

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

Chapter 20: It's Good To Do Something You Love

"What do you mean you won't live to pay back?"

Huang Six glared at Han Muye and stood up, preparing to get the spiritual rocks.

Han Muye pulled him back and said, "I'm just going to watch Junior Sister Mu Wan refine pills, not buy pills."

With that, he turned and walked out of the Sword Pavilion, smiling.

"Not to buy pills, but for that—"

Huang Six shook his head and sat back at the long table.

"Anyway, the Patriarch said you only had a month to live. It's good to do something you love."

Looking at Han Muye's back, Huang Six said softly with a lonely expression.

"I wonder how long I'll last..."

When Han Muye arrived at the Medical Hall, Mu Wan was already waiting in front of the bamboo building.

"Eh, Senior Brother, you don't look too good. You seem to have injured your essence energy?" Seeing Han Muye, Mu Wan frowned and said softly.

"It's fine. I had welcomed a sword today and suffered some sword Qi attacks." Han Muye waved his hand, then chuckled. "Let's go. What pill do you want to refine?"

"Is Senior Brother really fine?" Mu Wan asked again, worried.

Han Muye shook his head and walked into the bamboo building.

Mu Wan led him to a quiet corner.

“Senior Brother, I want to refine one of the more difficult ninth-grade pills, the Cloud Qi Pill.”

“This pill can split up the spiritual energy and soften the meridians. It’s one of the best pills in the Qi Condensation Realm.”

“A Cloud Qi Pill can be sold for 30 spiritual rocks.”

Mu Wan looked up at Han Muye and smiled shyly. “With this pill, I won’t ever lack spiritual rocks for cultivation.”

Han Muye nodded.

Poverty was the problem faced by all heroes. The world of cultivation was even more so.

A good cultivation technique cost tens of thousands of spiritual rocks.

Moreover, if one cultivated alchemy, refining a furnace of spiritual herbs and failing would result in a huge waste of spiritual rocks.

“Hum—”

In front of Mu Wan, flames rose from the pill furnace and spiritual herbs were placed on the table.

Han Muye watched her with narrowed eyes.

It was obvious that Mu Wan had refined this Cloud Qi Pill more than once or twice. She was very familiar with throwing pills and operating the pill furnace.

However, after the spiritual herbs were placed, it seemed that her cultivation level was insufficient. Her forehead was sweating, and it was very difficult for her to circulate the pill furnace.

Half an hour later, the furnace began to shake.

Mu Wan looked regretful and slowly stopped.

She had given up.

It was still not working.

She looked up at Han Muye and froze.

At this moment, Han Muye was staring at the pill furnace that was still spinning three feet above the ground, his eyes shining.

“Matching of the literature and martial arts, harmony of the yin and yang...”

Han Muye muttered softly then said, “Junior Sister Mu Wan, there’s a medicinal primer missing from your pill.”

‘Medicinal primer?’

Mu Wan looked confused.

She had only heard that medicinal primers were needed in the mortal world. She had never heard that medicinal primers were needed in alchemy.

“Then, Senior Brother, what is the medicinal primer you mentioned?”

Han Muye looked at Mu Wan and asked, “Junior Sister, are you in the Qi Condensation Realm?”

Mu Wan nodded. “I’ve been in the Qi Condensation Realm for more than three months.”

“Alright, inject a wisp of your spiritual energy into the pill furnace as a medicinal primer,” Han Muye said.

A wisp of spiritual energy?

‘What kind of method was this?’

Doubtful, Mu Wan raised her hand, and a wisp of faint green spiritual energy shot out from her fingertip and landed in the pill furnace.

“Hum—”

The pill furnace that was originally shaking continuously swayed gently, and then the scattered medicinal strength began to spin in an orderly manner.

Mu Wan's eyes widened as she watched the medicine in the cauldron gather into a ball.

"Why aren't you condensing your core?" Han Muye reminded her.

"Oh, okay." Mu Wan hurriedly took action, hitting her palm on the pill furnace.

