

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion - Chapter 61 - This is the true power of the Western Frontier sect!

Chapter 61: This is the true power of the Western Frontier sect!

“Please tell me what went wrong with my sword technique?”

The person standing in front of Han Muye was the young man who had previously demonstrated his sword technique and was said by Han Muye to be wrong.

At this moment, he stood ten feet in front of Han Muye. His eyes were red, and he gritted his teeth. His hand was firmly on the hilt of his sword, as if he would draw his sword if Han Muye did not explain clearly.

Lu Qingping moved and stood in front of Han Muye.

In the Zhenling treasure shop, all the people were squeezing by the window sill as they quietly stuck their heads out.

They were watching.

“Senior Sister Lu, let me settle it.”

Han Muye spoke calmly, then walked forward.

Lu Qingping placed her hand on the hilt of her sword and looked at the young man in front of her warily. If this person dared to move, she would definitely draw her sword immediately.

Han Muye stood five feet in front of the young man clad in black, then extended his hand and said, “Give me the sword.”

‘Sword?’

‘Hand it over?’

The young man’s expression changed.

To a sword cultivator, the sword in his hand was his life.

Handing the sword to someone else was equivalent to giving his life to an outsider.

“Alright, don’t lie to me.” The young man’s face darkened as he slowly handed over the sword in his hand.

Han Muye reached for the hilt.

“Clang—”

He unsheathed the sword.

The sword was very light. There were many damages on the thin blade.

Holding the hilt, images flashed through Han Muye’s mind.

An orphan was being adopted by a swordsman.

He would practice the sword techniques and obtain the inheritance.

Unfortunately, before he could finish imparting the swordsman’s inheritance, he was intercepted.

The young man had escaped with his life and only wanted revenge.

With his incomplete sword techniques, not only did he fail to kill his enemies, he was even constantly being hunted.

Fortunately, he had some fortuitous encounters recently and gained some wealth. He wanted to exchange for a long sword to increase his combat strength.

This was the norm in the cultivation world.

There were as many people in the world as there were dust. They were already lucky to be able to step into the cultivation world.

Those who could become disciples of the sect and obtain the protection of the sect and cultivate without worry were probably all lucky.

After seeing the memories of the sword in his hand, Han Muye knew that the sword technique that the young man in front of him had mastered was not complete.

It was not as complete as the sword move he had deduced with his maximum-level comprehension. Its lethality was greatly insufficient.

Holding the sword, Han Muye turned his head.

Two faint red bull phantoms appeared on his body.

He raised his sword and slashed it straight at his side.

“What are you—”

The black-clothed young man roared in panic, but his figure was blocked by Lu Qingping’s sword light. He could only watch as his sword was ruthlessly slashed by Han Muye on the stone steps.

“Clang—”

The stone steps were shattered, and the sword broke in two.

After slashing out, Han Muye reached out and threw the remaining foot-long broken sword at the black-clothed youth.

The young man in black grabbed the broken sword and rushed towards Han Muye with red eyes.

However, Lu Qingping’s sword light would not give him a chance to hurt Han Muye. The sword light swept over and blocked him.

“Get out of the way!”

The young man roared and slashed the broken sword in his hand at Lu Qingping.

He had just slashed out when he remembered that the sword had broken.

Subconsciously, he moved his feet and approached Lu Qingping by two feet. Then, he stabbed out with his broken sword again.

With the sword each inch shorter, he was in greater danger by an inch!

If Lu Qingping raised her sword, she would definitely be able to pierce through the young man in black.

However, the young man in black's sword could also cut off Lu Qingping's arm.

Lu Qingping frowned and took a step back.

The young man in black moved and did not move an inch. The broken sword in his hand drew an arc and swiped at Lu Qingping's neck.

"He'll turn left with his next strike."

Just as Lu Qingping was about to block with her sword, Han Muye suddenly spoke.

Lu Qingping did not hesitate and slashed at the left side of her body.

At this moment, the young man in black really moved and floated out from Lu Qingping's left side. He attacked again.

"Next strike, pay attention to your lower ribs."

"Behind."

"This strike is a false move."

...

Han Muye spoke calmly. Lu Qingping followed the sword and calmly blocked the young man's attack. Her steps were light and her movements smooth.

However, at this moment, everyone's attention was neither on Lu Qingping nor Han Muye.

Everyone looked at the black-robed young man whose sword light was like a shooting star and his body moved like a butterfly.

His broken sword, which was only about a foot long, was strange and agile. His figure was ethereal, and every strike was as brilliant as a galaxy.

A partial cultivator with a broken sword had suppressed a sect disciple.

This scene was unbelievable.

“Why do I feel that this broken sword is the most suitable for this guy...” In the Zhenling Treasure Shop, the shopkeeper muttered.

The others around him nodded silently.

This broken sword was actually extremely compatible with the black-robed youth’s sword technique.

“He’s going to throw his sword in the next move. This is the killing move of this sword technique.” Han Muye suddenly shouted.

Lu Qingping took a step back when she heard this. The spiritual energy around her turned into a light screen, and the green sword Qi on the sword in her hand floated.

Qi Condensation Realm.

Ten feet away, the young man in black held the broken sword with a pained expression.

He had seen the move Han Muye mentioned before, but he couldn’t use it.

Because he had not mastered the essence of it.

His arm trembling, he looked up at Han Muye.

“How—how do you know all this...?”

“You—you know my godfather?”

Han Muye shook his head and said softly, “Your sword technique shouldn’t be so dangerous, but more agile and light.”

“As for that last move, you can use it when you trust your sword.”

With that, Han Muye walked straight ahead.

Lu Qingping sheathed her sword and followed behind him.

The young man in black’s face kept twitching. He suddenly turned around and looked at Han Muye’s back. “I’m Tang Yunhao. Senior Brother, can you tell me your name?”

Han Muye waved and left.

“Is this the inner sect disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?” In front of the shop, a white-haired old man looked into the distance and sighed.

“This is the true power of the Western Frontier sect!

“As expected of the third of the four major sword sects of the Western Frontier. An inner sect disciple actually has such capability. Impressive, impressive.”

In front of the Zhenling Treasure Store, all kinds of discussions slowly boiled.

The power of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was displayed in front of everyone again.

Tang Yunhao held the broken sword in his hand, lowered his head, and disappeared into the market.

“Well, Manager He, I want the sword that Senior Brother from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect commented on just now.”

“How many spiritual rocks are you selling the Qingxue Sword for? Tell me the price. That senior brother has already said that this sword is too brittle.”

In the Zhenling Treasure Shop, a few cultivators surrounded the shopkeeper, making the fat on his face lighten.

Today’s business was booming.

...

At this moment, Han Muye, who had already reached the entrance of the market, suddenly stopped and turned to walk towards a roadside stall.

There were a few swords there.

“How much is this sword?” Han Muye pointed at a sword less than three feet long.

“Fellow Daoist, you have a good eye. I only received this sword yesterday. It cost a thousand spiritual rocks in total. If Fellow Daoist likes it, I—”

Before the black-robed old man could finish speaking, Han Muye had already placed 11 medium-grade spiritual rocks at the stall. Then, he grabbed the sword and turned to Lu Qingping. "Senior Sister Lu, let's go back."

Although Lu Qingping was curious why Han Muye had bought a sword at a roadside stall, she did not ask further. She nodded and walked out of the market.

After finding the carriage, they returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain much faster than when they came.

An hour later, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was already in sight.

"Swoosh—"

In the sky, streams of light streaked past like stars, illuminating the sky.

Many people were riding their swords in the air.

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect conquered the Three Qin Sword Sect. The guest elder, the Myriad Sword Ancestor, killed the Three Qin Sword Sect's Earth Realm Elder, Wang Liang, with a single strike. He snatched the spiritual weapon and returned it to the sect—"

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect conquered the Three Qin Sword Sect, and the Sword Battle Hall destroyed the Three Qin Sword Sect's Southern Yuan Branch. They obtained six semi-spiritual weapons and sent them to the Sword Pavilion—"

"Clang—"

"Clang—"

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, a bronze bell rang.

They welcomed the swords into the pavilion.

Chapter 62: That Myriad Sword Ancestor is really a peerless sword cultivator!

"Senior Sister Lu, I'll return to the Sword Pavilion first."

Han Muye jumped out of the carriage and flew away. The shadows of iron bulls appeared behind him.

“Is this the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker?”

Lu Qingping watched Han Muye leave, her expression changing.

She gripped the newly purchased sword in her hand and drove the carriage slowly forward.

At this moment, the sky was filled with streams of light. Sword light lingered on the Nine Mystic Mountain, as magnificent as a paradise.

...

When Han Muye arrived at the Sword Pavilion, the Sword Pavilion Elder was already standing on the stone steps.

Behind him, Huang Six looked apologetic.

Further back, there were two more figures.

‘Lu Gao, and Instructor Lin?’

Han Muye strode to the Sword Pavilion Elder and bowed.

The Sword Pavilion elder did not speak and only waved his hand.

Han Muye stood up and walked to Huang Six’s side. He turned to look at Instructor Lin.

Lin Shen grinned at him.

On the mountain path, a group of red-robed disciples of the Sword Sect had already arrived with swords.

“Sword Battle Hall Deacon Xia Yang is here to send the sword into the pavilion.”

In front of the stone steps of the Sword Pavilion, an old man in his fifties held a sword in both hands and shouted.

Behind him, everyone held their swords with both hands, and fierce battle intent burst forth from their bodies.

Huang Six stepped forward and took the sword from Xia Yang's hand, handing it to the Sword Pavilion Elder.

The Sword Pavilion Elder unsheathed the sword and observed it for a moment before saying, "The Sword Pavilion has recorded a spiritual sword. Send it to the second floor."

Huang Six held the sword and left. Han Muye looked up at him and was about to take it.

Huang Six shook his head and whispered, "I'll do it." He entered the Sword Pavilion and went to the second floor.

Soon, Huang Six came downstairs, his face pale.

"The Sword Battle Hall obtained six swords in one battle and are sending them to the pavilion."

After the spiritual sword was sent into the Sword Pavilion, Xia Yang spoke again.

Behind him, a few red-robed disciples walked forward with swords.

This time, the Sword Pavilion Elder waved his hand and said calmly, "Put away the swords."

