend on.

This could be considered as expanding domestic demand.

Han Muye arrived at a small street less than 1,000 feet away. A voice came from behind.

“Brother Han!”

Han Muye turned around and saw Lu Gao, who was carrying a large rock, sweating profusely and grinning.

“Brother Han, you came to the outer sect because—”

The white-robed Han Muye made everyone beside Lu Gao envious.

He had long heard that Lu Gao had a brother in the inner sect. It was true.

Han Muye looked around and saw Jiang Han and the others on the second floor of the restaurant.

He stepped forward and held the stone block Lu Gao was carrying with one hand.

After cultivating the Iron Bull Strength, it was as if he was playing with the stone block that weighed 150 kilograms.

His move immediately caused the surrounding people to exclaim.

He was indeed an inner sect senior brother. How powerful.

Lu Gao rubbed his hands together. He looked smug and embarrassed.

“Let’s go, I’ll bring you to drink.” Carrying the stone block, Han Muye walked towards the restaurant.

‘Drink?’

Lu Gao grinned and hurried after him.

The servant disciples who were carrying the blocks with Lu Gao looked envious and jealous.

Drinking was secondary. The key was who to drink with...

“Senior Brother Han!”

Jiang Han and the others in the restaurant also noticed Han Muye and called out happily.

They quickly went downstairs and escorted Han Muye upstairs.

Sun Dayong carried the stone block in Han Muye's hand.

Upstairs, they asked Han Muye to sit at the head of the table.

Even Lu Gao, who was wearing a servant's uniform, fearfully took a seat at the same table.

When the other outer sect disciples saw Han Muye's white robe, they quickly moved aside.

This was where the outer sect disciples gathered. There might not be an inner sect disciple around for three to five days.

There were dishes and wine on the table, and everyone toasted Han Muye.

Han Muye smiled and raised his glass.

After three rounds of wine, he put down his glass and looked at everyone.

"There are many experts in the Three Qin Sword Sect. If you go, look for the Myriad Swords' Elder at the Mo family in Qingmu Town and ask him to suppress them."

"He has the strength of an Earth Realm expert. He should be able to protect you."

Han Muye said calmly.

'Earth Realm?'

Jiang Han and the others were all dumbfounded.

The outer sect disciples who were listening were all stunned.

They were only outer sect disciples and had not even reached the Qi Condensation Realm.

Were they worthy of talking about Earth Realm experts?

"Ahem, Senior Brother, um, we..." Jiang Han muttered with a bitter smile.

If they asked an Earth Realm expert to hold the fort, would an Earth Realm expert even take a look at them?

“Don’t worry, that Myriad Sword elder has a deep relationship with our Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

“Go and request him to help. Tell him that I was the one who told you guys.”

Han Muye spoke softly, his expression calm.

Although Mo Yuan returned to Qingmu Town under the alias of the Myriad Sword elder, that place was still under the rule of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Doing a few things for the Sword Sect and building a friendship with the Sword Sect would be very helpful for his future cultivation.

With Mo Yuan’s experience, even if no one from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect invited him, he would still participate in this mission to eliminate the Three Qin Sword Sect.

Han Muye asked Jiang Han and the others to invite him over, but it was just a favor.

In addition, they were all outer sect disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and had some ties with the number one outer sect disciple back then.

“Thank you, Senior Brother Han!”

Jiang Han and the others hurriedly bowed again and shouted happily.

This was a pleasant surprise.

Who would dare to say that they would not suffer any losses if they attacked a sect?

Moreover, the lives of outer sect disciples like them were definitely the most worthless.

With an Earth Realm expert holding down the fort, even if he casually protected them, their situation would definitely be different.

Seeing how happy Jiang Han and the others were, the outer sect disciples at the other tables had complicated expressions.

Who wouldn’t want the protection of an Earth Realm expert...

“Eh, it’s Senior Brother Han?”

Suddenly, a voice came from the table behind Han Muye.

Han Muye looked back and smiled. “So it’s Qing’er.”

The female cultivator who spoke was Qiao Qing’er, who had accompanied Han Muye to the Demonstration Building.

Qiao Qing’er’s deskmates were mostly people who had been with her that day.

“I haven’t seen Senior Brother Han in a while. I was preparing to look for you.” Qiao Qing’er had a smile on her face as she raised her glass and gestured to Han Muye.

“What a coincidence. Let me make a toast to Senior Brother.”

Han Muye raised his glass and was about to clink it with Qiao Qing’er’s when the young man sitting opposite him said coldly, “You’re just a Sword Pavilion Sword Caretaker. Are you worthy of calling yourself a senior brother?”

Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker?

His voice was not soft, and everyone on the second floor of the restaurant heard him.

“Sword Caretaker? Isn’t that the job of watching swords in the Sword Pavilion where nine out of ten people die?”

“That’s right. It’s said that Sword Caretakers can’t cultivate sword techniques and have to survive for ten years before they can get the title of deacon. They can only make it if they survive for 60 years.”

“Tsk, this person was so arrogant just now. He said that an Earth Realm expert had a close relationship with him. So he’s just a Sword Caretaker?”

There was an uproar.

Those outer sect disciples’ respect for their inner sect senior brother changed into contempt for the Sword Caretaker in order for them hide their emotions.

Did he really think that he was an inner sect senior brother just because he was wearing a white robe?

Jiang Han and the others' expressions changed.

"So what if he's a Sword Caretaker?" Sun Dayong stood up and glared around before glaring at the young man opposite Qiao Qing'er.

"How can you outsiders understand Senior Brother Han's ability?"

"That's right. Senior Brother Han is not an ordinary Sword Caretaker." The others spoke up one after another. They had witnessed Han Muye's capability that day and were all convinced.

Qiao Qing'er turned around and said coldly, "Huo Ping, what do you mean?"

The young man looked at Han Muye, then at Jiang Han and the others with a mocking expression. "I just don't want to see a group of fools being bewitched by a mere Sword Caretaker."

"It won't take long for me, Huo Ping, to put on this set of clothes."

Bang! Sun Dayong punched the table and pointed at Huo Ping. "Who are you calling a fool?"

Han Muye's expression didn't change. He chuckled and said, "He's calling you a fool."

'He's calling you a fool.'

Qiao Qing'er, who was sitting behind him, burst out laughing.

"Yes, yes, he's referring to us as fools." Han Muye and the others who had received their swords that day all smiled and said.

Huo Ping's face darkened as he slowly stood up with his fists clenched.

He placed his hand on the hilt of the sword at his waist.

Suddenly, the young man sitting beside Huo Ping reached out to press his arm and said in a low voice, "Huo Ping, don't be rash. The person sitting over there is Senior Brother Bai Jianghan, one of the top outer sect disciples."

‘Jiang Han?’

The 100th place in the outer sect?

Huo Ping’s eyes lit up. He unsheathed his sword, pointed it forward, and shouted, “Jiang Han? Perfect. Today, I’ll replace the person on the 100th position in the outer sect!”

