

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

Chapter 4: Comprehending the Mystic Element Sword Technique, Lone Wood

“Name?”

“Jiang Han.”

“Why are you retrieving the sword?”

“Eighth Senior Brother Jiyuan had disappeared for a year. According to the sect’s rules, other than his position as the top 100, I am the 101st in the outer sect.”

Now, he had replaced to become the 100th in the outer sect.

According to the rules of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, the top 100 outer sect disciples were qualified to receive a Hundred Refinement long sword.

“100th in the outer sect,” Han Muye muttered, closing the book in front of him.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier. It was an overlord and controlled everything within a radius of hundreds of thousands of kilometers.

A 100th in the outer sect was nothing.

However, these 100 outer sect disciples also stood out from the tens of thousands of outer sect disciples. There were still nearly 100,000 servants from the various halls underneath them.

Above the outer sect were nearly ten thousand inner sect disciples, hundreds of elite disciples, and dozens of direct disciples.

These were only the disciples. There were even the managers, hall masters, elders, and other experts.

In that case, Han Muye, who did not have any cultivation base and had a crippled spiritual core, was probably at the bottom of the entire Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“I’m ashamed. I was only lucky to enter the top 100 of the outer sect.”

Hearing Han Muye mutter, Jiang Han blushed and said softly.

As he spoke, he took out two more spiritual rocks and placed them on the table.

He was the last of the 100 outer sect disciple in the Sword Pavilion.

Five spiritual rocks in one go?

Han Muye collected the spiritual rocks, leaving them without a trace.

The young man was quite virtuous. Han Muye laughed, then pointed at the wooden shelf in front of him. “Go choose a sword.”

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Jiang Han finally looked happy.

He had long heard that if the Sword Caretaker was satisfied, he would be able to obtain a good sword from the Sword Pavilion. If the Sword Caretaker was not satisfied, even if he had thrown a piece of scrap metal at you, you would have no reason to argue.

Who dared to say that the swords in the Sword Pavilion were broken?

Jiang Han quickly walked to the wooden shelves. He reached out and touched this and that sword, but he didn’t dare to really draw any of them.

Cultivators valued sword affinity.

If he pulled out the swords one by one and put them back, he would be offending the swords.

The other swords would not become close to him either.

Han Muye didn’t rush him. He put the five spiritual rocks in his pocket, feeling the substantial weight of them.

He had only earned half a spiritual rock from setting up the stall for half a year. Now, he had earned five spiritual rocks just from a disciple who had come to retrieve his sword.

The Sword Caretaker's job was really lucrative.

Han Muye was wondering when he should invite Lu Gao, who had helped him get this job, to drink.

He turned around and saw that Jiang Han had not picked his sword yet. He picked up the small hammer on the table and knocked it on the small bronze bell.

Hearing the bell, Jiang Han sighed slightly and took a few steps back reluctantly. He picked up a sword that he had taken a fancy to earlier.

The bell Han Muye rang was both to limit the time disciples could spend choosing their swords and to protect them.

According to Huang Six, these disciples who came to choose swords had all cultivated good sword techniques, so they should protect their sword Qi.

There was a mix of sword Qi in the Sword Pavilion. If these disciples stayed there for too long, the sword Qi would affect their cultivation.

This was also the reason why the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker was not chosen among the disciples.

If a cultivator stayed in the Sword Pavilion for too long, their cultivation skills would be crippled.

Jiang Han held the sword and handed it to Han Muye.

The Sword Caretaker had to register every sword that had been taken away.

After receiving the sword back, Han Muye gripped the hilt and drew gently.

"Clang—"

The sword came out of its sheath, emitting a green and cold light.

There was a small seal inscription on the blade.

“Light Shadow,” Jiang Han said softly. A trace of joy flashed across his face.

A sword that had its name was considered a good quality item.

“Number 39587. The sword’s name is Light Shadow.”

After registering, Han Muye paused and said in a low voice, “The sword is three feet, five inches, and seven centimeters long. It weighs seven kilograms, worth six taels and seven coins.”

“The blade is an inch and a half wide, and the spine is three inches thick.”

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Jiang Han looked at Han Muye in surprise.

Just by gripping it, the Sword Caretaker in front of him could tell all the information about this Light Shadow Sword?

When Han Muye handed the sword back, Jiang Han pulled it out and examined it carefully.