After saying that, he looked at Xia Yang. "Junior Brother Xia, how's the cultivation of that guest elder, Patriarch Wanjian? Was he injured in this battle?"

As Han Muye and Huang Six kept the swords, they listened to Xia Yang talk to the Sword Pavilion Elder.

The 15 Earth Realm experts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect attacked the Three Qin Sword Sect and directly destroyed their fighting spirit.

Currently, only the sect's encampment was left in the entire Three Qin Sword Sect. It would not take long for them to be destroyed.

This was the true way to show off the methods of the large sects.

Only by destroying mountains and the morale could they stabilize the battle.

When Han Muye put away the third sword, the red-robed disciple holding the sword grinned and handed it to Han Muye.

Sun Dayong.

Last time, he was an outer sect disciple who had spent 10 spiritual rocks to invite Han Muye to choose a sword and received guidance.

After that, Han Muye even drank with them and asked them to look for Mo Yuan to participate in the mission.

This time, the elder of the Three Qin Sword Sect was killed by Mo Yuan.

As for Mo Yuan's title as a guest elder, Han Muye was not surprised.

It was not difficult for an expert with the strength to kill an Earth Realm expert to become a guest elder of the Sword Sect.

After all the swords were sent into the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye, who had walked to the door, gave Sun Dayong a look and the two of them walked to the side.

"Senior Brother Han, that Myriad Sword Ancestor is really, really..." Sun Dayong sighed and then stuck out his thumb. "He's really a peerless sword cultivator..."

Sun Dayong stretched out his hand and waved it in the air a few times. His face was flushed and his eyes were bright.

"The Three Qin Sword Sect elder who dragged out a sword and made all of us unable to raise our heads was killed by the Myriad Sword Ancestor with a single strike."

"How impressive."

After waiting for a while, seeing that Han Muye was still looking at him, Sun Dayong coughed awkwardly. "Well, anyway, he's really powerful. I just know he's really powerful."

'Fine.'

Han Muye smiled and patted Sun Dayong on the shoulder. He said in a low voice, "This kind of mission gets more and more dangerous at the end. You're still an outer sect disciple. If you really have to join the fight, stand behind."

"How can I not—" Before Sun Dayong could finish, he saw Han Muye glaring at him and quickly scratched his head. "Senior Brother Han is right. I'll stand at the back."

On the other side, Xia Yang had already cupped his hands at the Sword Pavilion Elder and was prepared to leave.

Sun Dayong took a step forward and whispered, "Senior Brother Han, is there anything you want?"

'What I want?'

'What did that mean?'

Seeing that Han Muye was puzzled, Sun Dayong lowered his voice and said, "Senior Brother Jiang Han and Senior Brother Zhao from the inner sect asked me to deliver the sword so that I can ask. If you need anything, we'll help you keep an eye out."

He looked around and whispered, "After breaking the gates of the Three Qin Sword Sect, there are quite a few good items."

Han Muye nodded.

Indeed, be it immortal or mortal, battle rewards were the greatest windfall.

He pondered for a moment and said in a low voice, "If there are any medicinal pills or spiritual herbs that can increase lifespan, help me keep an eye out."

At this point, he chuckled. "Don't worry, I don't lack spiritual rocks. I won't let you work for nothing."

"How can I..." Sun Dayong wanted to say more, but the other side had already urged him.

Han Muye patted Sun Dayong's arm and said solemnly, "Be careful."

Sun Dayong nodded seriously and turned to leave.

Watching Sun Dayong and the others leave, Han Muye turned his head and smiled at Lin Shen.

“Instructor Lin, why are you in the Sword Pavilion?”

Lin Shen laughed. “Brother Han, I’m no longer Instructor Lin.”

He pointed at the Sword Pavilion behind him. “I quit my job as an outer sect instructor. From now on, I’ll be the Sword Pavilion’s sword protector.”

‘Sword protector?’

Han Muye frowned at Huang Six.

“Ahem, when our Sword Pavilion was flourishing, there were sword protectors. There were no more only afterwards,” Huang Six said awkwardly.

Han Muye nodded.

‘There really is a role like that.’

“Does the Sword Pavilion need to pay the sword protectors with spiritual rocks?” Han Muye asked curiously.

The Sword Pavilion had already raised an idle person, Lu Gao. If they were to raise another one, they would not have much income. It seemed like they would have nothing to feed on.

Although they did not lack spiritual rocks, they could not be extravagant, right?

“That’s no need for that.” Lin Shen shook his head and said proudly, “I’m getting a salary from the inner sect.”

Then, he looked at Lu Gao. “Brother Lu, let’s go to the dining hall to bring food back.”

Lu Gao nodded quickly.

No matter who came, he was the one with the lowest status.

Watching the two of them leave, Han Muye chuckled and shook his head.

Instructor Lin's choice was really impressive. He came to the Sword Pavilion to work and could ask him if he had any questions.

This was probably Lin Chongxiao's idea.

Otherwise, with Instructor Lin's brain, he would not have thought of this.

"Brother Han, how is it?"

Huang Six quietly leaned over, a hint of nervousness on his face.

"How can I not complete the mission Brother gave me?"

Han Muye laughed and walked into the Sword Pavilion, heading for his room.

Behind him, Huang Six felt relieved, a comfortable smile on his face.

"Brother Han, I trust you to settle matters."

"By the way, how many spiritual rocks did you spend? If it's not enough, record it down and I will definitely pay you back."

Behind Han Muye, Huang Six spoke again.

"Not much, not much. Just treat it as a gift from me."

Han Muye's voice came from the room, making Huang Six as happy as a daisy.

"What gift? Things aren't even confirmed yet..."

In the room, Han Muye sat cross-legged on the wooden couch. In his hand, half of a broken sword appeared.

The blade of Tang Yunhao's sword.

Previously, in the market, Han Muye had seen some secrets that surprised him.

Chapter 63: Cloud Golden Lotus Seed, a treasure to increase aptitude

Holding the broken sword, images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

Tang Yunhao's adoptive father, the swordsman named Tang Ze, was a partial cultivator.

Not anyone was willing to be a partial cultivator.

Most partial cultivators had inherited their families and had greater freedom than in the sect.

Most partial cultivators still did not have enough aptitude or had delayed their cultivation time and did not have the chance to enter a cultivation sect.

Tang Ze was not talented enough. Like Han Muye, he had a ninth-grade aptitude. The few sects did not accept him, so he became a disciple of a solo sword cultivator.

The sword technique passed down in their lineage was the Flying Flowers Sword Technique. It was said that it originated from outside the Western Frontier.

Tang Ze had yet to break through to the Foundation Establishment realm. The biggest reason was that his cultivation aptitude was not enough.

In order to change his cultivation aptitude, he searched hard for all kinds of treasures that could change his cultivation aptitude.

He had indeed found a secret place.

The secret land of the cultivation world contained spiritual energy. It was a blessed land where the power of heaven and earth gathered and growth naturally occurred.

There was such a place on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

Tang Ze and a few other partial cultivators accidentally entered the secret place and saw a Cloud Golden Lotus.

A single Cloud Golden Lotus seed could increase a cultivator's aptitude by one grade.

If the golden lotus flower formed a lotus seed head and produced a few lotus seeds, it could increase a cultivator's aptitude by several levels.

If a ninth-grade Golden Lotus nurtured nine lotus seeds and one had consumed all the seeds, it could allow one's skills to soar to the sky.

This was a treasure that could increase a cultivator's aptitude.

There was no need to say what happened after that.

The treasure was too tempting. The people who were originally teammates turned into enemies and attacked each other. Tang Ze became the one who had lost.

Tang Ze was not a good person either. He had also killed his teammates and held back from his adopted son, Tang Yunhao. He had hidden the last move of the inherited sword technique.

Moreover, even until his death, Tang Ze did not tell Tang Yunhao about the golden lotus.

This was the world of partial cultivators.

"80,000 kilometers away, there's the Blazing Demon Valley."

Han Muye opened his eyes and said softly.

This secret place was actually not far from the Blazing Demon Valley.

That was where demon beasts roamed.

"Calculating based on the time when the golden lotus initially bloomed, there are still a few years before it bears the seeds."

"I wonder who will pick them when the time comes?"

Needless to say, the person who picked it was naturally the final winner of the battle.

Han Muye's eyes lit up.

He also wanted a treasure that could increase his cultivation aptitude by one level.

There was no hurry.

There was still time.

When he walked out of the room, a small table had been set up at the entrance of the Sword Pavilion. There were all kinds of meat and vegetables on it.

Han Muye leaned over without standing on ceremony.

“Hehe, Senior Brother Han, it was quiet when we went to the dining hall today.”

Han Muye sat down, and Lu Gao immediately said proudly.

Huang Six said angrily, “They still dare to complain after killing an Earth Realm elder of the Three Qin Sword Sect? It’s almost impossible to establish a sect again. It has been passed down for so many years.”

Indeed, when they received the sword into the pavilion, the ringing of the bell on the Nine Mystic Mountain greatly shocked him.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was serious. No matter what sect it was, as long as it was not the Nine Great Sects, as long as there was no Heaven Realm expert holding down the fort, they could destroy it.

An Earth Realm expert could usually be called a patriarch. But so what?

The sword was sent over to the Sword Pavilion just like that.

This was the domineering aura of the third of the four major sword sects.

Without the same strength, you’d better listen obediently.

Those sects that originally had all sorts of complaints could only remain quiet.

Regardless of whether they had betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect or not, no one wanted to become the next Three Qin Sword Sect.

Han Muye was also glad that he had come to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

It was true that it was easy to take advantage of a great support.

At this moment, the meat he was eating was probably much sweeter than those who had betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

In the afternoon, Lin Shen indeed asked Han Muye about the technique of exerting strength with his sword. Then, he starting swining his sword in the limestone square in front of the Sword Pavilion.

He used all his strength in every strike, as if he was facing a mortal enemy.

At this moment, his sword technique had an indescribable meaning.

After watching Lin Shen swing his sword for a while, Han Muye went to wipe the swords while Huang Six filled in the records for receiving the sword in the morning.

Lu Gao sat in the doorway again, digesting his food.

According to the servants who had joined with him previously, many people from other sects had come recently. They had to prepare to set up the venue for the gathering and were all exhausted.