Chapter 45: Can’t even withstand one strike from the 100th of the outer sect!

This guy called Huo Ping wanted to challenge the 100th outer sect disciple, Jiang Han!

The restaurant was immediately in an uproar.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect prohibited disciples from challenging each other.

However, it did not prohibit battles for rankings.

If one completely banned the desire to win in sword cultivation, how could one increase their combat strength?

How could a sword cultivator become strong if he did not even have the courage to challenge and accept challenges?

The ranking of the inner and outer sect disciples of the Sword Sect was originally set up to motivate the disciples.

“Jiang Han is ranked 100th in the outer sect. This kid wants to challenge him at such a young age?”

“That might not be the case. I know these few people. They all have excellent aptitude and are very valued by the sect. They may not be able to beat the inner sect disciples but they might really have the combat strength within the top 100 of the outer sect.”

“I didn’t expect there to be such a good show. Perhaps we can really witness the replacement of the 100th in the outer sect today. You have to know that Jiang Han didn’t enter the top 100 with his strength.”

...

The surrounding outer sect disciples could not hide their excitement.

Those who watched the show never found it troublesome.

“Challenging Senior Brother Jiang Han?” Tao Shiwu stood up with a cold smile. Holding the long sword in his hand, he said, “You have to pass me first.”

“Yes, not everyone is qualified to challenge Senior Brother Jiang Han.”

The others rose to their feet.

Jiang Han looked up and saw Han Muye looking at him with a smile.

A thought struck him.

He knew his own strength.

Over the past few days, he could feel his combat strength rising rapidly.

He was proficient in sword techniques, and at the same time, he had changed the shortcomings of his attacks. He was also constantly getting used to the sword in his hand, Destiny. He was confident that he could fight against the top 50 outer sect disciples.

In a few days, after this expedition mission, he would train himself and would even dare to fight against the top 20 of the outer sect.

Originally, he wanted to improve step by step. When his cultivation reached the Qi Condensation Realm, he would naturally become an inner sect disciple.

It was better to hide than to stand out.

However, it was probably impossible to hide it that day.

In that case, he might as well not hide it.

How could a sword cultivator lose his edge?

Senior Brother Han had the same thoughts!

“Let me do it.”

Jiang Han slowly stood up and waved his hand. He looked at Huo Ping, who was pointing his sword at him.

“My cultivation level is higher than yours, and the sword in my hand is obtained from the Sword Pavilion. It’s not fair for me to defeat you.”

“This way, if you can last ten moves under my sword, you can take this position as the top 100 in the outer sect.”

Jiang Han’s voice was loud and clear. Not to mention the second floor, even people outside the restaurant could hear him.

“Jiang Han? The 100th outer sect disciple?”

“Someone challenged the top 100 of the outer sect?”

Figures gathered in the direction of the restaurant.

Jiang Han let out a long laugh and stepped out of the second-floor window. His body spun in midair, as if a fallen leaf had encountered a strong wind. He rose straight up and landed on the roof of the opposite building.

“Great!”

“Senior Brother Jiang Han, what a good movement technique!”

Jiang Han’s move immediately attracted cheers.

Many people on Huo Ping’s side had solemn expressions.

From this, they could tell that Jiang Han was extraordinary.

“Hmph, flashy but useless.”

Huo Ping snorted and stabbed forward with the sword in his hand. His figure passed through the window and collided with Jiang Han, who was dozens of feet away.

“Impressive. Who is this person?”

“No wonder he challenged Senior Brother Jiang Han. This strike is extraordinary.”

“This battle today will be interesting.”

A low cry came from below.

As soon as an expert made a move, one would know.

Huo Ping dared to challenge Jiang Han because his skills were indeed impressive.

This strike was fast and swift. The key was that the sword and his body were one. It was the standard way of becoming one with the sword.

“At this level, it shouldn’t be difficult to last ten moves against Jiang Han, right?”

“Ten moves? Hehe, from the looks of it, the one who can’t last ten moves is Jiang Han!”

Everyone looked at Jiang Han, who was standing on the roof, to see how he would deal with this strike.

If he could force Jiang Han back with one strike, this challenger would become famous in one battle!

The sword stabbed at Jiang Han’s chest and abdomen with a cold light.

Ten feet.

Five feet.

Three feet!

Right at that moment!

“Clang—”

He unsheathed his sword, and Jiang Han followed it. The sword light carried the sound of wind and thunder. With a spin, he and Huo Ping, who was stabbing, changed positions.

This movement was short, flat, and fast.

“Slash—”

It was only when the two of them passed each other that the ear-piercing sound of swords colliding could be heard.

Jiang Han's body was like a swan goose as he took a step into the void. His body trembled and he moved another ten feet before landing on the second floor of the restaurant.

He sheathed his sword and bowed slightly to Han Muye.

"Senior Brother Han, that kid is just a show-off."

'Show-off?'

Han Muye chuckled and nodded.

It was flashy but lacked strength. It was indeed a show-off.

This was because his foundation was too weak and he did not pay attention to his basic skills.

"Crash—"

On the opposite roof, Huo Ping staggered and rolled down, bringing down pieces of green tiles.

He barely landed. The people around him saw that his face was pale and there was a foot-long bleeding sword wound on his chest.

His injuries were not serious, but such a sword strike directly shattered all of Huo Ping's pride.

Excellent aptitude?

Fast cultivation?

Highly regarded by the Sect?

He could not even withstand one strike from the 100th of the outer sect!

Qiao Qing'er and the others looked at each other and ran downstairs.

Qiao Qing'er bowed apologetically to Han Muye and whispered, "Senior Brother, don't blame me. I'll apologize to you another day."

Then she followed them downstairs.

They helped Huo Ping up as they left.

“This kid’s methods are not bad. He is the 100th disciple of the outer sect and is already so strong?” Someone muttered as he watched Huo Ping and the others leave.

Huo Ping’s strike was obvious. Not many people in the outer sect could withstand it.

“This is the outer sect’s 100th? With such combat strength, I’m afraid I won’t be able to catch up in my lifetime...” Someone looked at the second floor of the restaurant with a complicated expression and turned to leave.

On the second floor, the outer sect disciples who had previously whispered their thoughts and did not think highly of Jiang Han quietly went downstairs and left.

The rest of the people looked at Jiang Han in surprise.

“Senior Brother Jiang, I didn’t expect you to be so strong.”

Sun Dayong looked at Jiang Han and sighed.

Many people on the second floor wanted to say that too.

Jiang Han shook his head and looked at Han Muye. With a solemn expression, he said, “Without Senior Brother Han’s guidance, without Senior Brother Han’s help in choosing the Destiny sword, I wouldn’t be much stronger than you.”

Senior Brother Han’s guidance!

The sword that Senior Brother Han chose!

Tao Shiwu and the others were stunned, then looked at Han Muye in surprise.

They had also received Senior Brother Han’s guidance!

Their swords were also chosen by Senior Brother Han!

