

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

- Chapter 11 - Replacing the broken sword, Mu Wan delivers the pill

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Since the Purple Flame Sword was willing to follow him, he would let it follow him.

The broken sword in front of him just happened to fill in the missing sword in the Sword Pavilion.

In a way, Han Muye could be considered to have stolen what was entrusted to him.

But in the eyes of the Sword Caretaker, it was really nothing.

With so many swords, who cared if one or two were missing?

Huang Six himself had also hidden a good sword. The day before, Han Muye had even seen him secretly wipe it.

Looking at the broken sword on the table, Han Muye gently reached out and fixed it in place.

A faint sword aura extended from his palm and poured into the broken sword.

The broken sword vibrated slightly. At the area of breakage, there was a trace of green aura that was difficult to see with the naked eye.

10 breaths later, Han Muye let go.

“It really works.”

Joy flashed across his face as he looked at the broken sword that had been reattached.

Previously, when the sword Qi in his body started fusing with the aura in the sword, he had already wanted to explore the use of the sword Qi.

Now he saw that it was indeed beneficial for the sword.

Although there were still traces of breakage on the sword in front of him and it would break if he waved it, it had really become reattached.

In the future, if he slowly repaired it with his sword Qi, it would become as good as before.

Even though it would only take 32 sword Qi to repair a broken sword, Han Muye felt that it was worth it.

There were still many sword Qi left in his body.

If he wanted more sword Qi, he just had to wipe the swords frequently.

After delivering the sword that had been mended from the table to the wooden shelf, Han Muye began to polish the swords again.

In the afternoon, Huang Six, who had slept and looked much better, came out and saw Han Muye wiping the swords. He frowned.

But he didn't try to dissuade him.

Han Muye only had three months left to live. He could do whatever he wanted.

"Someone came to exchange swords just now. I had chased him away."

Han Muye spoke as he wiped the sword.

'Exchange swords?'

Huang Six flipped open the book on the long table and saw Han Muye's record. He frowned. "Luo Tian? The son of the inner sect deacon, Luo Yi?"

Han Muye turned and raised his eyebrows. "He is a royal relative?"

Huang Six closed the book and chuckled. "It's fine. They're just ordinary people from the inner sect. It's not like we Sword Caretakers have anything to do with them."

As he spoke, Huang Six looked up at the entrance to the Sword Pavilion.

“Little Han, the Sword Pavilion has been much livelier since you came.”

“In the past, it was common for no one to come for half a month.”

As soon as he finished speaking, a clear voice came from the door. “Mu Wan, a disciple of the Medical Hall, has come to the Sword Pavilion to look for Senior Brother Han Muye.”

Huang Six grinned and said, “So you’re here for Little Han.”

‘Mu Wan?’

Was it the little girl who refined pills for him the day before?

Han Muye sheathed his sword and walked to the door of the Sword Pavilion.

“I’ll go out for a walk first. You guys take your time to talk.” Huang Six’s toothless smile looked a little comical, but in Han Muye’s eyes, it was amiable.

Huang Six patted Han Muye on the shoulder and walked out of the Sword Pavilion. Then he chuckled at Mu Wan and left.

“This is the Sword Pavilion?” Mu Wan, who had stuck her head in, felt a chill run down her spine. The light filling the room made her feel dizzy.

It was said that the Sword Pavilion’s sword Qi hurt people and it was best to not enter the place if one could avoid it. It seemed that it was true.

Han Muye waved his hand, and all the swords in the building seemed to have received the order to hide their sword Qi.

When Mu Wan stepped into the Sword Pavilion, she no longer felt any bone-piercing chill, as if what she had just felt was just an illusion.

“I didn’t know those two Body Strengthening Pills were fine-quality until I got back.”

Han Muye took out the remaining Body Strengthening Pill and put it on the long table.

“I’ll return this one to you. I’ve already swallowed the other one. When I gather enough spiritual rocks for the pill, I’ll send it to the Medical Hall.”

Since she had already come, he couldn’t hide it, could he?