Those outer sect disciples did not dare to offend the inner sect disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, and they were not welcomed, so they vented their anger on the servant disciples.

Lu Gao smiled as he imagined the suffering of others.

He reached out to touch his chest and felt the dense spiritual energy coming from the spiritual stones. He felt that he was about to ascend to immortality.

There was really something to look forward to in his life.

In the afternoon, Han Muye, who was focused on nourishing his sword Qi and wiping the swords, heard Lu Gao's shout from outside the Sword Pavilion.

"Sword Pavilion's rules for receiving swords, bathe and change your clothes, burn the incense to calm the mind—"

"Senior Brother Lin? Why are you here?" Lu Gao's voice was interrupted by a surprised cry.

"Uh, you know each other? Then, you guys should continue..." Lu Gao glanced at the bald man in front of him and shrank back.

Hearing the voice, Han Muye walked out of the Sword Pavilion.

Zhao Pu.

An elite disciple of Three Stones House.

At this moment, Zhao Pu seemed to have learnt from Lin Shen why he was here. He looked excited.

Seeing Han Muye, Zhao Pu cupped his hands and said, “Thank you, Brother Han.”

Back then, when Lin Chongxiao was under Tuoba Cheng, Three Stones House was at its peak.

Zhao Pu had a good relationship with Lin Chongxiao and Lin Shen.

“Senior Brother Zhao, what’s the matter?”

Han Muye spoke.

Zhao Pu nodded and looked around. Then he said, “Let’s talk over there.”

Zhao Pu did not need to receive a sword, so he naturally had something on at the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye guessed that it was most likely because he had snitched on Tuoba Cheng last time.

Was he here to deliver a reward?

When the two of them walked to the square outside the Sword Pavilion, Zhao Pu turned around and said, “Brother Han, Master said that he has noted what you said last time, but this time, the sect won’t deal with it directly.”

‘Noted?’

‘But won’t deal with it directly?’

Han Muye was slightly taken aback.

What did he mean?

He didn’t reward him for his great contribution in reporting the matter and only remembered it?

Zhao Pu looked at Han Muye apologetically and said in a low voice, "The Sword Sect has already launched an attack on the Three Qin Sword Sect. They're trying to establish their might. It's not good to make a move here. Otherwise, it will arouse the suspicion of the various sects."

"The sect means to pretend that we don't know anything about this gathering."

'Pretend to not know anything?'

'Wouldn't his great merit be for nothing then?'

Han Muye was a little disappointed.

"But it's not as if we're not doing anything." Zhao Pu grinned, then said, "This time, the Three Stones House is in charge of hosting the gathering."

"I guarantee that not many people from the Suyang Sect will be able to walk down the Nine Mystic Mountain in the end."

Han Muye nodded.

If they couldn't do it openly, they would have to do it secretly.

However, the Suyang Sect was not the only betraying sect that had come to the Nine Mystic Mountain for the gathering.

"Master asked me to come to the Sword Pavilion to ask for a semi-spiritual-level sword to be sent to the Three Stones House as the final prize for this gathering."

"Don't choose the good ones. Just something to fool those country bumpkins will do."

Zhao Pu reached out and patted Han Muye's shoulder. He smiled and said, "I heard that the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretakers are good at choosing swords. They can assign a sword to a compatible person and a person to a compatible sword?"

'Choose a sword?'

Was this task difficult?

Chapter 64: White Tiger Scroll

A semi-spiritual artifact was not too valuable, but it was still a treasure in an ordinary sect.

The sword didn't need to be too good. In any case, it was just a reward for the gathering.

Zhao Pu left, and Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion to tell Huang Six about this.

"Isn't that easy?" Huang Six grinned and opened the record.

"Sword Three Eight Five Four, Illusion Light."

Han Muye followed the label on the wooden shelf and found the location of the sword.

On the wooden shelf, there was no need to look. A sword that was shining with golden light and flowing with light was already in sight.

This sword was stunning.

Han Muye reached for the hilt. After a moment, a strange expression flashed across his face, and the corners of his mouth curled up.

Huang Six had not been a sword caretaker for nothing all these years. The sword he chose was really suitable as a reward for the gathering.

The sword was forged from steel and was a treasure among mortal weapons.

Its appearance was even more impeccable.

But this sword could only be for viewing.

This sword was specially forged during the sect's inner sect ceremony to allow disciples to perform martial arts.

It had sacrificed its flexibility for the dazzling sword light. Each strike with the sword was like a silver bottle exploding.

In the hands of low-level cultivators, this sword was naturally a rare treasure.

But in the hands of an expert, it was completely useless.

The sword intent was infused and immediately shattered.

He held the Illusion Light Sword and walked to the long table, where Huang Six chuckled. "Beautiful, right?"

Beautiful.

At the door, Lu Gao craned his neck to look and licked his tongue.

This sword was so damn beautiful.

Han Muye smiled and gave Huang Six a thumbs up.

Huang Six wrote down on the book proudly and said, "Brother, I haven't been idle in the Sword Pavilion all these years."

At the door, Lu Gao pulled his head back.

After Huang Six recorded down, Han Muye packed the sword in the sword case and walked out of the Sword Pavilion.

"I'll accompany you." Lin Shen walked forward and said in a low voice, "I'm the Sword Pavilion's Sword Protector now."

'To Three Stones House?'

Han Muye nodded. Lin Shen probably wanted to go there.

The two of them strode with big steps, one at the front and one at the back.

Blood Qi slowly condensed and surged on Han Muye's body, then turned into a faint iron bull phantom.

In less than an hour, they had arrived at Three Stones House.

Lin Shen stood in front of the Three Stones House with a complicated expression.

At this moment, the Three Stones House was empty. Most of the disciples should have gone to settle matters regarding the sect gathering.

Han Muye reported at the door, and two young disciples led him and Lin Shen to find Tuoba Cheng.

These two young disciples did not know Lin Shen.

When they reached the hall on the second floor, the white-haired Tuoba Cheng bent over the long table and took an ink brush to draw something.

“Han Muye greets Uncle-Master Tuoba.”

Han Muye bowed slightly.

Tuoba Cheng raised his head. Lin Shen bowed and cupped his fists. “Disciple Lin Shen greets Master.”

The two young disciples who led the way were shocked and hurriedly looked at Lin Shen.

They had never seen Lin Shen, but they had heard of him.

Tuoba Cheng didn’t seem to expect Lin Shen to come. His gaze lingered on him for a moment, then he nodded gently.

“Don’t waste your cultivation.”

Lin Shen looked up and nodded excitedly. “I will remember your instructions.”

Then he cupped his hands and backed out of the door.

Han Muye held the wooden box in his hand in front of Tuoba Cheng.

“Uncle-Master, this is a sword prepared for the sect gathering.”

He opened the sword case and let Tuoba Cheng take a look.

Tuoba Cheng glanced at the golden sword and grinned. “Brat, you have a lot of tricks up your sleeve.”

With that, he caught the wooden box and placed it at the side.

“Kid, the sect can’t reward you much this time.”

Tuoba Cheng looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye was about to speak when Tuoba Cheng reached out and picked up a yellowed paper scroll that he had been tracing on the long table.

“I have a scroll of the White Tiger Painting. Take it and visualize it. It might be beneficial to your body refinement and sword training.”

Without waiting for Han Muye to look at the scroll carefully, Tuoba Cheng had already rolled up the scroll and stuffed it into Han Muye’s hand.

“Sigh, there are a bunch of disciples in my Three Stones House, but none of them can comprehend this scroll.”

“Back then—”

At this point, Tuoba Cheng looked at Lin Shen, who was standing at the door. He shook his head and stopped talking.

Han Muye held the painting with both hands and bowed. “Thank you, Uncle-Master.”

On the way back to the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye saw Lin Shen looking at the painting in his hand.

“Instructor Lin knows this painting?”

Han Muye was used to calling him Instructor, so he couldn’t be bothered to change it.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Lin Shen nodded with a complicated expression.

“Master’s body-tempering technique is domineering. In the Blazing Demon Valley, the after effects from a sword strike made it difficult for his cultivation to advance. His blood and Qi had nowhere to flow, so he used it to draw the White Tiger every day.”

“In this White Tiger Painting, it’s said to be the inheritance of Master’s body-tempering technique.”

‘Inheritance?’

‘Is it that precious?’

Han Muye stopped in his tracks, feeling that this painting was a precious item that was tricky to handle.

Anything related to the inheritance was troublesome.

There were many experts in the Three Stones House.

Seeing his expression, Lin Shen smiled and said, "Don't be afraid. No one will snatch this inheritance."

"This painting hangs in the hall of the Three Stones Room for three to two months every year. Over the years, no one in the Three Stones Room has been able to comprehend it."

"Back then—" Lin Shen shook his head, and a trace of regret flashed across his face. He said in a low voice, "Back then, my big brother was admired by Master because of his extraordinary comprehension."

Lin Chongxiao.

Back at Three Stones House, Tuoba Cheng should have also thought of Lin Chongxiao, right?

Those who liked to cultivate physical techniques were mostly weaker in terms of comprehension and were willing to make up for it with hard work.

Tuoba Cheng naturally liked to have one or two inheritors with good comprehension skills.

Too bad.

They were both silent as they hurried on.

When they saw the Sword Pavilion in the distance, it was already sunset.

Han Muye saw a figure circling around the corner of the mountain path in the distance.

"Senior Sister Lu?"

"You're here to see Brother Six, right?"

"Why are you not entering?"

Han Muye's voice shocked the figure pacing around. She turned around and who else could it be but Lu Qingping?

"Junior Brother Han."

Lu Qingping looked at Han Muye and nodded at Lin Shen.

"Junior Brother Han, I, I'm not here to look for Brother Zhenxiong. I'm—"

Before Lu Qingping could finish speaking, Han Muye had already strode forward and shouted at the Sword Pavilion, "Brother, Senior Sister Lu is here to look for you!"

In the Sword Pavilion, Huang Six rushed out.

Lu Qingping stood there, her face red. She stomped her feet lightly and walked towards the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye walked quickly to Huang Six. With Lu Qingping behind him, he winked at Huang Six.

Huang Six glowered at him.

"Junior Sister, the sect gathering is about to begin. You have to prepare well."