That meant that as long as they cultivated diligently, they would be as strong as Senior Brother Jiang Han!

The surrounding outer sect disciples looked at Han Muye.

Didn't they say that he was just a Sword Caretaker?

A Sword Caretaker could guide the experts in the top 100 of the outer sect?

At this moment, many people recalled what Sun Dayong and the others had said just now. The Sword Caretaker in front of them was not an ordinary Sword Caretaker.

"To Senior Brother Han!"

Sun Dayong raised his glass and shouted.

"To Senior Brother Han!"

The others at the table raised their glasses.

Han Muye smiled and drank the wine in his cup. Then he stood up and said, "I've had enough fun today. When you return in triumph, we'll drink together."

He stood up and pushed forward the small wooden box that had been on the table.

"These are your spiritual rocks. Take them back."

Take back the spiritual rocks?

Jiang Han and the others were stunned and quickly wanted to speak. Han Muye waved his hand and said, "I don't fancy your few spiritual rocks."

Jiang Han and the others did not doubt his words.

With Senior Brother Han's methods, he would definitely not lack spiritual rocks.

Han Muye turned to leave, and Lu Gao hurriedly got up.

Jiang Han and the others wanted to send him off. Han Muye shook his head and said with a smile, "You guys are in a good mood today. Have a few drinks. It's best if you can get Jiang Han drunk."

Sun Dayong and the others laughed.

Jiang Han was stunned at first, then he said generously, "That might not be the case."

Chapter 46: Sword Pavilion servant, Lu Gao

Han Muye smiled and nodded. Without another word, he turned and went downstairs. Lu Gao picked up the stone block and followed him.

On the second floor of the restaurant, the outer sect disciples looked at Han Muye and the others' backs with various thoughts in their eyes.

This Sword Caretaker of the Sword Pavilion was definitely a magical figure that they had never seen before.

From the respect Jiang Han and the others showed him, they could tell that this person was not simple.

Jiang Han and the others opened the wooden box on the table. There were spiritual rocks inside.

"Everyone, take them. Senior Brother Han really doesn't fancy these spiritual rocks," Jiang Han looked at everyone and said in a low voice.

Everyone looked at each other and reached out to take back their spiritual rocks.

This made the people around him dumbfounded again.

They were all outer sect disciples, and all of them were so poor that the spiritual rocks made them drool.

"Since Senior Brother Han doesn't want our spiritual rocks, we can't take advantage of him for nothing." Jiang Han looked at the people around him and lowered his voice. "Let's ask what Senior Brother Han needs and help him keep an eye out."

That got a few nods.

It wasn't a deal. It was a favor.

Business was easy to make, but favors were hard to repay.

Han Muye and Lu Gao walked out of the small street. Lu Gao caught up and stood in front of Han Muye. "Brother Han, can you let me into the Sword Pavilion?"

'Let him into the Sword Pavilion?'

Han Muye frowned. "Brother Lu, you want to be a Sword Caretaker?"

This was not a good job.

It was deadly.

Han Muye knew how dangerous it was.

Could it be that Lu Gao had fallen for the role because of its glory?

"No, brother, you misunderstand."

"The Sword Pavilion used to accept servants. They served tea, swept the steps, wiped the windows, and helped the Sword Caretaker do some chores."

"It's just that later on, the Sword Caretakers became more and more rare, so the servants were dispersed."

Lu Gao lowered his voice and muttered, "At that time, the Sword Pavilion became a place where everyone took a detour..."

So he did not want to be a Sword Caretaker, but a servant.

Han Muye's heart skipped a beat.

There were some things he really needed help with.

"Alright, I'll go back and ask about the situation. If possible, I'll let Brother Lu come to the Sword Pavilion."

Lu Gao grinned at his words. He bowed, then carried the stone block to the mountain gate.

After taking a few steps, Lu Gao turned around and instructed with a bitter expression, "Brother, hurry up. Recently, our Sword Sect has been gathering the neighbouring sects. We servants are so tired that our skins are peeling."

‘A gathering of the neighbouring sects?’

Han Muye took a few steps and recalled the scene he had seen from Qin Yuanhe’s sword.

Under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s ruling, several sects had been instigated by the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

‘Will those sects come?’

‘To create trouble?’

Turning around to think, Han Muye shook his head again.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier. Not only did it have many Earth Realm experts, but it also had three half-step Heaven Realm experts guarding it.

There was also an elder of the Sword Pavilion who wielded the Nine Mystic Sword.

With such strength, not to mention those sects that had been instigated to defect, even if the Great Spiritual Sword Sect came in full force, they would probably not be able to gain anything.

If the Great Spiritual Sword Sect really had the strength to challenge the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, they wouldn’t have done so many despicable things in secret.

Perhaps this gathering would create trouble and someone would come to wreck havoc. However, if these people could shake the foundation of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would not have been able to stand strong in the Western Frontier for countless years.

Thinking of this, Han Muye couldn’t help but laugh.

As a Sword Caretaker who was freeloading and earning 10 spiritual rocks a month, he was worried about those sect elders and sect masters.

Wasn’t he just worried about selling whatever money he had?

When he returned to the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six muttered to himself when he saw that the small wooden box Han Muye was holding was indeed gone.

His inferred meaning was that one would not know how expensive rice was if one was not in charge.

Han Muye smiled and asked Huang Six about the Sword Pavilion servants.

“In the past, the Sword Pavilion had servants.” Huang Six nodded and grinned. “When our Sword Pavilion was in its prime, there were seven or eight Sword Caretakers and 20 servants.”

“In that case, the Sword Pavilion can recruit servant disciples?” Han Muye asked.

If he could recruit servants, he would be willing to recruit Lu Gao to the Sword Pavilion.

“Recruit...” Huang Six smacked his lips. He was stunned for a moment before saying in a low voice, “Our Sword Pavilion has to bear the expenses when recruiting servants.”

The labor cost of the Sword Pavilion servants would be paid by the Sword Pavilion?

No wonder the servant disciples of the Sword Pavilion had been dispersed.

Before Han Muye came, Huang Six was the only Sword Caretaker in the Sword Pavilion besides the elders. Should he ask Huang Six to split some of his salary and profits to hire some servant disciples?

It would be more likely for the sun to rise from the west.

“Then, why don’t we recruit one or two first?” Han Muye looked at Huang Six and smiled. “The expenses will come from my pay.”

Huang Six glanced at Han Muye, rolled his eyes, and leaned closer. “Little Han, can you do your business as a Sword Caretaker often?”

Huang Six was smart.

Han Muye knew how to refine pills, but he could not participate in the alchemy business at all.

On the other hand, in the Sword Pavilion, as long as he received a sword, he would get a share of it.

That day, Han Muye had simply gained benefits that he could not have earned in the past year.

He had been planning for a long time just now, but now he asked.

If one wanted to cultivate, how could a man lack money?

“Brother, don’t worry. As long as I’m a Sword Caretaker in the Sword Pavilion, I naturally have to protect the rules of the Sword Pavilion.”

