

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

Chapter 3: Rules of Collecting Swords From the Swords Pavilion

Dual cultivation?

‘Is it for real?’

‘Is she beautiful?’

Han Muye opened his eyes and was disappointed.

In front of him, there was only a three-foot-long sword that had a dim sword light.

He sighed, rolled over, and went back to sleep.

‘Sword?’

With a jolt, he jumped to his feet, all traces of sleep gone.

“Gentleman, do you want dual cultivation?”

The elegant, indifferent voice came again.

Han Muye curled up on the wooden bed and said softly, “If I dual cultivate with a sword, won’t I become a slut?”

“You see me as a sword?” the elegant voice exclaimed.

“Black iron as the blade. The blade is two feet eight inches. The hilt has a bronze cloud pattern with three streaks of blood veins intertwined.”

“The sword weighs four kilograms, and the blade is half an inch deep.”

“The body of the sword is forged using the method of Thousand Hammers Refinement. The method of quenching is—”

Han Muye suddenly paused.

An image appeared before him.

The well-tempered sword was clamped with iron tongs and slowly inserted into the heart of a young girl in green clothes.

“It was tempered using the blood in the heart of a young girl. This method is not a righteous forging technique...”

Han Muye muttered softly.

He learnt the Blood Refinement Technique.

The sword trembled slightly. Traces of sword light trembled on it, as if there was an emotional fluctuation. Then the blade turned and stabbed at Han Muye’s chest.

At that moment, an old cough came from next door.

The sword clattered to the wooden bed.

“What are you doing in the middle of the night? Go sleep,” came Huang Six’s voice.

Han Muye, who had broken out in a cold sweat, reached out and grabbed the hilt of the sword in front of him.

“Boom—”

Images appeared in his mind.

The sword light came from the sword in the hands of a white-robed young man and it was like a swimming dragon. Every sword light carried an explosive cold light.

Blood bloomed on the blade.

They were lives being reaped.

“Yun’er, hand over Yun’er!”

The young man roared, the sword in his hand so fast that only flashes of its shadow could be seen.

He fought his way from the foot of the mountain to the top and was finally blocked by an old man in a linen robe.

“Hehe, the eighth of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is indeed capable.”

Coldness flashed across the old man’s face. He held a long-handled saber in front of him.

“It’s her you’re looking for, isn’t it?”

The old man raised his hand and pointed ahead. There was a young girl in green, her face covered in tears. She looked at the young man and shook her head continuously.

“Yun’er! Let go of my sister—”

The young man roared and took flight.

However, his figure was stopped by a short sword at the girl’s neck.

“Jiyuan, hand over the sword in your hand.”

“Otherwise, you’ll only get her body,” said the masked man standing beside the girl.

“Brother, leave now—”

“Don’t care about me—”

Tears streamed down the girl’s face.

“Don’t you want this Mystic Sun Sword?” The young man named Jiyuan glanced at the old man in linen clothes, then looked at the man in black in front of him and said, “Just take it.”

He raised his hand and threw his sword.

The moment he threw the sword, the old man flew out and slashed at his head.

The young man, who had no sword in his hand, was forced to retreat. In the end, he fell off the cliff.

After Jiyuan fell off the cliff, the green-robed girl's eyes were filled with despair. The masked man in black took a step forward and reached out to grab the sword that Jiyuan had thrown. His eyes were cold.

"This isn't the Mystic Sun Sword!"

"How is that possible? Without the Mystic Sun Sword, how could he kill the Snow Spirit Fox?" The old man's expression changed.

"Could it be that he really relied on his talent for sword cultivation?"

Snorting, the masked man in black grabbed the girl in green and walked away.

The scene after that showed a repeat of the scene of the girl's blood at her heart being used for refining the sword.

However, what was tempered was the sword that Jiyuan had thrown over.

The sword that had killed the demonic fox was reforged and tempered with the girl's blood.

This sword contained the slyness of a demonic fox and the resentment of a young girl.

Therefore, this sword could suck a person's blood and Qi.

The scene in front of Han Muye dissipated, and an aura entered his body from the sword.