Huang Six put his hands behind his back and spoke formally.

Lu Qingping nodded, but she did not dare to look at Huang Six.

One of them stood on the stone steps, the other at the bottom, 30 feet away.

Han Muye waved his hand, signaling Lu Gao and Lin Shen, who were watching the commotion, to follow him.

On the other side, Huang Six said again, "Junior Sister, have you chosen your sword today?"

Hearing Huang Six mention swords, Lu Qingping's heart beat even faster. She hurriedly raised the sword in her hand.

Seeing the sword in Lu Qingping's hand, Huang Six's expression changed. He turned to look at Han Muye and blurted out, "You helped your sister-in-law choose such a lousy sword?"

Han Muye opened his mouth slightly and looked at the sword in Lu Qingping's hand.

Lu Qingping stood there, her face as red as a burning cloud.

Sister-in-law.

Chapter 65: The secret of the White Tiger Scroll, Huang Six's repayment

After Huang Six finished speaking, he froze.

His blooming face flushed red. He twisted his head and stared at Han Muye, but he didn't dare look down the stone steps.

"Ahem, Brother, I bought this sword myself."

Han Muye gestured towards the sword in Lu Qingping's hand with his chin.

Huang Six turned his head mechanically.

Lu Qingping quickly lowered her head and said softly, "I'm here to deliver this sword."

Hearing her words, Han Muye quickly walked forward and took the sword.
"Thank you, Senior Sister Lu."

Lu Qingping turned around and left.

Disappointment flashed across Huang Six's face.

"Brother, it's getting late. It's not safe for Sister-in-law to go back alone. There are many wolves in the mountains—" Han Muye shouted.

Huang Six whispered, "You're such a busybody."

Although he said that, he had already chased after Lu Qingping.

"Brother, do you want me to bring dinner back? Do you want bones or meat—" Lu Gao leaned over and shouted at the top of his voice.

Han Muye glared at him. "You're such a busybody."

Lu Gao grinned.

Cultivators were not very particular about their diet. Three meals a day was fine, and two meals a day was alright too.

When one cultivated to a high level, it was normal to be stop eating.

Han Muye had never seen the Sword Pavilion Elder eat.

Holding the sword in his hand, Han Muye went straight back to the Sword Pavilion.

Lin Shen looked at the sky and turned to leave.

Lu Gao stood in the doorway, a blank look on his face.

“Are you all not having dinner?”

“No, then should I wait for Brother Six to return before closing the door, or should I close it now...”

...

In the room, Han Muye put down the White Tiger Scroll that Tuoba Cheng had given him. He held the hilt of his sword and looked hesitant.

He was familiar with this sword.

In the market that day, he had recognized this sword at a glance.

This was the sword that Huang Six had kept hidden.

In the past, Huang Six treated it like a treasure and continuously wiped it.

Which man in the world wouldn't want a sword in his hand?

The day before, in order to gather the spiritual rocks to buy a sword for Lu Qingping, Huang Six sold this sword.

After much hesitation, Han Muye released his grip on the sword hilt.

No matter what secrets were in the sword, they were all Huang Six's.

He should not look at them.

Placing the sword on the table, Han Muye slowly unfolded the White Tiger Scroll that Tuoba Cheng had given him.

This was a picture of a white-browed tiger descending the mountain.

On the steep and majestic mountain peak, a white tiger seemed to be wrapped in wind and lightning. It opened its mouth and was about to roar as it stared ahead.

The white tiger's fur was clearly visible.

Subconsciously, Han Muye looked into the white tiger's eyes.

The white tiger's eyes revealed dignity and loneliness, as if it was howling in the forest and all beasts were subdued.

After looking at it a few times, this painting was indeed very imposing.

'Is that all?'

'Surely not to that extent?'

If it was that simple, Tuoba Cheng would not have treasured the painting so much and even asked him to visualize it.

Slowly closing his eyes, Han Muye recalled the contents of the painting.

Images appeared in his mind.

The White Tiger Scroll.

Where did this scroll come from?

Lin Shen said that this was only drawn after Tuoba Cheng was injured to guide the Qi and blood that he could not suppress.

How could he direct his Qi and blood by drawing a painting?

Opening his eyes, Han Muye's gaze landed on the tiger fur.

He reached out and gently touched the painting.

"Boom—"

“Roar—”

A low rumble sounded in the room. A strong wind blew in the entire room, and the floating dust was shattered by the hair-like sword Qi.

There were countless tiger fur on the white tiger's body, and every hair was a thread of sword Qi!

At this moment, all the sword Qi in the painting was activated, and countless sword Qi floated and wreaked havoc in the room.

In Han Muye's mind, a white tiger roared and clashed everywhere, as if it was about to devour someone at any moment.

The white tiger slowly turned its head and met Han Muye's gaze.

At that moment, Han Muye felt his entire body turn cold, as if he was about to be torn to pieces by the tiger's claws.

“Hum—”

The sword intent in his sea of Qi vibrated, and the white tiger's image in his mind shattered and dissipated.

The sword Qi in the room also retracted and transformed back into the tiger fur on the painting.

Han Muye took a deep breath and stared at the White Tiger Scroll in front of him.

No wonder no one in Three Stones House could comprehend this map.

This was not a painting that could guide the blood and Qi!

Everyone in Three Stones House thought that Tuoba Cheng had injected his excess blood Qi into the painting and that it was all for body tempering.

Actually, there was no blood Qi in this painting. There was only endless sword Qi!

Tuoba Cheng did not fuse his Qi and blood into the painting. Instead, he fused the sword Qi condensed from the Sword Dao he cultivated into the painting.

“Sword Qi transforms into threads, becoming as soft as hair.”

“The White Tiger comes out of the mountain with the momentum of collapse.”

Tuoba Cheng’s excess sword Qi was sealed in this painting. If these sword Qi were used to fight enemies, it was no less than a spiritual artifact.

Most importantly, there was a method to condense sword Qi in this painting, as well as the sword momentum condensed by Tuoba Cheng.

Like a tiger roaring in the forest, the wind and clouds swept.

Just now, if not for the fact that there was enough sword intent in his sea of Qi and it was strong enough, Han Muye would have collapsed just by looking at the sword momentum.

However, Tuoba Cheng had yet to master his sword momentum. The white tiger had yet to reach the stage of never return after leaving the mountain.

Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

This Uncle-Master Tuoba had actually deceived everyone.

What after effects from the Sword Dao? What serious injuries that he had not recovered for 12 years?

He was clearly nurturing a sword momentum!

Once the sword momentum was formed, he would be just below the Heaven Realm and could be considered invincible!

“Uncle-Master, Uncle-Master, you really think highly of me...”

Han Muye looked at the painting and chuckled.

Wasn’t Tuoba Cheng afraid that the sword momentum and sword Qi on the White Tiger Scroll would directly kill him?

Recalling how the Sword Pavilion Elder had left him in the lurch, Han Muye shook his head slightly.

Perhaps in the eyes of these experts, opportunities and danger coexisted.

If he wanted to obtain an opportunity, he had to survive the dangers.

If he wanted to receive glory, he had to bear its weight?

If he really couldn't take it, he would just die.

After carefully hanging the scroll on the wall of the room, Han Muye took a few steps back and looked it up and down.

Yes, the room seemed more elegant and imposing.

Looking at the white tiger descending the mountain, Han Muye smiled.

Be it the sword Qi and sword momentum cultivation method on it or the use of this painting to fight the enemy, it was a treasure that he could use.

The reward from his Uncle-Master was really not cheap.

“Brother, you're finally back—”

Lu Gao's resentful voice came from the entrance of the Sword Pavilion.

It was dark. Huang Six came back a little “early”.

Han Muye took the sword from the table and was about to walk out of the room when there was a knock on the door.

“Brother, you're back early. Didn't Sister-in-law keep you...” Han Muye winked.

Huang Six shook his head, his expression solemn as he looked at the sword in Han Muye's hand.

Han Muye smiled and handed the sword back.

“Brother, you're really willing to do this for Sister-in-law. This sword has been with you for three to four years, right?”

Huang Six took the sword and rubbed it with his palm. His expression was complicated.

“Six and a half years. After I came to the Sword Pavilion for half a year, there was some trouble in the Sword Pavilion. Among the Sword Caretakers, other than the elder, I was the only one who survived.”

“I was afraid at night, so I hugged it to sleep.”

Huang Six gripped his sword tightly, then looked up at Han Muye.

“Brother Han, I’m afraid I can’t repay the debt of 20,000 spiritual rocks.”

There was suppressed emotion in his gaze.

“I’ll teach you the Sword Condensing Technique. This is the only thing I can show you.”

Chapter 66: Condensing the sword into silk

Sword Condensing Technique.

Huang Six had obtained the inheritance from the Sword Pavilion Elder.

It was definitely not as good as the Sword Nurturing Technique.

However, this was also the inheritance of the Sword Pavilion. It was an existence that could condense a sword of the Hundred Breath Realm.

Such an inheritance was extremely precious.

If he was discovered to have secretly imparted it to someone else, Huang Six’s crime would be unimaginable.

Han Muye glanced at Huang Six and shook his head with a smile. “Brother, you’re going to become a deacon of the Sword Pavilion and an elder. Yet you’re selling the Sword Condensing Technique for two high-grade spiritual rocks?”

In the mortal world, a single cent could stump a hero.

In the cultivation world, this principle remained.

Two high-grade spiritual rocks were something that most low-level cultivators could not earn in their entire lives.

Those who could afford two high-grade spiritual rocks were those who no longer cared about this bit of wealth.

“I am not selling the Sword Condensing Technique.” Huang Six looked at Han Muye solemnly, then said, “I’m afraid I won’t be able to repay this favor.”

‘Unable to repay?’

Han Muye frowned.

At this moment, Huang Six suddenly grinned and said proudly, “Your Sister-in-law has already said that she wants me to accompany her back to Jinyang.”

Return to Jinyang? That was Huang Six and Lu Qingping’s hometown.

Lu Qingping was willing to go into seclusion with Huang Six?

‘She’s come round?’

Han Muye nodded and smiled. “Brother, congratulations.”

If Lu Qingping really left Clear Wind Temple, that might be a good thing.