“Whether it’s observing the sword or the person, it’s all cultivation,” Han Muye said bluntly.

Anyway, he didn’t lose out.

Choosing a sword for others would not only benefit him, but also expand his connections. It was killing two birds with one stone.

“Alright, I’ll do as you say for the servants.” Huang Six immediately agreed.

“We don’t have to report to the elder?” Han Muye asked.

“It’s nothing big. Do we still have to ask an elder?” Huang Six patted his chest. “I’ve been a Sword Caretaker in the Sword Pavilion for seven years. I’ll become a deacon in another three years.”

...

Han Muye did not waste time and summoned Lu Gao to the Sword Pavilion that day.

Lu Gao’s job was to open the door to the Sword Pavilion every morning, sweep the stone steps in front of the door, and close the door at night.

During the day, he would be a guard at the door and run errands.

Han Muye was also generous and gave Lu Gao a salary of three spiritual rocks a month.

This was comparable to the salary of an ordinary outer sect disciple. Lu Gao was so happy that he could not close his mouth.

Besides, in Lu Gao’s opinion, the job in the Sword Pavilion was too easy.

The next morning, Lu Gao arrived at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion early. He opened the door and swept it clean. Then, he stood at the door and basked in the sun while checking if anyone was coming.

A moment later, his body trembled as he looked at a group of white-robed inner sect disciples walking over from not far away.

“Senior Brothers, are you here to receive your swords? Please, please.” Lu Gao subconsciously bowed and greeted them with a smile.

He was used to being a servant.

“Is Senior Brother Han here? We’re here to receive our swords today.” The leader of the inner sect disciples was Zhao Youzhi, who had come the previous day. He cupped his hands at Lu Gao and asked in a low voice.

The inner sect disciples cupped their hands in return. Lu Gao, who was used to being a servant, had never encountered such courtesy.

He hurriedly cupped his hands in fear and said, “Yes, Senior Brother Han is here.”

He had been calling Han Muye Senior Brother since yesterday. He was afraid that if he called him brother, it would lower Han Muye’s status.

Zhao Youzhi and the others looked happy. They nodded and walked into the Sword Pavilion.

After taking a few steps, Zhao Youzhi suddenly thought of something and raised his hand to hand a spiritual stone to Lu Gao.

“Thank you, Junior Brother.”

When Zhao Youzhi and the others walked into the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao was holding eight spiritual rocks in his hand. His eyes were fixed on them, and the corners of his mouth twitched.

“Junior Brother, Junior Brother, hehe...”

“This, the errands of the Sword Pavilion really pays well...”

Turning to look at the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao’s eyes shone like spiritual rocks.

“Senior Brothers, we’re here to receive our swords today.” In the Sword Pavilion, Zhao Youzhi and the others cupped their hands and bowed to Han Muye and Huang Six.

The two inner sect disciples behind them took a step forward and placed a merit token in their hands on the long table.

Huang Six grinned and accepted the merit tokens. Then he chuckled. “We’re all on the same side. Isn’t this a waste?”

“Brother Han, help your junior brothers choose a good sword that suits them.”

Chapter 47: Sword giver, Ji Yuan

When choosing a sword, one had to observe the person first.

Han Muye watched Zhao Youzhi practice a set of sword techniques, then pondered slightly.

Zhao Youzhi’s sword techniques were unrestrained. He held his sword with both hands and was full of strength.

It was a sword technique from the Earth-type lineage, Two Mystic level, Mountain Splitting.

After the round of swordplay, Zhao Youzhi stood there nervously.

At this moment, it was as if he was facing an inspection by the elders in the sect.

“Zhao, Junior Brother.” Han Muye felt that he had to act more arrogant. Calling Zhao Youzhi Junior Brother would make himself seem more authoritative.

“Senior Brother Han, please speak,” Zhao Youzhi said after taking a deep breath.

The other inner sect disciples also pricked up their ears.

The two newcomers’ eyes were filled with curiosity as they stared at Han Muye, who looked a little leisure.

What kind of guidance could a merit token get?

“Junior Brother Zhao, you’re left-handed, right?” Han Muye asked calmly.

‘Left-handed?’

Zhao Youzhi and the few inner sect junior brothers behind him were stunned for a moment before shaking their heads.

“Senior Brother Zhao is not left-handed,” an inner sect disciple said in a low voice, sounding disappointed.

Could it be that this Senior Brother Han’s standards were good enough when guiding the outer sect disciples, but his judgment was not good enough when facing inner sect disciples?

Huang Six’s mouth twitched, and he turned to look at Han Muye.

No way. This business had just started. It wasn’t a good start, but a bad start?

Zhao Youzhi cupped his hands at Xu Cheng and said, “Senior Brother Han, although I’m holding a sword with both hands, it’s not—”

He paused at that.

Then he froze, and his expression began to change.

The inner sect disciples behind him all looked at him. What happened to Senior Brother Zhao?

“I remember now. When I was very young, I did have a more flexible left hand. Then, when I was seven or eight, my parents forced me to change it.”

Zhao Youzhi looked up at Han Muye with deep admiration in his eyes. “If Senior Brother hadn’t mentioned it, I would have forgotten that I was once left-handed.”

When he finished, there was silence on the Sword Pavilion floor.

The inner sect disciple who had previously doubted Han Muye’s judgment blushed.

Huang Six’s mouth cracked wide open. He was missing his big teeth and he laughed silently.

This brat Han was amazing. He could even tell that he had changed his habit.

The eyes of the two new inner sect disciples lit up with anticipation.

Han Muye's fingers gently landed on the table. He pondered for a moment and looked at Zhao Youzhi.

"Junior Brother Zhao, have you ever thought of changing your sword technique?"

'Change his sword technique?'

Zhao Youzhi was completely stunned.

What was wrong with his technique?

'Were there many issues with it?'

"Your sword cultivation is not bad. Your foundation is very solid."

"If it's just this set of sword techniques, you just need to modify a few small details."

Fortunately, Han Muye didn't keep him confused for long before speaking again.

"But I think if you don't cultivate the medium-level and stable sword techniques of the Earth-type lineage and switch to a left-hand sword, you might be able to see unexpected surprises."

'Cultivate using a left-handed sword.'

What Senior Brother Han meant was that he might be stronger if he cultivated with a left-hand sword.

Zhao Youzhi was silent for a moment, then shook his head and said, "Senior Brother, I think sword cultivators should be upright. I like such sword techniques."

Han Muye nodded.

This Zhao Youzhi was a good person.

“Row 15, number nine-five-two-six, Golden Lion.”

“The sword is three feet eight inches long and weighs 15 kilograms.”

Opening the book in front of him, Han Muye directly recorded down.

Zhao Youzhi walked over and found the sword. His face immediately lit up.

This sword looked heavy and solid. It was the sword he had imagined.

Han Muye gave Zhao Youzhi a few more instructions and pointed out the directions for improvement in his sword technique. In the end, he said, “If you want to change swords anytime, you can come again.”