He gently twirled his sword and brandished a few familiar sword moves. He felt that what Han Muye said was really true.

It was said that the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker was mysterious and strange. It seemed that it was true.

Jiang Han sheathed his sword, cupped his hands at Han Muye, and turned to walk out of the Sword Pavilion.

As long as he walked out the door, the sword was his.

“Wait a minute.”

Suddenly, Han Muye’s voice came from behind.

Jiang Han tightened his grip on his sword and turned to look nervously at Han Muye.

“Senior, is there any other procedures that haven’t been completed?”

He had been given five spiritual rocks and the sword had been transferred to his hands. Jiang Han thought that he would not be dealing with the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker for a long time.

"I think you'd better change your sword."

Han Muye looked at Jiang Han and spoke indifferently.

"Why?" Jiang Han frowned.

Five spiritual rocks was more than half of an outer sect disciple's fortune.

Spiritual rocks were usually needed for cultivation. No one would complain about having too many.

Could it be that the Sword Caretaker in front of him wanted to extort another sum?

"The sword moves you are practising does not align with the sword properties. This sword is a little heavy for you."

Han Muye sat at the long table, tapping his fingers on the surface.

'Heavy?'

Holding his sword, Jiang Han sensed it slightly, and his expression changed.

A sword was a matter of life and death for a cultivator.

If Han Muye hadn't pointed it out, he really wouldn't have noticed that the sword was a little heavy for him.

He felt a little heavy as he weighed it in his hand.

"And given your height and arm length, you should have used a three-foot-one sword. This one is too long."

'Too long!'

Holding the sword tightly, Jiang Han's palm trembled slightly.

No wonder his movements were slightly deformed when he sheathed his sword.

Originally, he only thought that it was because the sword was not used to him.

He recalled what the outer sect sword technique instructor had said when he first entered the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The sword was the second life of a cultivator. He had to coexist with it.

Only by understanding his sword could he live long.

He thought that after he had cultivated for several years and was in the top 100 of the outer sect, he was a person who knew swords.

But when Han Muye reminded him, he broke out in cold sweat.

He was like a fool who didn't know anything!

Jiang Han took out the remaining five spiritual rocks from his pocket and bowed to Han Muye. "Senior, please teach me more!"

He was a little stupid, but he was quite sensible.

Han Muye put away the five spiritual rocks, then pointed at the wooden shelf in front of him.

"Third row, seventh sword, Qinghe."

Jiang Han quickly walked over and put the Light Shadow Sword back. Then, he found the third row and reached out to hold the seventh sword.

"The sword is three feet and one inch long and weighs five kilograms. The blade has two sides and blood grooves. When you swing it, it produces a scream in the air. It's perfect for your sword move."

As Han Muye's voice came through, Jiang Han slowly drew his sword.

With his hand on the hilt of his sword, he felt his blood connect with it.

There was no need to look. This sword was what he wanted!

"Your sword technique focuses on the opponent's chest, abdomen, and neck. When you attack, you need to be three times faster. You can't draw back your sword directly. You have to stretch it out."

“And remember, when you draw your sword, you have a habit of thumbing the hilt. It’s a deadly mistake.”

Han Muye leaned back in his big chair and said casually, “Consider this a gift.”

Jiang Han gripped his sword tightly and bowed to Han Muye before gently leaving the Sword Pavilion.

After walking down from the steps, he straightened his back and heaved a long sigh of relief. He narrowed his eyes and looked at the bright word “Sword Pavilion” above his head.

“These 10 spiritual rocks are really worth it today.”

Jiang Han’s eyes flashed with surprise.

“Even the seniors of the inner sect can’t tell me the weakness of my sword move, but this Sword Caretaker actually saw through it at a glance.”

“I’ve always felt that my sword strike wasn’t smooth, but I couldn’t find the reason. It turns out that my hand position was wrong when I attacked.”

Jiang Han turned around and strode away. An indescribable battle intent rose from his body.

“I’m confident that I can enter the top 80 of the outer sect after I practise even more intensely!”

In the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye closed his eyes slightly, and sword lights circulated in his mind.

The swordsman still looked like Jiang Han, but the sword light was countless times stronger.

“Mystic Element Sword Technique, Lone Wood.”

After comprehending another sword technique, Han Muye’s lips curled up slightly.

He liked the job of a Sword Caretaker.