After all, Clear Wind Temple had betrayed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The wrinkles on Huang Six’s face relaxed. He seemed much younger.

“Then Brother Six, your cultivation...” Han Muye asked in a low voice hesitantly.

Huang Six had boldly said that he wanted to enter the Heaven Realm, even if it was the Hundred Breath Realm.

“Cultivation is up to fate.”

“What Hundred Breath Realm? It can’t compare to the enthusiasm of a wife and children.”

Rubbing his chin, Huang Six’s toothless mouth curled up.

“When Sister Ping and I leave the mountain, I’ll teach you the Sword Condensing Technique.”

“Actually, even if I don’t teach you, the elders will. You’re the most suitable person to take charge of the Sword Pavilion.”

Huang Six patted Han Muye’s shoulder and returned to the room to take out another small cloth bag.

“I don’t think I need these spiritual herbs to increase my lifespan. Keep them.”

Lu Qingping had bought these herbs during the day. There was also a section of the Frost Spiritual Bamboo’s root that Tang Yunhao had given to Han Muye.

Han Muye wanted to refuse, but after some thought, he accepted it.

These spiritual herbs were not enough to refine pills in Huang Six’s hands.

On the other hand, Han Muye still had the main ingredients that Bai Suzhen had given him. He could find some herbs and refine them into pills.

At most, he would just give Huang Six a pill.

Seeing Han Muye take the spiritual herbs, Huang Six returned to the quiet room with a smile.

Han Muye also returned to his quiet room, then lay on the couch in a daze.

Huang Six was about to leave the Sword Pavilion and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

He was probably the only one left on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion.

It seemed that cultivation was ultimately a lonely journey.

On this route, many people gave up and others turned back.

Han Muye smiled.

He was happy that Huang Six had gotten what he wanted.

“Unfortunately, I came to this world without any attachments...”

Han Muye whispered, his gaze falling on the White Tiger Scroll hanging on the opposite wall.

“No, I still have you guys...”

In his sea of Qi, sword intent trembled gently.

These sword intents seemed to want to transform into sword Qi, penetrate his body, fuse into his dantian, and become a part of his body.

It wasn't just these sword intents. Outside the quiet room, the sword Qi injected into the swords on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion seemed to have sensed Han Muye's emotions and emitted an imperceptible vibration.

At this moment, Han Muye felt inexplicably at ease.

Wasn't cultivation just so that he could feel at ease?

In the morning, Han Muye went to the small courtyard to wash up and practice his swordsmanship. Huang Six had already woken up early and was practising his kicks.

“Brother, slow down. Be careful not to sprain your back,” Han Muye teased with a smile.

“Pfft, my waist is in great condition.” Huang Six shouted as he punched out. His movements were comparable to Han Muye's swift sword moves.

Han Muye casually waved his sword, and the various sword moves he had comprehended previously were at his fingertips.

Although there was no spiritual energy injected into the sword, it had an indescribable profundity.

The sword vibrated gently. Han Muye took a deep breath and pointed the blade forward.

In his mind, the image of the White Tiger descending the mountain on the wall of the room appeared.

In the small courtyard, wisps of sword intent slowly condensed.

The sword Qi turned into threads, like the endless tiger fur in the painting. Every tiger fur was a sword Qi.

As the sword Qi condensed like rain, the small courtyard suddenly turned cold.

Huang Six, who was kicking, shivered and quickly wrapped his robe tighter.

However, just as Han Muye's sword Qi condensed, it shattered and turned into nothingness.

Sword in hand, he frowned.

He could not condense this sword Qi because his cultivation was not enough.

If he could cultivate sword momentum, he could condense sword Qi in an instant.

After a slight hesitation, he attacked again.

Since the sword Qi outside his body was disobedient, he would use the refined sword Qi in his body.

These sword Qi were obedient and could be gathered after being used.

The scattered sword Qi in his dantian trembled and rushed out through Han Muye's meridians.

These sword Qi were still gentle at first, but as soon as they appeared, they immediately turned cold.

Under Han Muye's command, the sword Qi slowly condensed.

A foot long.

Three inches.

The sword Qi swayed and returned to Han Muye's body.

The white tiger image in his mind also dissipated.

It seemed that understanding and application were two different things.

Tuoba Cheng could condense sword Qi into tiger fur with a soft ink brush.

However, it was difficult for Han Muye to condense a tiger whip, let alone tiger fur.

He had thought too highly of his maximum-level comprehension to grasp the cultivation method of an Earth Realm expert like Tuoba Cheng.

Be it the threads of sword Qi or the White Tiger sword momentum, only Earth Realm experts could master them.

“As expected, cultivation is a tower built on every step.”

Han Muye slowly sheathed his sword and muttered.

The sword Qi in his dantian was much more condensed and agile than before.

However, most of the spiritual energy in his dantian had also been consumed.

This was equivalent to the amount of ten supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills.

“The condensation of sword Qi, the condensation of sword bones, and the condensation of sword silk all depletes a huge amount of spiritual energy.”

Han Muye’s eyes lit up.

This was the light from spiritual rocks.

When Huang Six turned around, he saw Han Muye’s gaze and was slightly stunned.

“Brother Han, what sword technique are you cultivating? Why do you look like a tiger that wants to eat people?”

...

For half day in the morning, no one came to the Sword Pavilion.

In the square in front of the door, Lin Shen waved his sword, looking fierce.

Lu Gao, the guard, was much less careful. He leaned against the door frame and snored softly.

Lin Shen was an inner sect disciple, so it was fine no matter how much trouble he caused. Lu Gao was a disciple of the Sword Pavilion, so he was completely incomparable.

In the afternoon.

“Brother, aren’t you going to see Sister-in-law today?”

Han Muye, who was wiping the sword in front of the wooden shelf and collecting sword Qi, asked curiously.

Logically speaking, when they were in the early days of a relationship, a day apart should feel like three years. That day, Huang Six was actually sitting at the long table and not in a hurry at all.

“The sect gathering will begin tomorrow. Sister Ping has to familiarize herself with the sword in her hand and can’t be disturbed.”

Huang Six shook his head and said.

At this point, he turned to look at Han Muye. “Brother Han, that sect gathering is exciting. You have to go and take a look.”

“It’s said that there are many young female disciples of the various sects who are extraordinary. You can’t miss them.”

‘Take a look?’

Look at those female disciples at the sect gathering?

‘Is that the kind of person I am?’

Chapter 67: Is this really the protagonist’s destiny?

Han Muye looked at Huang Six and said with a smile. “I understand now. Brother, you want me to watch other people’s sword techniques and find a flaw to tell Sister-in-law.”

Huang Six naturally knew his methods in observing sword techniques.

Huang Six was originally prepared to rely on this ability to become rich.

Seeing that Han Muye had seen through his thoughts, Huang Six blushed and whispered, "Brother Han, you have to help Sister Ping."

"She wants to fight for a good ranking at this gathering and help Clear Wind Temple earn some glory."

"After all, she has cultivated in Clear Wind Temple for so many years. Even if she wants to leave, she wants to do something for the sect."

Han Muye nodded.

If Lu Qingping wanted to accompany Huang Six back to his hometown to live in seclusion and leave Clear Wind Temple, it was a reasonable choice to repay the sect with the ranking of this gathering.

However, the inherited sword technique of Clear Wind Temple was just like that. Even if one was proficient in it, one might not be able to stand out at the gathering.

If he wanted to help Lu Qingping win a few more rounds, he really needed to observe the methods of the other sects and find flaws.

"Alright, I'll take a look when the gathering starts."

After being instigated by Huang Six, he wanted to see how the elite disciples of the various sects fought.

Would they be able to slash out with their sword and cause a huge explosion with their Dao techniques?

He was really just curious about this, not the female disciples.

After putting away the linen cloth used to wipe the sword, Han Muye returned to the quiet room and took out the cloth bag containing the herbs.

"Brother, I'll go out for a while."

Hearing him say that he was going out, Huang Six glanced at him and said, "That Storeowner Bai is not someone to be trifled with."

"Brother, I am quite good at judging people."

Seeing Han Muye turn around to look at him, Huang Six said softly, "I think Junior Sister Mu Wan is more suitable for you."

'Mu Wan?'

Han Muye shook his head and whispered, "Brother, have you heard of the Mu family who can refine sixth-grade pills?"

Huang Six was stunned, then his eyes widened. "That girl is from that Mu family?"

Han Muye nodded.

Huang Six slapped his thigh, his face full of frustration. "If I had known that she belonged to that family, you should have directly—"

At this point, he waved his hand and muttered, "The background of Mu family and Sword Caretaker has quite a huge disparity..."

"Unless ..."

When he looked up, Han Muye had already walked out of the Sword Pavilion.

Perhaps because there were many people from the other sects, the Nine Mystic Mountain became much more lively.

He carried the pill bag to the sect market near the Pill Hall. People in various colored robes could be seen everywhere.

There was really nothing good in this small market specially prepared for outer sect disciples, but it could not stop these other sect disciples who had not seen the world, right?

The Suzhen Store was also crowded.

The two green-clothed girls greeted with sweat all over their heads and sold all kinds of spiritual herbs and pills.

There wasn't much left on the shelves.

Han Muye waited in the shop for a while and saw Bai Suzhen accompanying two young men in purple robes down from the second floor.

Bai Suzhen was all smiles.

It seemed that she had negotiated another big deal.

“Senior Brother Han—” Bai Suzhen abandoned the two young men and quickly walked to Han Muye.

“Senior Brother Han, if you aren’t coming any sooner, I would have gone to look for you.”

“You really don’t miss me?”

Han Muye shook his head and said, “No.”

Huang Six was right. Bai Suzhen could not be provoked.

Bai Suzhen rolled her eyes at him. Seeing that he was carrying a pill bag, she quickly lowered her voice and said, “Senior Brother Han, let’s talk upstairs.”

After saying that, he led Han Muye upstairs. When he met the two purple-robed young men, he nodded slightly.

“Who is this person that Miss Bai regards so highly?” On the left, a young man with a youthful face looked at Han Muye’s back as he went upstairs.

The other purple-robed young man shook his head and said indifferently, “Don’t think too much. You can’t match up to Miss Bai’s status.”

The young man froze and lowered his head.

