

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

Chapter 10: Purple Flame, Exchanging Swords

Early the next morning, Han Muye found a short sword on his couch.

The sword was no more than two feet and eight inches long. It was flashing with green light.

Reaching for the hilt, Han Muye froze.

Purple flame.

This was the patriarch's rusty sword, Purple Flame.

However, the Purple Flame Sword had completely changed. If it was an outsider, they would definitely not be able to recognize it.

The sword was ordinary, but when he held the hilt, Han Muye could feel the blazing fire in the sword, which glowed with the sword Qi in his body.

Warm air spread from his arm to his entire body.

"Who are you? Do you want to follow me?"

Muttering under his breath, Han Muye walked into the small courtyard with his sword and began practicing with it.

Dozens of sword techniques was unleashed using the blade.

The sword light was sometimes heavy and sometimes slow. Sometimes it was blazing, sometimes it was cold.

With so many sword techniques that had different concepts and strengths, if an outsider practiced the sword like this, their meridians would probably have been destroyed.

However, in Han Muye's hands, these sword techniques changed at will and were unrestrained.

The various sword Qi in his illusory space followed his sword technique and constantly changed to move along his meridians.

This feeling was extremely comfortable.

Huang Six, who had come to the courtyard, looked at him for a moment, then shook his head.

He could not understand why Han Muye was waving the sword around.

Of course, he would not stop Han Muye.

From Huang Six's perspective, Han Muye only had less than three months to live. He could do whatever he wanted.

No one came to the Sword Pavilion in the morning. Han Muye pestered Huang Six to tell him about the various matters in the cultivation world.

Huang Six had been in the Sword Pavilion for more than seven years and had heard many cultivation stories.

For example, he told him about the number of sword cultivation sects in the Western Frontier, the ones that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was not on good terms with and the ones that they were allies.

Also, in the Western Frontier, he told him who had the highest cultivation level and which sect liked to make things difficult behind their backs.

Whether it was true or false, Han Muye listened with relish.

He felt that this cultivation world was also filled with human desires and worldly affairs.

After talking about the cultivation world, Han Muye pestered Huang Six to talk about the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Huang Six yawned, but he could not resist Han Muye's pestering. He could only tell him about the elders, direct disciples, and the elites of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“As long as we don’t offend these people, we don’t have to care about anyone in the sect.”

“We have a rotten life anyway. We have nothing to fear.”

Huang Six yawned and stood up. He shook his head and said, “I’m going to sleep. Wiping the swords yesterday had harmed my essence energy.”

At this, he turned to Han Muye with a curious expression. “Why do you look so good?”

Indeed, Han Muye’s face was flushed, and he didn’t look tired at all.

Yet he was the one who had been injured by the sword Qi the day before and was almost dead.

Han Muye himself was puzzled by it too.

“Perhaps it’s the effect of the fine-quality Body Strengthening Pill.” Before Han Muye could figure it out, Huang Six had already guessed the reason.

“When I get my stipend next month, I’ll get a fine-quality Body Strengthening Pill and try it too.”

Huang Six turned back to his quiet room as he spoke.

Han Muye shook his head, stood up, and went to the wooden shelves where the swords were.

He reached for the hilt of a long sword and gently drew it out.

The sword hummed as if in joy.

Picking up the linen cloth that had been used to wipe the sword, Han Muye wiped the blade clean, then sheathed the sword.

As he wiped the sword, he could clearly feel the sword Qi in his body pouring into the blade of the sword. The sword Qi contained in the sword also seeped into his body.

The sword that was infused with sword Qi became even clearer. There was also an additional wisp of sword Qi in his body.

It was a win-win situation.

Walking to the wooden shelves, Han Muye began to wipe the swords Huang Six had wiped the day before.

In any case, he had nothing to do. He could wipe the swords and obtain some sword Qi. If he encountered a long sword that he had used, he could even comprehend the sword techniques.

Unknowingly, more than an hour had passed. He had already wiped more than 100 swords and comprehended three sword techniques in between.

Many of the sword techniques used by the low-level disciples overlapped.

However, during the comprehension process, Han Muye's comprehension was different according to the sword techniques used by different people.

Using the Mystic Element Sword Technique One Leaf as an example, some people used it as if it was a falling leaf, and it was light. Some people used it as if it was a new sprout that was full of vitality.

Wiping the sword, Han Muye's understanding of swordsmanship deepened.

"Huang Six!"

He was cleaning the swords when a voice came from the Sword Pavilion door.

Han Muye turned around and saw a young man in an inner sect white robe standing there, looking around.

There was new business?

"Ahem." With a cough, Han Muye strode forward and shouted with his hands behind his back, "Don't make any noise in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect."

The young man froze and looked Han Muye up and down.

"It's not Huang Six? When did the Sword Pavilion have a newcomer?" Muttering, he reached out and handed a burlap bag to Han Muye.

"Are you new?"

“I came to exchange swords.”

‘Exchange swords?’

There was a saying in the Sword Pavilion that sword exchanging could only be done with great merit to the sect or proof written by an elder.

Han Muye frowned, took the burlap bag, and untied it. His face changed.

Inside the burlap bag was a broken sword.

There were holes in the broken sword.

Reaching for the hilt, an image came from the broken sword.

A young man in a white robe held a long sword and had a cold expression.

He thrust his sword at the limestone wall in front of him. Each strike hit a spot.

Two Mystic Sword Technique, Gold Point.

After comprehending this sword technique, Han Muye frowned even more.

The essence of the Gold Point Sword Technique was to stop when necessary. There was no need for the blade to really hit against the limestone.

However, not only was the tip of the sword broken, there were also many holes on the blade.

“How was the sword broken?”

Han Muye spoke in a low voice.

The young man who’d come to exchange swords raised an eyebrow. “Hey, kid, don’t you think you’re meddling too much?” He hissed. “I told you to exchange the swords. Just do it.”

Han Muye sat in front of the long table and spread his hands. “If you don’t tell me why the sword broke, how can I change it for you?”

Hearing his words, the young man sneered. “This sword was broken by Senior Brother Luo Tian. If you don’t want to exchange it, I’ll go back and report to him.”

‘Luo Tian?’

Han Muye thought for a moment, then shook his head.

He was not an Elder or a Direct Disciple.

Then it’s all right.

Seeing Han Muye shake his head, the young man’s face darkened. He looked at Han Muye and smiled angrily. “Okay, okay, new kid, don’t fall into my hands next time.”

Then he reached for the short sword on the table.

Han Muye raised his hand to block it and said calmly, “The sword is damaged. Once it enters the Sword Pavilion, I will have to register and destroy it.”

“You—” The young man pointed at Han Muye in midair and gritted his teeth. “Kid, this sword belongs to Senior Brother Luo Tian—”

“Even the sect master’s sword has to be registered upon entering the Sword Pavilion.” Han Muye opened the book and started recording.

“Inner disciple Luo Tian has destroyed a sword for no reason. It is now kept in the Sword Pavilion.”

When he finished, he looked up and said, “What’s your name?”

The young man paused, uncertain. “What for?”

With a smile on his face, Han Muye said softly, “Anyone who destroys a sword for no reason is not allowed to enter the Sword Pavilion for three years. After three years, the merit points required to exchange for a sword will double.”

“What’s your name? I’ll record it down too.”

The young man’s expression changed. He flicked his sleeve and turned to leave.

Han Muye chuckled and added two words to the book.

Purple flame.