‘Change swords?’

Holding the Golden Lion Sword, Zhao Youzhi grinned.

He would never change this sword.

In less than an hour, Zhao Youzhi and the others had all chosen their swords.

“Alright, you can leave. This Sword Pavilion is not a place you can stay for long.”

Han Muye waved his hand and leaned back in his big chair.

Zhao Youzhi and the others looked at each other and bowed.

“Senior Brother Han, when we return from our mission, I’ll treat you and Brother Six to a drink.” After Zhao Youzhi finished speaking, he turned around and left.

The others followed.

“Senior Brothers, have a safe trip...” Lu Gao’s sincere shout came from the door.

In the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye stood up, took the linen cloth, and went to wipe the swords.

It was time to collect the sword Qi.

This time, he collected 2,500 sword Qi and poured them into the other swords again.

Han Muye enjoyed the process of collecting sword Qi and comprehending sword techniques.

Huang Six, who was sitting in the distance, saw that Han Muye was in high spirits. He bared his teeth and turned his head.

He did not want to find trouble with Han Muye.

In the afternoon, three more sword-receiving disciples, one inner sect disciple and two outer sect disciples, came.

Perhaps it was because Han Muye's reputation had not spread, but the three of them were obedient when they received the swords. Even if Huang Six hinted at them, they still did not realise it.

They did not give a single penny.

For the next two days, Han Muye continued to polish the swords, collect sword Qi, pour it in, and then comprehend a few sword techniques.

But Huang Six was bored sitting there.

For two days, not even a dog came to the Sword Pavilion.

At the door, Lu Gao began to doze off again.

"Hey, is my Sword Pavilion a place for idlers?"

"If you want to sleep, go home."

Huang Six clasped his hands behind his back and glared at Lu Gao. Then he walked out angrily.

"Where are you going, Brother?" Lu Gao was not annoyed and shouted after him.

The income of eight spiritual rocks had already made him fall in love with the task of being the gatekeeper of the Sword Pavilion.

The Gatekeeper. That was the title he had given himself.

"I'm tired of this. I'm going for a walk," Huang Six replied angrily and left.

"Then I'll bring you food from the canteen later," Lu Gao shouted after him.

"I want red braised pork and choose the softest one." Huang Six paused, then walked away with his back hunched.

Hearing their conversation, Han Muye, who was wiping the swords, smiled and shook his head.

Huang Six and his Sword Caretaker business had failed before it officially opened.

No one had come for two days, and there was a freeloader at the door. Of course, Huang Six was depressed.

"Brother Lu, help me go to the Suzhen Restaurant and bring these herbs over."

Han Muye walked to the door and handed a paper to Lu Gao.

These were the list of herbs needed to refine the Cloud Qi Pill.

Over the past few days, he had exhausted all the Cloud Qi Pills in his body and wanted to refine them.

Those sword Qi were huge sources of spiritual energy.

Lu Gao took the list and cupped his hands. "Senior Brother Han, don't worry. I'll definitely settle this matter."

After Lu Gao went to get the herbs, Han Muye sat at the long table and narrowed his eyes slightly, familiarizing himself with the sword technique he had just comprehended.

Sword techniques could only be improved by practicing them often.

"Is anyone there?"

"I came to return the sword."

Suddenly, a voice came from the entrance of the Sword Pavilion.

‘Return the sword?’

‘Who else died?’

Han Muye looked up and saw a young man in an inner sect disciple’s white robe walking towards the Sword Pavilion with a calm expression.

“According to the rules of the Sword Pavilion, no one is allowed to enter unless they are receiving a sword.”

“Do you not know the rules, or are you not a disciple of my Nine Mystic Sword Sect at all?”

Han Muye stood up and spoke calmly.

The white-robed disciple trembled and stopped in his tracks. He slowly retracted his steps and stood at the door with his sword in both hands.

“The inner sect disciple, Senior Brother Su Yang, has died. I’m here to deliver his sword.”

Su Yang!

That sword!

The image of the sword that had pierced into the green-clothed woman’s heart and the appearance of the eighth in the outer sect Ji Yuan, who had fallen off the cliff, came to Han Muye’s mind.

Ji Yuan?

Looking up, Han Muye trembled slightly.

The person holding the sword in front of him looked 80% similar to Ji Yuan!

Chapter 48: Brat Han, do you believe in fate?

This person was Ji Yuan!

The eighth in the outer sect, Ji Yuan who had been missing for a year.

Instead of hiding outside the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he came to the Sword Pavilion?

Also, he was wearing the inner sect clothes.

Taking a light breath, Han Muye walked forward expressionlessly and took the sword.

The sword was cold to the touch, and there seemed to be traces of killing intent on it.

This sword had killed someone recently.

Holding the hilt, Han Muye tightened his grip.

“Clang—”

The sword was unsheathed, and coldness appeared.

“I received an inner sect disciple’s sword today. The blade is not damaged.”

He sheathed the sword and held it in both hands. Then he turned and walked toward the wooden shelves of the Sword Pavilion.

His hand rested lightly on the hilt of his sword.

“Hum—”

Images flashed through his mind. A wave of violent energy crashed into his mind, making him turn pale.

In that scene, the sword in Ji Yuan’s hand swayed. A sharp sword light swept past, bringing with it a bloody mist.

A disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

The ones who were killed in that scene were Wu Teng and the others, the disciples of the fire-type lineage.

The murderer who killed Wu Teng and the rest was really Ji Yuan!

In his sea of Qi, the dark red sword intent surged, as if it wanted to rush out and kill Ji Yuan, who was standing at the door.

However, Han Muye suppressed it.

He calmly delivered the sword to the wooden shelf, then turned to the long table and picked up the ink brush.

“Give me the name of the person who sent the sword and which lineage he cultivates.”

His words stunned Ji Yuan, who was standing in the doorway. “There’s such a procedure for returning swords? Why didn’t I know?”

Han Muye held the brush in one hand and looked up at him. “You returned it before?”

Ji Yuan stiffened and quickly shook his head. “No.”

With that, he said in a low voice, “My name is Zhu Guangsheng. I cultivate under Elder Qin Lin of the wood-type lineage.”

Han Muye took notes and nodded. “It’s done.”

Zhu Guangsheng turned to leave.

“Zhu Guangsheng, Qin Lin...” Han Muye watched him leave and gently put down his ink brush.

In his mind, a violent energy spread, as if it wanted to control him.

“Hmph.”

With a low grunt, the sword intent in his sea of Qi shook.

The violent aura in his mind was instantly stirred into pieces and turned into nothingness.

“So no one remembers why this sword was here the last time because this sword has this aura that can erase the memories of the Sword Caretaker.”

“In fact, the Sword Caretaker who sheathed his sword was killed by this aura.”

There was a deep spiritual light in his eyes, and Han Muye’s expression darkened.

As a fellow Sword Caretaker, he felt empathy for him.

He wanted revenge.