Upstairs, Han Muye placed the pill bag on the small table and said, “I’m still lacking some spiritual herbs to refine the lifespan-increasing pills. Do you have any?”

He listed the names of the few spiritual herbs he was missing.

After Bai Suzhen heard this, she nodded and said with a smile, “Don’t worry, I had kept an eye out for you. I have them.”

She searched the shelves on the second floor and handed a few herb packets to Han Muye.

Han Muye took it and said, "You can just deduct the amount from the next pill payment."

"Next one?" Bai Suzhen revealed a bitter expression. "I thought you brought pills today."

"Senior Brother, hurry up and refine a few more furnaces of pills. There are many foolish spenders at this sect gathering—"

Bai Suzhen covered her mouth and chuckled.

It seemed that she had really earned a lot.

However, Han Muye did not believe that she could sell all the supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills he had refined so quickly and not have any in stock.

This Bai Suzhen was really shrewd.

"Storeowner Bai, I told you to pay attention to the various sects that came to attend the sect gathering this time. Have you investigated?"

Han Muye didn't dwell on the pill and changed the topic.

Bai Suzhen also stopped smiling and nodded. "My subordinates specially went to investigate. There are a total of 83 sects that came."

So many!

Han Muye knew that there were many gathering sects, but he did not expect them to be close to a hundred of them.

Seeing Han Muye's expression, Bai Suzhen smiled and said, "The Nine Mystic Sword Sect is the overlord of a radius of hundreds of thousands of kilometers. This time, less than a hundred factions came, and it's because there's no publicity."

"Otherwise, it would be normal for a thousand sects to gather."

"Do you really think the nine sects of the Western Frontier are comparable to ordinary sects?"

Hearing Bai Suzhen's words, Han Muye was certain that the force behind her must be one of the nine sects.

The sense of superiority in her words was buried deep in her bones.

Bai Suzhen then explained some of the sects that had gathered this time. She mentioned which ones were stronger and which ones were just there for show.

After Han Muye left with the pill bag, Bai Suzhen leaned over and muttered, asking him to quickly refine a few more furnaces of pills.

Leaning closer, he could smell the faint fragrance on her.

Han Muye felt that he had to stay away from this demoness.

After leaving Suzhen Store, Han Muye did not go to the nearby Pill Hall.

There was no alchemist in the Pill Hall who could refine pills that could increase lifespan.

Wind stirred under his feet as he left.

15 minutes later, he had arrived at the Waterside Residence.

At Elder Su Liang's residence.

Some time ago, the female cultivator, Jin Yuan, told him that Su Liang was interested in how he could solve the issue with his lifespan and invited him to meet Elder Su Liang.

Han Muye had come this time to take the opportunity to meet Elder Su Liang and beg her to help him refine pills that could increase his lifespan.

The disciple at the door made a report upon his arrival. Sure enough, Elder Su Liang invited Han Muye in.

"Disciple Han Muye greets Elder."

Han Muye bowed. When he looked up, Su Liang sized him up.

"Are you an official disciple of the Sword Pavilion?"

After a long time, Elder Su Liang's words made Han Muye tremble.

The Sword Pavilion Elder gave him a small sword and said that it was the identity token of a disciple of the Sword Pavilion.

Before he even took it out, Elder Su Liang had already guessed his identity?

“If you can survive the sword Qi entering your body and even condense sword Qi, Senior Brother Gao will definitely take you in as an official disciple of the Sword Pavilion.”

Elder Su Liang shook his head and looked away from Han Muye. Then he muttered to himself in a low voice, “After 60 years, the Sword Pavilion is taking in an official disciple again. Is the Nine Mystic Sword Sect going to rise again...”

‘He only took one disciple in after 60 years?’

Han Muye was a little flustered.

Did he really have the destiny of a protagonist?

“You found the Bright Origin Bone and the Marrow Transformation Fruit? Your luck is not bad.”

“I’ll help you refine the lifespan-extending Pill. Consider it a gift for becoming an official disciple of the Sword Pavilion.”

Elder Su Liang’s voice sounded.

Han Muye was sure that he must have the destiny of the protagonist.

“Are you going to refine a lifespan-extending pill that can increase your lifespan by one year, or five years?” Elder Su Liang looked at Han Muye with a bright gaze.

Chapter 68: Master gave you the White Tiger Scroll, right?

‘A year or five?’

This question was so difficult.

“Elder, I want a five-year lifespan-extending pill.”

Han Muye cupped his hands and spoke.

He must be dumb to choose a one-year one.

Su Liang nodded and swept his hand across. All the medicinal packets were taken away.

They went into a storage ring.

This thing seemed to be a standard for rich people.

Han Muye looked at the bronze ring on Su Liang's finger, his eyes shining.

"I can't refine a five-year-old lifespan-extending pill yet."

"However, I can help you find someone who can refine a five-year lifespan-extending pill."

Looking at the stunned Han Muye, Su Liang smiled and said, "I am going to Mushen City to meet Mu Shi some time later. You can come with me."

"You know Mu Shi, right? He's the grandfather of Mu Wan."

.....

...

After leaving the Waterside Residence and standing by the mountain path, Han Muye felt like a fool.

Why would he choose a five-year lifespan extending pill? Wouldn't it be better for him to stand at the side and comprehend the refinement technique while Elder Su Liang refined a one-year pill?

Along the way, Han Muye, who was filled with regrets, was a little distracted.

"Senior Brother Han!"

When he heard the call, the two figures in front of him were already close.

They were two inner sect disciples in white martial robes.

The two of them looked excited and cupped their hands at Han Muye. "Luo Cheng and Qin Yi greet Senior Brother Han."

Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands in return.

These two were the only two outer sect disciples who had sent Mo Yuan off when he left.

At that time, Han Muye had given each of them a fine-quality Cloud Qi Pill.

‘Later, they met Lu Gao and asked about Han Muye’s identity.

“Thank you, Senior Brother Han, for giving us pills that day. It allowed our cultivation to improve greatly and we finally reached the Qi Condensation Realm.”

Luo Cheng looked grateful and cupped his hands at Han Muye again. Qin Yi also bowed.

A fine-quality Cloud Qi Pill was worth 300 spiritual rocks. If one’s cultivation level was stuck at the half-step Qi Condensation Realm, this pill could directly help him break through.

Even if they did not consume this pill and sold it directly, it was still a huge sum of money for the two outer sect disciples.

It seemed that these two were still lucky to have broken through.

Now, both of them were wearing inner sect clothes.

“Congratulations.” Han Muye smiled and raised his hand.

“Senior Brother Han, is Senior Brother Mo Yuan alright?” Luo Cheng asked.

They were considered close to Mo Yuan. Back then, Han Muye had sent Mo Yuan back to his hometown, so they naturally had to ask about the situation.

“Master Mo has returned to his hometown and is living a carefree life.” Han Muye nodded and said, “Since you’ve already broken through and advanced to the inner sect, when are you going to the Sword Pavilion to receive your swords? I’ll help you choose one that’s compatible.”

With Luo Cheng and Qin Yi’s relationship with Mo Yuan, helping them choose a sword was nothing.

Choosing a sword was his forte.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Luo Cheng and Qin Yi were delighted, then embarrassed.

"Well, Senior Brother, you don't know. Although we've been promoted to the inner sect, we haven't completed enough merit missions and aren't qualified to receive swords."

Qin Yi's face flushed as he spoke softly.

There were swords kept in the Sword Pavilion. But only those in the top 100 of the outer sect were qualified to receive them.

The top 100 outer sect disciples needed combat strength and cultivation to stand out from tens of thousands of disciples. They also had to accept various challenges.

As for inner sect disciples, theoretically speaking, their cultivation level was at least at the Qi Condensation Realm and their combat strength should be good. They only needed to complete a simple promotion mission and accumulate three merit tokens to qualify to receive the sword.

It shouldn't be difficult for a Qi Condensation cultivator to earn three merit tokens, right?

Han Muye did not think that it was difficult.

Seeing Han Muye's gaze, the two of them felt even more awkward.

The Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker, who could casually throw out fine-quality Cloud Qi Pills, did not see highly of three merit tokens.

However, for people like them who had only broken through with the help of pills, the inner sect mission was really difficult.

"Ahem, Senior Brother Luo Tian from the inner sect has issued a demon hunting mission. We'll go and apply for it. I believe we'll have enough merit tokens when we return. When the time comes, we'll go to the Sword Pavilion to receive our swords."

Qin Yi coughed lightly and looked up.

After reaching the Qi Condensation Realm, their lives had changed drastically.

All of this was because of their fate with Han Muye.

“Luo Tian?” Hearing Qin Yi’s words, Han Muye frowned and said in a low voice, “Is he the son of the inner sect deacon who cultivates the Golden Vein Sword Technique?”

“It’s that Senior Brother Luo.” Luo Cheng looked at Han Muye and said softly, “Senior Brother Han, do you know him?”

His heart skipped a beat. Han Muye didn’t look happy.

Luo Tian’s demon hunting mission.

Han Muye frowned.

Luo Tian had once gone to the Sword Pavilion to exchange for a sword, and it was that demonic sword.

This sword was now on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, and even the mission book had been taken. Luo Tian did not ask for it.

When Luo Tian exchanged his sword, Han Muye had sensed his abnormality and reported it to the Sword Pavilion Elder.

Unfortunately, the elder did not take this matter to heart.

Now, Luo Tian had issued a demon hunting mission?

Looking at Han Muye’s expression, Luo Cheng and Qin Yi looked at each other.

“Senior Brother Han, but what’s wrong between you and Senior Brother Luo? Senior Brother Luo is quite arrogant and has a bad reputation in the sect...”

Luo Cheng spoke nervously.

Han Muye shook his head and looked at the two of them. “Do you believe me?”

They both nodded quickly.

“If you believe me, don’t accept this mission.” Han Muye lowered his voice. “The Myriad Sword Elder that is exterminating the Three Qin Sword Sect is a good friend of Master Mo.”

“If you go there, you can easily obtain some mission merits.”

The Myriad Sword Elder was Mo Yuan’s close friend!

Luo Cheng and Qin Yi widened their eyes.

The most popular person on the Nine Mystic Mountain was naturally the unknown guest elder, Myriad Sword Patriarch.

He had killed an Earth Realm expert with a single strike. This person’s powerful and mysterious strength was shocking.

