

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

Chapter 14: No sword in hand, but sword in heart

The old man's expression was solemn, and his aura condensed.

This made Han Muye panic a little.

Was there a need to be so serious about a business worth 10 spiritual rocks?

Or could it be that this senior was a big shot in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect who had taken a fancy to him and wanted him to inherit his legacy?

Perhaps this was fate.

With a respectful expression, Han Muye cupped his hands and said, "I want to learn."

The old man nodded, his expression unchanged. He looked at Han Muye. "Okay, then I'll ask you a few questions. You have to answer them truthfully."

This process was very similar to the inheritance of a certain big shot!

Han Muye suppressed his excitement and nodded seriously.

"Alright, let me ask you. Why did you come to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?" The old man asked, his eyes seemingly surging with light.

Why did he come to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

Han Muye thought back, and the rows of swords in the Sword Pavilion flashed across his mind.

"For the swords." Shaking his head, Han Muye said solemnly, "To wield the swords and rule for a long time."

After being reborn, he had to have some ambition.

Hearing his words, the old man opposite him smiled and clapped his hands. "Great!"

"If you didn't have the intention to dominate and suppress the world with your sword, you wouldn't be qualified to learn my technique!"

Han Muye was delighted. He had made the right bet!

He was about to bow when the old man raised his hand again. "Let me ask you again. Is your cultivation aptitude above fifth-grade?"

Above fifth-grade cultivation aptitude?

Did he need such aptitude to cultivate the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?

That was true. With such a grand name, it had to require at least a fifth-grade aptitude.

Han Muye's face stiffened, and he shook his head. "No."

He sighed in his heart. It seemed that he did not have the opportunity to cultivate such a peerless cultivation technique.

"Alright!" The old man opposite him shouted, scaring Han Muye.

"If your aptitude is good enough, you don't need to learn my Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords at all. You would just learn and cultivate according to the instructions."

At this point, the old man stared at Han Muye as if he were staring at a beautiful piece of jade.

"People with the heart to dominate the world, but no aptitude and no resources."

"There are plenty of people like that in the world."

"These people should resign themselves to being ants for the rest of their lives?"

The old man's face turned red as he shouted. A violent aura seemed to rise from his body.

The old man was a little crazy.

‘Are all mysterious experts like that?’

Han Muye kept his mouth shut.

After roaring, the old man retracted his aura and looked at Han Muye with a normal expression. “Today, I’ll teach you the technique. Remember, you’re walking a great path to Heaven for all ordinary sword cultivators in the world, understand?”

Han Muye nodded.

Wasn’t this responsibility a little too much?

Seeing Han Muye nod, the old man put one hand behind his back and took a step forward.

“I, Mo Yuan, have studied 360 sword techniques since I entered the Nine Mystic Sword Sect for a hundred years, but I’ve never been able to master them.”

“When the three elders of the Sword Pavilion attacked, their sword Qi spanned 30,000 feet. They could split mountains and rivers with one strike. Only then did I comprehend the move.”

“Cultivate a wisp of sword energy, refine it, split it into 128,000 threads, and condense it into sword intent.”

“The sword intent will be kneaded into 100 folds, turning into tempered steel. It will wrap around your fingers, then gather 3,000 sword intent, and transform into the power of the world.”

“This, therefore, is—”

The old man raised two fingers of his right hand and pointed.

“Ancestral—Return—of—10,000—Swords—”

His gaze was distant and firm. His figure was tall and straight, and his posture was as sharp as a sword!

If it was coupled with thousands of swords flying, endless sword light lingering, and the world trembling, then it would really be Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords rushing into the sky.

However, in the demonstration room, there seemed to be a weaker aura.

After a long silence, Han Muye couldn't help but whisper, "That's it?"

The old man slowly withdrew his hand. Instead of answering him, he asked, "How much have you comprehended?"

'Comprehend?'

'Just this move, no, posture?'

Han Muye closed his eyes, and the image of the old man standing in place with his fingers raised slowly appeared in his mind.

This time, the image moved so slowly that Han Muye wanted to fast-forward.

But he could feel something in the image.

He looked carefully at the old man's eyes in the image, the old man's movements when he pointed, and the old man's expression when he shouted "Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords".

Unconsciously, he sensed a difference.

Seriousness.

Determination.

There was determination in the old man's eyes.

The old man's two fingers probed with determination.

The old man looked determined.

As the images changed again and again, the old man's aura became more and more solemn until all the images shattered.

Han Muye opened his eyes.

He had comprehended “Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords”!

The moment he comprehended the technique, he felt all the sword Qi in the illusory space in his body tremble and surge, as if it was about to surge out.

He could control the sword Qi in his body?

The Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords was real!

This Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords really condensed all the sword techniques in the world. Just one sword could shatter the galaxy!

Looking at the old man in front of him, Han Muye only felt admiration. He raised his hand and bowed. “Thank you for your guidance, Senior. I have comprehended it.”

A mighty figure who could create such a cultivation technique was worthy of respect.

“You’ve learned it?” The old man was stunned when he saw Han Muye’s actions. “What have you comprehended?”

Was this the final test?

Han Muye straightened up, one hand clenched into a fist, his gaze firm. “With a sword in hand, the world is mine.”

The old man frowned and was about to speak when he heard Han Muye say, “I’ve comprehended that there’s no sword in my hand, but a sword in my heart.”

“No sword in the hand, but a sword in the heart?” The old man was stunned and whispered.

“No sword in the hand, but a sword in the heart?”

“Haha, no sword in the hand, but a sword in the heart!”

The old man let out a long laugh and turned away.

It wasn’t until he left that Han Muye remembered that he hadn’t paid the 10 spiritual rocks.

‘And what happened to him taking in disciples?’

To be able to comprehend a cultivation technique like Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords after reading it once, this big shot still didn’t accept him as his disciple and pass down his legacy?

This was not a cultivation technique that could be used on the streets. How could he be so casual?

Shaking his head, Han Muye could only put away the two books and prepare to leave the room.

Perhaps this was fate. He was not born to be the elder’s disciple.

After putting away the book, spiritual light flashed on the jade wall in front of him.

“Eh?”

A message on the jade wall made Han Muye’s heart skip a beat.

“Room 85 requires an explanation of the Two Mystic Sword Technique, Blue Wave for 500 spiritual rocks.”

‘Blue Wave?’

He had comprehended this sword technique the day before, and it was not just once.

He subconsciously reached out and tapped on the jade wall, and the message dissipated.

‘So he has accepted a mission?’

Han Muye walked out of the room to the door of Room 85, took a deep breath, and pushed the door open.

In the quiet room, a young man in an inner sect white robe looked Han Muye up and down and frowned slightly.

“Senior Brother, I don’t think I’ve seen you in the inner sect before...”

Han Muye said lightly, “Do you think you recognise all 3,000 inner sect disciples?”

“That’s not—” The young man’s expression turned anxious. Before he could finish speaking, Han Muye waved his hand and said, “You want to a demonstration of the Blue Wave Sword Technique?”

The young man nodded.

Han Muye looked at the sword at the young man’s waist and extended his hand. “Give me the sword.”