The medicine in the furnace slowly condensed and finally turned into a light green bean-sized pill that flew out of the furnace.

"It's done!" Mu Wan reached out to catch the pill and examined it in her palm, her face full of joy.

When she looked up, she realized that Han Muye had already left.

"Senior Brother Han is really a strange person," Mu Wan muttered to herself as she held the pill in her hand.

...

After leaving the Medical Hall, Han Muye did not return to the Sword Pavilion immediately. Instead, he asked around and headed to the plaza not far away.

Just now, while watching Mu Wan refine pills, he had comprehended the method to refine Cloud Qi Pills.

Not only that, but the suggestion he had provided to Mu Wan had also inspired him.

As long as he used the spiritual energy of the Qi Condensation Realm as a medicinal primer, could he also refine pills?

Alchemy was a profitable business.

When he reached the small plaza, Han Muye looked around.

Around the plaza were small shops.

Some of these shops were opened by disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, some by foreign cultivators, and a few were directly owned by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

This was a market specially for the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to trade.

Han Muye looked at the shops and saw that many of them sold ores, swords, talismans, and pills.

The quality was not high, but it was relatively cheap.

After all, it was specially prepared for outer sect disciples.

Those elites in the sect did not need these at all. They could directly exchange for the items as their sect mission rewards.

The inner sect disciples could also obtain swords from the Sword Pavilion.

Only a large number of outer sect disciples and servant disciples who wanted to cultivate would exchange for valuable treasures in such a market.

Seeing the white-robed Han Muye, the eyes of many shop owners lit up, and they smiled eagerly.

In this small market filled with people with green and gray robes, the white robes of the inner sect were extremely eye-catching.

Han Muye turned half a circle and walked into a shop called 'Suzhen Store'.

There were some spiritual herbs and items related to alchemy placed outside the shop for sale.

As he entered the shop, the two female cultivators who had been chatting turned around.

"Senior Brother, what are you looking for?" The green-robed female cultivator, who was obviously the owner of the shop, looked at Han Muye and smiled.

The female cultivator who was chatting with the shop owner sized up Han Muye curiously. When she saw Han Muye's pale face, she frowned slightly.

"I want to find a pill furnace and some spiritual herbs for the Cloud Qi Pill." After a pause, Han Muye continued, "It would be even better if I could have a Cloud Qi Pill."

The shopkeeper was all smiles when she heard Han Muye's words. "Yes, yes."

She placed a three-legged pill furnace the size of a watermelon on the shelf behind her on the counter, then retrieved a few medicinal packets.

"Immortal Jin Yuan, please give me a Cloud Qi Pill." The shop owner reached out her hand and smiled at the female cultivator beside him.

The female cultivator nodded and took out a pill.

This pill was the Cloud Qi Pill that Mu Wan had refined previously.

"30 spiritual rocks for the pill and 100 spiritual rocks for 10 sets of spiritual herbs. As for this pill furnace..." The shop owner sized up Han Muye and said softly, "I'll take 500 spiritual rocks from you, Senior Brother."

Han Muye looked at the pills and spiritual herbs, then at the furnace, and said lightly, "500 spiritual rocks altogether."

The shopkeeper was stunned for a moment before she smiled and said, "Senior Brother, you were really a daring bargainer."

"500 it is. However, if Senior Brother can refine extra Cloud Qi Pills, you have to sell them to me, Bai Suzhen."

'Bai Suzhen?'

He wondered if her husband's name was Xu Xian.

Han Muye muttered and nodded, then pulled out five merit tokens and placed them on the counter.

He put away the pills and walked out with the cauldron.

"Senior Brother, I'm afraid you won't live long."

Suddenly, the female cultivator in the shop spoke in a low voice.

Han Muye stopped and turned.

"Look at me, how long can I live?" Han Muye looked at the female cultivator.

The female cultivator's eyes flickered as she carefully sized up Han Muye. Then she said softly, "I'm afraid Senior Brother only has a month to live."