‘How did Su Yang die?’

Should he report this to the elder?

He can, but it’s not a good idea.

He couldn’t explain where those judgments came from.

Should he kill Zhu Guangsheng directly?

Not good either.

Sometimes, killing people wasn’t the best way to solve a problem.

What was Zhu Guangsheng’s motive for sending the sword back?

Perhaps, the solution was in the Sword Pavilion!

Han Muye turned to look at the long wooden shelves.

The swords seemed to vibrate slightly, resonating with his eyes.

...

Beside the Sword Pavilion door, there were a few dishes on the small wooden table. Han Muye, Huang Six, and Lu Gao were sitting around.

Lu Gao could not withstand the corrosive effects of the sword Qi and could only eat by the door.

Han Muye was deep in thought and said nothing.

Huang Six went out to stroll. When he returned, he was completely distracted.

Immediately, the atmosphere became heavy.

“Brother, I specially chose today’s meat to be extremely soft.” Lu Gao pointed at the big meat on the plate with his chopsticks and whispered ingratiatingly.

“Can’t I, Huang Zhenxiong, even eat a piece of meat? Do I need you to choose it?”

Huang Six slammed the bamboo chopsticks on the table and stood up, returning to the quiet room.

Lu Gao opened his mouth and looked at Han Muye with a bitter expression.

Han Muye shook his head and said, "Just ignore him."

In the afternoon, Han Muye hid in the quiet room and refined a few batches of Cloud Qi Pills.

Every Cloud Qi Pill obtained from refining pills with sword Qi was supreme-grade.

Moreover, he could obtain five pills per furnace.

Perhaps it was because his cultivation level had reached the Essence Cultivation Realm, or perhaps it was because his body tempering technique had improved, but Han Muye did not feel tired at all after refining pills for the entire afternoon.

When the sun set, Lu Gao closed the door of the Sword Pavilion. Han Muye came out of the quiet room and saw Huang Six, who smelled of alcohol.

Huang Six usually only drank before bed. He hardly drank during the day.

"Brother, what happened today?"

Han Muye frowned at Huang Six.

Huang Six had a good personality. Although he was a little stingy, he had extremely good to Han Muye.

Huang Six raised his head and looked at Han Muye with his yellow eyes. Then he shook his head and said, "Hey, kid, how can a pretty boy with endless love encounters like you understand the bitterness in my heart..."

'Endless love encounters?'

'Pretty boy?'

In Huang Six's heart, was he like this?

Han Muye wanted to refute, but he thought about Mu Wan and Bai Suzhen, who had asked Lu Gao to pass on a message and ask why he didn't go personally, and Qiao Qing'er, who had just come to the Sword Pavilion to apologize the day before.

Was it true that he was more popular with women than Huang Six?

Han Muye coughed lightly. "Ahem, Brother, didn't you say that there are three spiritual rocks at the foot of the mountain..."

It seemed that Huang Six had been holding it in for too long recently.

He had to relieve himself.

"Little Han, am I such a person in your eyes?" Huang Six glared at him.

"No, no," Han Muye quickly said with a smile.

Huang Six shook his head and raised his hand to touch the wine gourd. He grabbed it and shook it. It was empty.

He sighed, then whispered, "Brat Han, do you believe in fate?"

'Fate?'

'Believe what fate?'

Han Muye wanted to shake his head, but he suddenly had an idea and forced a sincere expression. "I believe you."

A good listener of gossip had to master cooperation.

Sure enough, Huang Six suddenly felt like he had found a confidant. He reached out and patted Han Muye's shoulder.

"I believe it too."

"Today, I saw her..."

'Her?'

Han Muye's eyes lit up. He was no longer sleepy.

After finding someone to confide in, Huang Six no longer felt depressed.

It turned out that his hometown was a small city thousands of kilometers away from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

More than ten years ago, a group of young people went to a cultivation sect to become disciples.

Among them were men and women.

The story was melodramatic.

Huang Six fell in love with one of the women at first sight.

However, he could only suppress his emotions.

They visited a few sects together. Originally, there were seven or eight people. Some stayed in the cultivation sects, while others returned to their hometowns.

That woman stayed in the sect. Huang Six was one who had returned to his hometown.

“So, Brother, you once said that you wanted to reach the Heaven Realm because of this, uh, sister-in-law?” Han Muye approached and asked in a low voice.

Hearing him mention sister-in-law, Huang Six’s already red face turned even redder.

The guy was still shy.

“At that time, I did say that I wanted her to see me reach the Heaven Realm.”

Huang Six muttered under his breath.

At this point, his shoulders trembled slightly. Then, he looked at Han Muye and lowered his voice. “Brat Han, I saw Sister Ping today.”

“It’s just that she doesn’t recognize me anymore...”

Huang Six leaned back in his chair dejectedly. He did not seem angry at all.

‘Saw?’

He saw a person who had joined another sect more than ten years ago in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

Han Muye’s heart skipped a beat, and he said, “They’re here for the gathering, right? Which sect is sister-in-law from?”

“Clear Wind Temple. Sister Ping is now an inner sect disciple of Clear Wind Temple.”

“Sigh, she’s already an inner sect disciple. I’m still an unknown Sword Caretaker. It’s good that she doesn’t know me...” Huang Six sighed again.

Clear Wind Temple.

Han Muye had seen this name from the memories of Qin Yuanhe’s sword.

This sect had already joined forces with the Great Spiritual Sword Sect.

Han Muye’s eyes narrowed slightly.

Chapter 49: Do you really think that just because you’re good-looking, everyone will care about you?

After sending the nagging Huang Six back to rest, Han Muye went to his room. As he cultivated, he thought about what Huang Six had said.

Clear Wind Temple was not a large sect. The only expert in the sect was its master, Daoist Deyue.

He seemed to be at half-step Earth Realm.

Even if such a sect betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, it would not be a big loss to the Sword Sect.

But would they make a move this time during the gathering?

If these people really did something, the outcome could be imagined.

It wouldn’t make much of a splash.

Originally, Han Muye did not care what these people would do. In any case, he was in the Sword Pavilion and no one could find him trouble.

He just did not expect these people to involve Huang Six's first love.

No, it was a crush at best.

Even if it was a crush, if this person was injured in the Sword Sect, Huang Six would probably be very sad.

He could not tell Huang Six about this directly.

It seemed that he had to think of a way to figure out the list of sects for the gathering and do something.

He was really meant to worry. Why did he have to know everything first?

In the morning, Han Muye met Huang Six in the small courtyard.

Huang Six, who looked drunk, was stretching his back and legs, exercising hard.

"Yo, Brother, you're early today." Han Muye held his sword and smiled.

"Morning..." Huang Six turned his head as he breathed heavily.

Seeing the smile on Han Muye's face, Huang Six seemed to remember something and blushed.

"Ahem, um, I drank too much last night and said a lot of things. Don't take it seriously, don't take it seriously," Huang Six hurriedly said with a red face.

