

## Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

*Chapter 2: Taking Care of Swords in the Sword Pavilion, Comprehension at a Glance.*

Die?

Even though he was mentally prepared, Han Muye was still shocked.

Without a cultivation base, one would not live beyond a year.

He knew that the Sword Pavilion wasn't an easy place to be in, but he didn't expect it would be this dangerous.

After pondering for a moment, he looked at Huang Six and cupped his hands, "Senior, I wonder if one can live beyond a year with a cultivation base?"

"Within this period of one year, which month will there the sword Qi harm the body?"

"Senior, can you tell me what is so special about the sword Qi? If I am careful enough, will I be able to survive a year?"

His consecutive questions stunned Huang Six.

He looked at Han Muye with a strange expression and said, "Do you really want to be a Sword Caretaker?"

'No.'

But there was no other way.

Han Muye nodded.

Huang Six grinned with his two big teeth missing.

"Come with me."

He beckoned for Han Muye to enter the pavilion.

The moment Han Muye entered the pavilion, he felt his hair stand on end suddenly.

On the wooden shelves, there were an endless supply of long swords!

Some of the long swords flickered with a dark and cold light as if they were about to devour someone.

Some of them looked simple and ordinary, but they were like ferocious beasts that were hibernating. They might even hurt someone when unsheathed.

In a dark corner from a distance, there was even a flash of light, as if a sword was about to fly out.

A breeze of cold air seeped into his bones, making his teeth chatter uncontrollably.

“Not bad, you hadn’t peed your pants after you came in.” Huang Six glanced at Han Muye, then pointed at the countless swords in front of him and said, “The Sword Caretaker’s role is to watch these swords.”

These swords had to be watched?

Han Muye was confused.

“The newly refined swords are still alright. Those that have been used and have remnant grievances might become bloodthirsty in the middle of the night. Don’t you think such sword should be watched over?” Huang Six grinned.

His smile with missing teeth, accompanied by the gloomy sword light was somewhat terrifying.

The swords were bloodthirsty?

Han Muye starting feeling regrets taking on this job.

“However, as a Sword Caretaker in the Sword Pavilion, as long as you don’t die, you will receive a monthly salary of 10 spiritual rocks and enjoy the same benefits as the other disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

“If you don’t die within ten years, you will become a manager of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect directly.”

“If you don’t die for six decades, hehe...”

Han Muye didn’t care about anything else that Huang Six said.

With the salary of 10 spiritual rocks and the benefits of the disciples, these were sufficient!

With his maximum level of comprehension, he firmly believed that he could take on the path of cultivation.

“Are you tempted?”

Huang Six pointed to a small room at the side. “The previous Sword Caretaker has just left for three days, you can stay in this room first.”

Han Muye walked into the room and saw that it was a quiet room with a wooden bed and a long table.

As he was exhausted in the past few days, he lay down on the wooden bed and fell asleep immediately.

When he woke up and walked out of the quiet room, the sky was already bright.

Huang Six looked at him with a strange expression and led him to the small courtyard behind the pavilion to wash up. He then pointed at a few steamed buns on the stone table and said, “Eat your breakfast. I’ll help you get your waist token and clothes.”

Huang Six was quite helpful, so Han Muye cupped his hand and said, “Thank you, senior.”

Huang Six memorized Han Muye’s name, background and other information before walking out.

After taking a few steps, he suddenly turned around and said, “Don’t call me senior, I’m not much older than you.”

Han Muye, whose mouth was stuffed with steamed buns, froze on the spot. Even when Huang Six walked out of the Sword Pavilion, he was still in a daze.

Huang Six’s body was hunched, his hair was white and even his teeth were gone. He was clearly getting old.

But he said that he was only a few years older than him.

Was this an injury caused by the sword Qi from the Sword Pavilion?

Suddenly, Han Muye felt that the steamed bun in his hand was hard to swallow.

After transmigrating to the cultivation world, he was prepared to find a beautiful fairy to experience dual cultivation.

He had not even started, and yet he was already going to become old like Huang Six. Wouldn't he be powerless?