He did not expect this person to have such a relationship with Mo Yuan!

With the guest elder who could kill an Earth Realm expert, if one was not a fool, they would know which to choose.

Luo Cheng and Qin Yi hurriedly bowed. “Thank you for your guidance, Senior Brother!”

Han Muye nodded, a smile on his face. “When you reach there, there will be a surprise.”

With that, he left.

‘A surprise?’

Qin Yi and Luo Cheng looked confused.

“Junior Brother Luo, shall we go to the Three Qin Sword Sect?” Qin Yi asked softly as he watched Han Muye leave.

“If I don’t cozy up to the guest elder, do I have to cozy up to a second-generation profligate?” Luo Cheng laughed and said, “But shouldn’t I tell Senior Brother Tang Ming about this?”

Qin Yi nodded. “Senior Brother Tang Ming is one of the top 200 experts in the inner sect. If he’s willing to go, we have greater reassurance.”

...

When Han Muye returned to the Sword Pavilion, he saw a small table at the entrance from afar.

Apart from Huang Six, Lin Shen, and Lu Gao, there was also a bald man sitting there.

Zhao Pu.

"You came back at mealtime. No one asked you to stay for dinner?" Huang Six saw Han Muye return and shouted with a smile.

Han Muye walked over and sat beside the empty seat Lu Gao had given him.

"Senior Brother Zhao, I'm afraid you're not used to the food in our outer sect."

Han Muye smiled and said as he ate.

Zhao Pu reached out and took the wine gourd that Huang Six had placed on the table. He poured half a bowl and drank it. Then he said, "Who hasn't been in the outer sect before?"

Huang Six finished his gourd of wine in one go.

Zhao Pu had finished at least 80% of them alone.

He also finished 80% of the food.

For someone who cultivated body tempering skills, it was indeed different.

He could eat and drink well.

When they were full, everyone dispersed, leaving Lu Gao to clean up the mess.

"Brother Huang, don't worry. Let Brother Han watch during the sect gathering. If sister-in-law competes well, I guarantee that she can get into the top ten." Zhao Pu patted Huang Six's shoulder, making the corner of his mouth twitch.

However, his expression was smiling like a chrysanthemum blooming.

“I’m relieved to hear Senior Brother Zhao’s words.” Huang Six heaved a sigh of relief and shook Zhao Pu’s hand.

Zhao Pu laughed, turned, and staggered away.

Han Muye sent Zhao Pu down the stone steps. Zhao Pu staggered a few steps and suddenly stopped.

“Brother Han, Master gave you the White Tiger Scroll, right?”

Chapter 69: Sect gathering begins

It was indeed for the White Tiger Scroll.

Han Muye guessed that Zhao Pu would be concerned about this.

“Senior Brother Zhao—”

Han Muye was about to speak when Zhao Pu turned around and looked at him with his eyes glowing brightly. He did not seem drunk at all.

“I have been spending a long time at the Demonstration Building and demonstrated low-level body-tempering cultivation techniques everywhere because I wanted to use this opportunity to comprehend cultivation techniques and make a breakthrough.”

“No one in Three Stones House is more eager than me to comprehend the secrets in the Hundred Tiger Diagram.”

Staring into Han Muye’s eyes, Zhao Pu’s voice revealed a trace of suppressed emotion.

“I’m the Eldest disciple of Three Stones House.”

Indeed, no one valued the inheritance of Three Stones House more than Zhao Pu.

Han Muye could understand how he felt.

Nodding slightly, Han Muye said in a low voice, “Senior Brother Zhao, I can give you the White Tiger Scroll.”

In his opinion, the value of the White Tiger Scroll, other than its lethality, was more about the sword Qi and sword momentum condensed on it.

After understanding these two points, the value of the Hundred Tiger Diagram was only at the level of a few sword intents.

What Han Muye did not lack was sword intent.

His words took Zhao Pu by surprise.

Staring at Han Muye, Zhao Pu said in a deep voice, "Really?"

Han Muye smiled and was about to turn around to take the White Tiger Scroll.

"Brother Han, you're very nice." Suddenly, Zhao Pu laughed.

He opened his hand and revealed a smile showing his open-mindedness. "No matter how precious that White Tiger Scroll is, I, Zhao Pu, won't be so thick-skinned as to ask for it."

"Since Master gave it to you, it's yours."

At this point, his expression turned sincere and he said in a low voice, "Brother Han, you know that Master wants to find someone who can comprehend the White Tiger Scroll and entrust it to my Three Stones House."

"It's a pity to lose Senior Brother Lin's comprehension skills back then."

"Actually, ever since you comprehended the Iron Bull Strength cultivation technique, I had the idea of attracting you to join the Three Stones House."

Looking up, Zhao Pu's mountain-like body became even more majestic.

"Who asked me to be the Eldest disciple of Three Stones House?"

"No matter who it is, as long as they can obtain Master's inheritance, I'm happy for them."

"Master has been injured all these years and can't improve his cultivation at all. He can only draw the White Tiger Scroll every day, but he can't find anyone who can inherit his skills. I feel uncomfortable watching that."

He reached out and patted Han Muye on the shoulder.

“Comprehend it well. Don’t let Master down.”

Then he turned and strode away.

At this moment, his steps were firm and he no longer looked drunk.

Seriously injured, could not improve his cultivation, and wanted to find an heir?

Uncle-Master Tuoba really hid it well...

Han Muye shook his head and shouted behind Zhao Pu, “Senior Brother Zhao, do you really not want the White Tiger Scroll? I’ve already comprehended most of it.”

Comprehended most of it!

Zhao Pu stumbled and almost fell.

He slowly turned around and his gaze landed on Han Muye’s face. “Is what you said true?”

Han Muye nodded.

He had no choice. His comprehension was too good.

“Senior Brother Zhao, the White Tiger Scroll isn’t very useful to me anymore. Shall I give it to you?”

Han Muye also looked sincere.

Zhao Pu had a good personality and was worth befriending.

“Why don’t I tell you the real way to comprehend this White Tiger Scroll—”

Before Han Muye could finish, Zhao Pu raised his hand and said, “Don’t!”

Gritting his teeth and clenching his fists, he turned and walked away.

“Damn it, I’ll go back and visualize it now. I don’t believe that there’s such a huge difference in comprehension between people...”

‘Was he provoked by him?’

Han Muye smiled and said, "Senior Brother Zhao, you haven't taken the scroll yet."

At the corner of the mountain path, Zhao Pu's gloomy voice sounded, "Master would draw up the White Tiger Scroll every three months. There are many of these things in Three Stones House."

Han Muye froze.

It was not until Zhao Pu had walked far away that Han Muye turned around and walked towards the Sword Pavilion gloomily.

He thought that he had obtained an extraordinary treasure, but it turned out to be a useless thing.

When he reached the stone steps, Lin Shen stood there with his sword.

"Um, Brother Han." A conflicted expression flashed across Lin Shen's face. Then he said in a low voice, "Can you take a look at my sister too?"

During dinner just now, Huang Six had asked Han Muye and Zhao Pu to help Lu Qingping get a good ranking.

Lin Shen wanted to speak, but eventually fell silent.

He could make a request to Han Muye.

But he didn't want to do that to Zhao Pu.

He had his pride.

Han Muye smiled and nodded. "Instructor Lin, don't worry. Isn't your sister my sister?"

"I'll go to the gathering venue tomorrow to take a look and find out about those sect elites."

In any case, helping one person or two were both helping.

He would do him a favor.

Excitement flashed across Lin Shen's face as he nodded heavily.

Some things did not need to be said.

After returning to the room, Han Muye took out the pill furnace that had not been touched for a few days.

He had forgotten to bring back some spiritual herbs from Bai Suzhen that day. At this moment, there were not many spiritual herbs that could be used to refine the Cloud Qi Pill.

A faint sword Qi condensed in his palm. Then, the sword intent in his sea of Qi slowly flowed out and surrounded the pill furnace.

The spiritual herbs were thrown into the pill furnace in a specific order.

A medicinal fragrance rose from the pill furnace.

Han Muye's movements were methodical.

He had only refined three batches of pills and obtained 15 supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills.

Han Muye discovered that when he refined pills with sword intent, the impurities in the spiritual herbs would be removed, purifying the medicinal effects. Only then could he produce supreme-grade pills in every batch.

However, if the traditional sword cultivators knew that he was using the sword intent that only Earth Realm experts could condense to refine a Qi Condensation realm pill, would they vomit blood?

After refining the pill and retracting his sword intent, Han Muye looked at the pill furnace in front of him.

After refining so many pills, the pill furnace in his hand was already covered in cracks.

Sword intent was good in all aspects, but it would waste many furnaces.

He wondered if Bai Suzhen still had a good pill furnace. He would go get another from her next time.

Putting away the pill furnace, he opened his palm. In his palm were three supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills.

A supreme-grade pill was worth 5,000 spiritual rocks.

As the Cloud Qi Pill entered his stomach, the surging medicinal power turned into spiritual energy that surged through his meridians.

If not for the fact that his meridians had been tempered by the sword Qi countless times, just the surging and dense spiritual energy could have ruptured his meridians.

As the spiritual energy from the three supreme-grade Cloud Qi Pills entered his dantian, Han Muye's face turned red.

A tearing pain bloomed.

Mo Yuan had once told Han Muye that the happiest thing for cultivators was to have enough spiritual energy in their dantian.

He constantly filled and compressed the spiritual energy. While expanding his dantian, it also increased the concentration of spiritual energy.

"Do you know why those second-generation cultivators all have deep cultivation base at such a young age?"

When Mo Yuan asked this question, there was an indescribable indignation on his face.

"When they first started cultivating, they didn't lack spiritual energy, spiritual rocks, and pills."

"We low-level disciples can't even fill our dantian with our spiritual rocks. Whereas those second-generation cultivators enjoy the feeling of their dantian being torn apart every day."

"It's really a case of the hungry starving and the full being bloated."

Han Muye, who was sitting cross-legged and circulating his energy, was a little curious. If Mo Yuan knew that he was using the cultivation method he resented to cultivate, what would he think?

Although Han Muye also despised the cultivation method of the second generation cultivators, he felt that it would be a fool not to use spiritual rocks and pills if he had them.