Unlike the faint aura in the sword during the day, this time, the aura in the sword was deep. It flowed along the meridians in his entire body and finally returned to a calm state.

He could feel a subtle change in his body, but he couldn't point it out.

"Mystic Element Sword Technique, First Leaf."

He closed his eyes. The sword technique that Jiyuan was practising finally came to a still and turned into a repetitive sword movement.

This move was called First Leaf.

“Why is this sword in the Sword Pavilion?”

“Is Jiyuan alive or dead?”

Looking at the sword in his hand, Han Muye was filled with questions.

When he walked out of the room the next day, Huang Six met Han Muye. He looked him up and down, his face full of suspicion.

“Not bad. You weren’t drained out of energy last night.”

In front of him, Han Muye was in high spirits and didn’t look tired at all.

Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands. “Thank you for saving me, Brother.”

“The sword...”

“Just send the sword back later.” Huang Six waved his hand. As he walked, he muttered, “Looks like he’s tough. He might really be able to stay in the Sword Pavilion for a long time...”

In the morning, Huang Six instructed Han Muye to guard the Sword Pavilion while he went down the mountain to get some wine.

According to Huang Six, if he did not drink some wine, he would not be able to sleep at night.

After Huang Six left, Han Muye looked at the swords on the wooden shelves, his eyes shining.

He walked over, reached for the hilt of a long sword, and drew gently.

Unlike the sword from the day before, which did not move at all, the sword was pulled out with a clang. The blade flashed coldly.

A sense of closeness came from the sword.

This feeling was extremely mysterious. It all came from the aura that had poured into his body last night.

It was as if this aura was circulating in his body, and the long sword treated him as family.

“The sword is three feet one inch long and weighs six kilograms. The blade is four inches wide and two inches thick.”

“It was refined with the Thousand hammering technique and quenched with Thousand-year Freezing Lake Water.”

Holding the sword, Han Muye gently extended his arm.

“Swoosh—”

The edge of the sword shook, as if a green leaf was fluttering and had nowhere to land, so it was swirling.

Before this fallen leaf, the opponent had nowhere to exert his strength and could not capture any traces of it.

Mystic Element Sword Technique, First Leaf.

This was the sword technique that Han Muye had comprehended from the sword the previous night.

“Because I have maximum-level comprehension, not only can I comprehend this move, but I can also see through the concept of this move. Therefore, I can make this move more unpredictable than Jiyuan?”

Han Muye could feel that even Jiyuan couldn't use his sword.

Unfortunately, he had no cultivation base and only had sword techniques. If he really wanted to fight someone, the other party would probably have already cut his sword off before he could even attack.

None of the martial arts in the world were invincible. Only speed was invincible. Without the support of cultivation base, one's speed and strength could not be unleashed at all.

However, there was no hurry to cultivate. Since he had already entered the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, why would he be afraid of not having a chance to cultivate?

Returning the sword to its sheath, Han Muye reached for the hilt of the other sword.

Long swords were drawn one after another, and he could see all the secrets hidden in them.

Unknowingly, faint auras fused into his body.

He had also comprehended several ways to forge swords.

These swords were unused, and there was no trace of their owner's cultivation.

Perhaps he could gain something from the swords that someone had used?

Han Muye looked up and walked toward the wooden shelves. In the morning, he had placed the sword from the room at the position in front of him.

There should be traces of use around the sword.

"Disciple Jiang Han has come to the Sword Pavilion to retrieve a long sword."

Suddenly, a voice came from the entrance of the Sword Pavilion.

'A disciple retrieving a sword.'

This was one of the main businesses in the Sword Pavilion.

According to Huang Six, it was also the business with the most profits.

Han Muye turned around and walked to the door of the pavilion, bowed his head, and said casually, "According to the rules of the Sword Pavilion, before retrieving the sword, you have to take a bath and change out of your clothes first, then burn incense, meditate and eat only vegetarian food for ten days."

"To retrieve a sword—"

After a pause, he waved his hand and said, "Come in."

The green-robed disciple standing at the bottom of the stone steps opened his hands. In his palms were three sparkling spiritual rocks.