Han Muye waved his sword and nodded. "What drunken words did Brother say?"

"Are you saying that becoming a Heaven Realm expert is drunk talk, or is everything about sister-in-law drunk talk?"

Huang Six's face was as red as a pig's liver. He reached out and took the outer robe hanging on the branch before leaving.

"Where are you going, Brother?"

“To eat breakfast.”

“You’re not going to look for sister-in-law?”

“...”

In the small courtyard, Han Muye smiled and waved his sword. The sword light began to become sharp.

Invisible sword Qi began to gather.

With his cultivation at the Essence Energy Realm, even if he was only at the first level of the Essence Energy Realm, he could be considered a proper cultivator.

The sword light was very bright.

“Brother is safe and sound in the Sword Pavilion as a Sword Caretaker. I hope you won’t affect his life.”

Han Muye said softly and stabbed out with his sword.

“Slash—”

A faint sword mark appeared on the stone wall ahead.

In the morning, Huang Six sat behind the long table at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, bored and distracted.

“Brother, why don’t you go out for a walk?”

Han Muye turned to look at him.

“Okay—” Huang Six subconsciously agreed. Then he was stunned and shook his head. “Forget it. I’m not going anywhere.”

“Are you really not going?” Han Muye stood up and said, “If you’re not going, I’ll go out then.”

With that, he walked out of the Sword Pavilion.

Huang Six opened his mouth and watched Han Muye walk out. After being stunned for a moment, he stood up and walked out of the pavilion.

“Brother, you’re leaving too?” At the door, Lu Gao hurried over.

“I’m going to walk around.” Huang Six looked up and walked down the steps with his hands behind his back.

“Today’s meat...” Lu Gao called after him.

“I want the big ribs,” came Huang Six’s voice.

“You’re already toothless, yet you’re still gnawing on bones...” Lu Gao muttered softly as he watched Huang Six leave the Sword Pavilion.

He turned to look at the Sword Pavilion door and felt the sword Qi inside. He couldn’t help but tremble and retract his head. He leaned against the door frame and dozed.

This was how an errand in the Sword Pavilion was like.

It was plain and unadorned.

Han Muye left the Sword Pavilion and went straight to the trading square in front of the Medical Hall.

Standing at the door of Suzhen Restaurant, he took a deep breath before striding in.

Bai Suzhen was not easy to deal with.

After walking into the Suzhen Restaurant, other than Bai Suzhen, there was also a female cultivator in a pink martial arts suit.

The two of them were chatting happily when Han Muye walked in. The pink-dressed female cultivator immediately shut up. Bai Suzhen looked up and her face lit up.

“My Senior Brother Han, you’re really a rare guest...”

Bai Suzhen’s eyes lit up as she walked out from behind the counter and leaned towards Han Muye.

However, after taking two steps, she saw the surprise in the eyes of the female cultivator in pink beside and stopped.

“Go ahead.” Han Muye waved his hand and looked away.

He was an upright person and wasn’t used to flirting with Bai Suzhen.

Yes, after doing business for a long time, he still had to learn to get used to some things.

Bai Suzhen nodded and turned to whisper to the female cultivator in pink.

After a while, the female cultivator quietly took out a high-grade spiritual rock and stuffed it into Bai Suzhen’s hand. Bai Suzhen handed over a jade bottle.

“It’s really a supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill!”

The female cultivator in pink exclaimed in surprise, then tightened her grip on the bottle and looked at Bai Suzhen. “Sister Bai, do you still have this pill? I’ll increase the price by 1,000 spiritual rocks.”

“11,000 spiritual rocks each. This is much higher than the market price.”

The female cultivator’s voice was not low. Han Muye, who was holding an herb in his hand, felt his arm tremble.

11,000 spiritual rocks for a supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill.

She paid 3,000 spiritual rocks for one and sold at 11,000 spiritual rocks, earning the difference as the middleman.

‘What a scheming profiteer!’

Turning his head slightly, Han Muye’s gaze met Bai Suzhen’s.

Bai Suzhen turned her head awkwardly and looked at the female cultivator in pink. She whispered, “Sister Yuxia, if I still have this pill, I’ll definitely sell it to you at the market price. Why would I need you to increase the price?”

The female cultivator nodded and put away the jade bottle. Then, she gritted her teeth and said hatefully, “I wonder who from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect actually broke my brother’s Dao core with just a few words.”

“Now that his cultivation has stagnated, he can’t cultivate the Sword Dao anymore. If not for this supreme-grade pill helping him stabilize his dantian and meridians, he would probably be crippled.”

“If I find out who that person is, I’ll break his bones.”

Han Muye looked curiously at the female cultivator in pink.

The female cultivator’s aura was solemn and she emitted a sharp sword intent. She was clearly an expert.

Then her brother would probably be even more powerful.

A few words could break one’s Dao core?

‘Who’s that good?’

Hearing the pink-clothed female cultivator’s words, Bai Suzhen said softly, “I didn’t regard your brother’s cultivation technique – swinging the sword millions of times and crushing the mountain with one strike – well.”

“When he really swings his sword a million times and finds that he’s still the same, I’m afraid he’ll be even more disheartened.”

‘Swing the sword a million times?’

‘Cracking rocks and destroying mountains?’

Wasn’t this person an outer sect instructor, Instructor Lin Shen?

Those few words had broken his Dao heart...

“Ahem, could this lady’s brother be Instructor Lin from the outer sect?” Han Muye looked at the female cultivator and asked in a low voice.

The female cultivator looked up at Han Muye, then turned to look at Bai Suzhen.

“Sister Bai, watch your Senior Brother Han. Don’t hit on any female cultivators he sees.”

After the female cultivator finished speaking, she glanced at Han Muye from the corner of her eye and strode out of Suzhen Restaurant.

“Do you really think that just because you’re good-looking, everyone will care about you?”

“I, Lin Yuxia, don’t fall for this.”

Han Muye shook his head and looked at Bai Suzhen.

“Storeowner Bai, shouldn’t we set a new price for this Cloud Qi Pill?”

Chapter 50: If they really have other intentions, just destroy them

The businesswoman bought at 3,000 spiritual rocks and sold them for 10,000, making a net profit of 7,000 spiritual rocks.

Wasn’t this a little too much?

Seeing Han Muye’s unfriendly expression, Bai Suzhen walked over with a smile.

“Senior Brother Han, I’m also earning hard money. The market price of a supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pill is only 4,000 to 5,000 spiritual rocks per pill.”

“Sister Yuxia only increased the price because she needed it urgently.”

“How about this? I won’t earn anything from her. I’ll give you all of it. How about that?”

Bai Suzhen handed a high-grade spiritual rock to Han Muye reluctantly.

Han Muye took the spiritual rock and stuffed it into his pocket. Then he said coldly, “Most people who buy supreme-grade pills are in urgent need, right?”

Bai Suzhen’s smile froze and she didn’t answer.

Han Muye took out two small jade bottles and placed them on the counter.