After hurriedly finishing his breakfast, Han Muye walked to the wooden rack filled with swords.

Every sword looked extraordinary. They would definitely be priceless on Earth.

Han Muye grabbed the hilt of a long sword. He tightened his grip and pulled the sword with great force.

"Hmm?"

Seeing that there was no one around, he let go while his face had turned slightly flushed.

It was embarrassing that he was unable to unsheathe the sword.

Unwilling to give up, he tried a few more times. Han Muye refused to believe it and drew the sword one by one from the wooden rack.

"Clang—"

After trying a few wooden shelves, he pulled out a slender long sword.

The clear sword light flashed like water. The blade was long and narrow, carrying a faint green light.

"Okay, sword..."

Han Muye's gaze landed on the sword's blade. He felt a loud sound in his head as an image flashed through his mind.

In front of him, there seemed to be several craftsmen wielding hammers. With one strike after another, sparks flew everywhere.

The sword was hammered until a shape formed.

These burly men hit with all their might a million times, forming the shape of the iron.

They quenched, polished, adjusted and decorated the iron.

Until a long sword was refined.

“A heavy hit of 38,251 times and a light hit of 86,513 times.”

“Polished 5,620 times and quenched nine times.”

“The blade is 2.7 feet long and 1 inch wide.”

“The sword weighs 4.3kg.”

“Nine Revolutions Tempering Technique, Hundred Fold Forging Technique.”

Han Muye muttered to himself as his eyes sparkled.

A breeze of an unnoticeable Qi seeped into his body and then disappeared.

Was this because of his maximum level of comprehension?

With just a glance, the sword in his hand no longer had any secrets left. He had even learnt two forging techniques.

With such a cheat in his mind, would he still need to worry about not being able to cultivate?

Han Muye returned the sword to its original position and grabbed the hilt of another sword.

Without exerting any strength, he could already feel that he could pull out the sword.

“What are you doing? Are you tired of living?”

Before he could draw his sword, Huang Six’s voice sounded.

Han Muye released his hand and walked out from the wooden shelf.

“If you want to live longer, stay far away from these swords.”

Huang Six threw the clothes and waist token in front of Han Muye and said coldly, “The previous Sword Caretaker was too inquisitive so he was sent away from the Sword Pavilion even before three months were up.”

“Where did he go?” Han Muye picked up the waist token to take a look, and then opened up the greenish-gray Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciple’s robe.

“Where did he go?” Huang Six chuckled. “He’s dead. His blood and Qi were sucked dry by a long sword. He left in a very unpeaceful manner.”

Speaking about this, he looked at Han Muye and said, “Didn’t you hear anything when you slept in his room last night?”

Han Muye’s arm froze as he was tightening his belt.

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The swords in the Sword Pavilion were either newly forged, waiting for the disciples to come and collect them, or they are the swords brought back after the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had died to await for their next master.

The tens of thousands of swords in the first level of the Sword Pavilion were mostly ordinary swords.

There were more than a thousand swords in the second level of the Sword Pavilion and even the lowest grade was classified as a spiritual level.

As for the third floor, Huang Six did not introduce it to him.

No outsiders were allowed in the Sword Pavilion every day. Huang Six, who was actually only in his thirties, told Han Muye the general situation of the Sword Pavilion.

“There are a total of 12 areas on the first floor of the Sword Pavilion. There are about 3,000 swords in each area. We Sword Caretakers have to clean one area every month.”

“In a year’s time, all the swords have to be cleaned at least once.”

“All swords have to be placed under the sun every sixth of June.”

“At all other times, you should avoid the swords if you can.”

When the pavilion door closed at night, Huang Six patted Han Muye’s shoulder and said, “You’re quite an interesting fellow. I hope you can live beyond three months.”

As he lay on the wooden bed, Han Muye’s mind alternated between the image of the sword being forged and the story of the long sword sucking blood that Sixth Brother Huang told him.

In the half-darkness, he suddenly heard a soft call.

“Gentleman, do you want dual cultivation?”