“Hum—”

With a faint vibration, his dantian expanded a little.

His spiritual energy cultivation was at the peak of the third level of the Essence Energy Cultivation Realm.

His body tempering cultivation was at the third level of the Essence Cultivating Realm.

His sword cultivation was very strong.

He felt that he could withstand more sword Qi.

The depletion of his lifespan also decreased slightly.

He could control more power now.

He felt more at ease.

...

The next morning, Han Muye specially put on the new clothes that Huang Six had gone to collect the day before.

“Sigh, your appearance is indeed not an embarrassment to us as Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretakers,” Huang Six muttered. Then he waved his hand and said, “Go, go. I’ll watch here.”

Han Muye walked out of the Sword Pavilion with a smile.

“Dong—”

In the distance, a bell rang and a clamor rose.

The sect gathering had begun.

Han Muye was in no hurry. He strolled slowly towards the venue.

For such a gathering, the first two hours would probably be filled with all kinds of speeches from the leaders. It was a headache to listen to.

He had only taken a few steps when he froze and looked up.

“Boom—”

A bolt of lightning exploded.

“The first match, Three Yuan Dao Sect’s Zuo Yun wins—”

Cheers spread.

‘The gathering was that straightforward?’

Shaking his head, Han Muye quickened his pace.

“It seems that I was shallow.”

Chapter 70: If you are strong, you must bear the karma of the weak

The sect gathering was set halfway up the mountain behind the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

There was a wide limestone square with a radius of 3,000 feet. Green light flashed around it, and there was actually an array formation protecting it.

This halo was somewhat similar to the golden light that enveloped the Sword Pavilion, but it was much dimmer.

There were Nine Mystic Sword disciples stationed around the limestone square, ensuring the safety of the venue.

Han Muye arrived at the entrance of the venue and saw that it was filled with cultivators in all kinds of clothes.

These cultivators were mostly young, but they exuded a rather solemn aura.

After all, they were the elites of more than 80 factions, and all their cultivation levels were not low.

At this moment, everyone below the stage looked at the 30-foot-tall and 50-foot-wide stone platform in the middle of the square with different expressions.

On the stone platform, two figures moved around like flowers.

During this sect gathering, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would ensure the safety of participants. Even if everyone attacked with all their might, they did not have to fear that someone would die.

No one would die in the arena. The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was still confident in ensuring that.

“Senior Brother, please follow me.” At the door, a Three Stones House disciple who had been waiting for a long time led Han Muye through the crowd and onto a stage.

In the middle of the stage was the master of the Three Stones House, the elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Tuoba Cheng.

.....

Beside him was a tall and strong bald man with an indifferent face, Zhao Pu.

Below Tuoba Cheng and Zhao Pu were a few cultivators who did not look like they were from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. It seemed that they were all experts from the various sects.

Zhao Pu turned and nodded at Han Muye, then whispered something to Tuoba Cheng beside him.

Tuoba Cheng’s expression changed. He raised his eyebrows and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye hurriedly cupped his hands, bowed to Tuoba Cheng, and said in a low voice, “Greetings, Uncle-Master Tuoba.”

Tuoba Cheng nodded and looked back at the arena.

“Since you can comprehend the White Tiger Scroll, you’re not an outsider of the Three Stones House. Sit.” Zhao Pu pointed at the big chair beside him.

“You can see it clearly if you sit here.”

Indeed, Han Muye could really see it very clearly from his seat.

“This is the arrangement of the disciples of the various sects who are participating in the competition.”

“I ordered people to rearrange the matches last night.”

Zhao Pu placed a thick stack of books in front of Han Muye and said in a low voice, “Lu Qingping and Lin Yuxia won’t encounter the true elites of the various sects in the first ten rounds.”

Han Muye looked up at him. Last night, Lin Shen had not told Zhao Pu that his sister was also participating in this sect competition.

Zhao Pu chuckled. “Junior Brother Lin didn’t mention it to me. But I have to take this matter to heart, right?”

Han Muye nodded.

He did not expect Zhao Pu to be so meticulous.

Looking down at the book in front of him, Han Muye realized that the records in this book were much more detailed than what Bai Suzhen had heard the day before.

The strength of the various sects, the rankings of the disciples, their cultivation and methods were all recorded.

According to the ranking on this book, Lu Qingping and Lin Yuxia could easily enter the top ten of each group.

As for the subsequent battles, it would depend on their true capabilities.

Closing the book, Han Muye sighed softly.

Indeed, official cheating was the most fatal.

With Zhao Pu’s arrangements, he did not need to help Lu Qingping and Lin Yuxia.

“What, is there a problem with the order?” Zhao Pu turned to him.

Han Muye shook his head and looked at the figure fighting with all his might on the platform in front of him. He said in a low voice, “I just feel that doing this will interfere with the fate of the outsiders and cut off the opportunities of others.”

Winning one more battle would allow a person to gain various rewards, and comprehending through battles were all opportunities that were very helpful for future cultivation.

“Hmph, if you’re the strong, you’ll have to bear the karma of the weak.” Tuoba Cheng’s voice suddenly sounded.

“If you don’t even have this bit of courage, why are you still cultivating? Go down the mountain early.”

Han Muye opened his mouth, then nodded.

What Tuoba Cheng said was the truth of the cultivation world.

Actually, Tuoba Cheng was already being tactful.

In the eyes of the strong, everything about the weak could be controlled at will.

This was the cultivation world.

The strong preyed on the weak.

Looking at the high platform, Han Muye’s eyes darkened.

Zhao Pu glanced at him, a complicated expression crossing his face.

Master really values Brother Han...

“Shao Ling of the Dancing Sun Sword Sect is the victor.”

A voice came from the platform. A slender girl holding a sword stood on the platform and cupped her hands in greeting.

Her opponent was already lying on the ground.

Among the row of cultivators sitting in front of Han Muye and the others, someone made a comment. The gist of it was encouragement and some comments on the sword techniques of the female cultivator.

To Han Muye, it was all general and empty talk.

After the evaluation, the female cultivator bowed and jumped down like a butterfly.

This move immediately attracted the high-pitched cheers of countless male disciples around.

“He Daoshen from Spirit Augmentation Sect against Miao Yuan from the Suyang Sect.”

The Three Stones House disciple hosting the competition on the platform shouted, and two figures rushed onto the stage.

‘The Suyang Sect?’

Han Muye glanced at the thin young man.

These two sects were both sects that specialized in spells. The competition between the two disciples was like playing with fireworks.

Flames shot out from the platform, and water and fire filled the sky. It was beautiful.

Han Muye stared at the two people on the platform, the images in his mind constantly circulating.

He had comprehended the Suyang Sect’s Water Arrow Technique.

He had comprehended the Spirit Augmentation Sect’s Fire Dragon Palm.

In his mind, faint spiritual energy flowed around the two figures, then turned into water arrows and collided with the fire dragon.

This was a spell.

After comprehending it, Han Muye understood something.

It was no wonder that among the low-level cultivators in the cultivation world, the strength of sword cultivators far exceeded that of Dao cultivators.

It was not completely illogical to break the spell with one sword strike.

The cultivation of spells looked powerful, but it consumed spiritual energy and was slow. One also needed to be extremely proficient in the spells they cultivated to be able to use them smoothly in battle.

Although the two people on the platform were already at the Qi Condensation Realm, they were still nervous when casting spells and would often face disruption.

As long as a sword cultivator got close, he could completely suppress a Dao spell cultivator.

However, when one cultivated to a high level, they would reach the same goal through different means. At that time, the combat power of sword cultivators and spell cultivators would be balanced.

It was not impossible for a sword to break all spell techniques and a spell to suppress 10,000 swords.

“Boom—”

On the high platform, the flames exploded, and the Suyang Sect disciple was blown ten feet away, unconscious.

“He Daoshen from the Spirit Augmentation Sect is the victor.”

A voice sounded from the platform.

Han Muye turned to look at Zhao Pu.

The fate of the Suyang Sect disciples had already been arranged before this battle.

Someone in front commented, and then the next round began.

Each match did not last long. The outcome was decided in the blink of an eye.

Han Muye watched with relish, occasionally comprehending a sword technique or spell.

Although they were all low-level techniques, he wasn't picky.

“Who is going to win this round?”

Suddenly, Tuoba Cheng, who had been silent, spoke.

His voice was not soft. The experts of the various sects sitting in front turned to look at him before looking at the platform.

On the high platform, the two sword cultivators exchanged three to five moves.

‘Who is going to win?’

Zhao Pu looked confused.

He flipped open the book in his hand and looked at the names of the two people competing. He was even more confused.

The cultivation levels of these two people and the strength of the sect behind them were about the same. At this moment, the battle was also evenly matched. How could he determine the outcome?

“Master, I can’t tell. I might be able to judge after a few moves,” Zhao Pu said honestly.

Tuoba Cheng turned and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye’s expression did not change as he said softly, “Zhou Wu of the Fire Inscription Sect is ranked sixth in the sect, and Xia Shengzi of the Qingling Sword Sect is ranked ninth.”

“Zhou Wu cultivates the Fire Inscription Sect’s signature sword technique, Stone Inscription. Xia Shengzi cultivates the Ice Rain Sword of the Qingling Sword Sect.”

“With the same cultivation level and similar comprehension, the sect’s signature sword technique is naturally stronger than ordinary sword techniques.”

Turning to look at Tuoba Cheng, Han Muye said confidently, “Zhou Wu will win this round.”

“Clang—”

On the high platform, Zhou Wu’s sword cut off Xia Shengzi’s sword and pressed his sword against Xia Shengzi’s chest.

In front, several cultivators turned around and looked at Han Muye's face.

Zhao Pu turned his head gently and looked at Han Muye. "Brother Han, can you really deduce these?"

Han Muye shook his head and said calmly, "No, I just think that Zhou Wu's sword is very valuable."

"Don't forget what I do."

A sword caretaker.

Zhao Pu muttered.

"What about this match?"

Tuoba Cheng's voice sounded again.

Zhao Pu opened his mouth.

In this match, the contestant had yet to stand firm on the stage. How could he judge?

He unconsciously turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye's eyes lit up.

Was Tuoba Cheng testing him?

Interesting.

Looking at the two people on the stage who were about to draw their swords, Han Muye said calmly.

"This round—"