“I” charge you at half the cost. 5,000 spiritual rocks each. You’ll pay for all the herbs.”

5,000 spiritual rocks meant that the price was almost doubled.

Bai Suzhen had a bitter expression and was about to speak when Han Muye retracted his hand.

“Do you want it?”

“If you don’t want it, I’ll take it and our agreement is void.”

He turned to walk out of Suzhen Restaurant.

“Yes, yes, I want—” Bai Suzhen grabbed his arm, her eyes filled with desire.

“Senior Brother, I want...”

“Whatever you say. It’s a deal, right?”

...

15 minutes later, Han Muye left Suzhen Restaurant in satisfaction with 11 high-grade spiritual rocks in his arms.

He even asked Bai Suzhen to keep an eye out and ask about the sects that had come to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s gathering. At the same time, she should also paid attention to whether there were any sects that had ill intentions towards the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

This made Bai Suzhen say that he was worried for the sect elders.

Han Muye couldn’t be bothered to stay in Suzhen Restaurant for too long. He kept the spiritual rocks and left.

His pocket felt very heavy and solid, but he was considering if he should get a ring that could store items like Bai Suzhen.

This item wasn’t cheap. Why don’t he think of a way to get Bai Suzhen’s?

“Are you Senior Brother Han from the Sword Pavilion?”

Han Muye looked up and saw a female cultivator standing in front of him.

Jin Yuan.

It was the one who had seen through that he would not live for more than seven days.

Han Muye felt that he had survived thanks to Jin Yuan’s reminder.

“So it’s Lady Jin Yuan.”

Han Muye cupped his hands.

“You’re not dead... No, has the problem of your lifespan been resolved?” Jin Yuan sized up Han Muye and muttered.

Was she very surprised that he wasn’t dead?

“Ahem, Lady, thanks for your concern. I don’t have to worry about my lifespan for the time being,” Han Muye said.

If his body could not balance with the power of the sword intent, his lifespan would still be affected.

In other words, he could still withstand it for the time being.

Jin Yuan nodded and said in a low voice, “It’s good that you don’t have to worry. Junior Sister Mu Wan has been worried about your lifespan.”

Mu Wan.

Han Muye hurriedly said, “Lady, do you know how is Junior Sister Mu Wan at the sect and why did she join the sect?”

There were cases of cultivators changing sects, but not many.

Even if an alchemy cultivator like Mu Wan did not care about being valued in the sect, she would not change sects for no reason.

“You don’t know?” Jin Yuan frowned and said in a low voice, “The Mu family is an alchemy family. Junior Sister Mu Wan’s direct ancestor is a powerful alchemist who can refine sixth-grade pills.”

“The disciples of the Mu family are not restricted when cultivating in the various sects.”

Sixth-grade pill!

Han Muye, who had some understanding of alchemy, naturally knew how precious a sixth-grade pill was.

A sixth-grade pill was extremely important even to a Heaven Realm expert.

An alchemist who could refine a sixth-grade pill had the same status as a Heaven Realm expert.

No wonder the disciples of the Mu family could cultivate at will in the various sects.

Which sect would not give face to the Mu family's ancestor?

Thinking of Huang Six's previous matchmaking, Han Muye's heart trembled.

Was the Mu family's ancestor that impressive? How great would it be to be related!

Mu Wan was such a good girl. How could he have missed her...

Jin Yuan stopped talking and walked past Han Muye.

After taking a few steps, she suddenly turned around and said, "Senior Brother Han, my master will definitely be curious about how you solved your lifespan issue. If you have time, you can come to the Waterside Residence to take a look."

At the Waterside Residence lived Elder Su Liang.

Han Muye nodded and said, "Thank you for the reminder, lady. I'll definitely go when I'm free."

This Elder Su Liang was the only person in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect who could refine pills that could increase lifespan. If he could build a relationship with her, it would definitely be useful.

After leaving the market, Han Muye went straight to the inner sect.

He did not know many people in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Currently, the one with the highest status was probably Tuoba Cheng of Three Stones House.

As for the Sword Pavilion elder, he had not been down to the third floor for a few days. How could he be in charge of the sect?

When he arrived at Three Stones House, Zhao Pu was not around. He directly asked to see Tuoba Cheng.

After climbing up the wooden building, the tall Tuoba Cheng laughed. “Little Han, are you too free at the Sword Pavilion and can’t take it?”

“Back then, we were all cultivating diligently. Only your Elder Gao kept shouting that he was bored to death.”

Although he had nothing to do in the Sword Pavilion, he did not have nothing to do.

At least Han Muye was willing to polish the words every day and nurture his sword Qi.

“Uncle-Master, I’m here to report something.”

Han Muye cupped his hands, then told him what he had made up.

He was talking about the last time he left the sect with Mo Yuan. When he was intercepted by the disciples of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect in the Mo family, a Myriad Sword Elder saved him.

Among them, they accidentally heard from the people of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect that they had already instigated several sects to defect.

“I didn’t hear it too clearly at the time. I only remember the Suyang Sect.”

“By the way, I wonder if their sect master’s name is Liu Lishen.”

Han Muye modified the information he had obtained from Qin Yuanhe’s sword and explained.

“Liu Lishen? He’s indeed the sect master of the Suyang Sect.” Tuoba Cheng frowned, then his eyes flickered.

“However, a few small sects have been attached to our Nine Mystic Sword Sect in the past. Seeing that they are obedient, they did not take actions.”

“If they really have other intentions, we’ll just destroy them.”

There was no killing intent in Tuoba Cheng’s words, as if he was talking about an ordinary matter.

“Uncle-Master, when I was in the outer sect yesterday, I heard that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect gathered the neighbouring sects.”

“Someone from the Suyang Sect has also come to the Nine Mystic Mountain.”

Han Muye spoke softly.

“He came to the Nine Mystic Mountain?” An indescribable power finally rose from Tuoba Cheng.

“Alright, I understand.”

He waved his hand and spoke calmly.

Han Muye cupped his hands and turned to go downstairs.

It was done.

As long as Tuoba Cheng took action himself or the sect took action and directly destroyed the Suyang Sect, he believed that he could definitely make an example of them.

The other participating sects definitely did not dare to take actions rashly.

This way, Huang Six’s secret lover would not be hurt on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

As for the future, that could wait.

After wandering around, it was already afternoon when Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion.

As soon as he reached the door of the Sword Pavilion, Lu Gao welcomed him.

“Senior Brother Han, a few senior brothers from the inner and outer sect came to bid farewell to you just now. They left when you weren’t around.”

‘Farewell?’

It seemed that Zhao Youzhi and Jiang Han had left the sect to complete the mission to eliminate the Three Qin Sword Sect.

“Their mission this time is to eliminate the Three Qin Sword Sect. Their leader is the deacon elder, Su Yuan.”

“It’s said that the fire-type lineage has sent out a large number of experts this time to avenge the 13 fellow disciples who died last time.”

Lu Gao told him everything he had heard.