A fine-quality medicinal pill cost 15 spiritual rocks. It was not good for him to take any advantage.

Not to mention that it was an advantage of a young lady.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Mu Wan was stunned, then covered her face and laughed.

“Senior Brother Han, do you think I’m here to ask you for spiritual rocks?”

The young lady had a good figure and pretty eyes. Her smile was also not bad.

Han Muye gave her a nine out of ten.

It was mainly because her body had yet to grow completely. In terms of size, there was still room for development.

As if sensing Han Muye’s gaze, Mu Wan snorted softly and raised her hand to take out a small jade bottle.

“It was all thanks to your guidance that I was able to refine a fine-quality pill yesterday.”

“These are the two Body Strengthening Pills refined in the third batch. I’m here to give them to Senior Brother.”

With that, she placed the jade bottle on the long table.

“For me?” Han Muye was surprised.

In the cultivation world, the lives of low-level disciples were not easy.

No one had many spare spiritual rocks.

These two fine-quality Body Strengthening Pills could be exchanged for a lot of spiritual rocks.

‘This young lady is quite interesting.’

“Of course it’s for Senior Brother.” Mu Wan’s expression did not change.

Han Muye reached for the jade bottle, then looked at Mu Wan. “Tell me, what do you need me to do?”

Hearing his words, Mu Wan blushed, but she still nodded and whispered, “Senior Brother’s words yesterday made me very emotional.”

“Unfortunately, I’m rather slow-witted and can’t understand it for a moment.”

With that, she looked up at Han Muye. “I’ve been learning how to refine a furnace of pills recently, but it’s always difficult. I want to ask Senior Brother to take a look and give some advice.”

‘Watch her pill refinement?’

He would not lose out anyways.

Han Muye calculated in his mind and nodded. “Okay, then, the day after tomorrow. I’ll go to the Medical Hall that afternoon.”

He planned to go to the inner sect the next day to see if there were any suitable cultivation techniques.

“Alright, I’ll wait for Senior Brother in the Medical Hall the day after tomorrow.” A smile appeared on Mu Wan’s face. She bowed slightly and turned to leave.

Han Muye shook his head and looked at the jade bottle in his hand with a hint of joy in his eyes.

These were all money...

“Hey, where’s the young lady? She’s leaving already? Isn’t she staying for a meal or something?”

Huang Six, who had returned from some place, first looked in the direction of Han Muye’s chamber before speaking regretfully.

What was he thinking? Han Muye couldn’t be bothered with him. He reached out to open the jade bottle and poured out two pills.

“Oh my, another fine-quality solid pill?” Huang Six leaned forward and said enviously, “How many spiritual rocks did you buy them for?”

“Junior Sister Mu gave it to me,” Han Muye said calmly as he put his last Body Strengthening Pill into the jade bottle.

Huang Six felt an urge to scratch Han Muye’s face.

Did all female cultivators in this world care about appearances?

She could even give away fine-quality pills for nothing?

“Why, do you want it?” Han Muye looked at Huang Six and handed him the jade bottle. “If you want it, exchange with 10 spiritual rocks each pill.”

Huang Six frowned and was about to speak when Han Muye said, “I want to accumulate more spiritual rocks and go to the Inner Sect Training Hall tomorrow to see if I can buy a cultivation technique.”

“This Body Strengthening Pill doesn’t feel very useful to me.”

Huang Six nodded at his words.

Without a cultivation technique, the medicinal power of pills could not be enhanced and was indeed not very useful.

It would be different if he could cultivate a body-tempering technique.

Perhaps it would give Han Muye a chance of survival.

“Alright, I’ll take this pill.” Huang Six took the jade bottle and returned to his quiet room. He placed a bag of spiritual rocks on the table and turned to leave.

Han Muye unwrapped the cloth and looked startled.

Inside the cloth bag were 100 spiritual rocks.

“Inner sect cultivation techniques are not cheap. Without 100 spiritual rocks, you won’t be able to buy a good cultivation technique.”

“Consider it a loan. Remember to pay me back with interest.”

Huang Six's voice came through.