

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

*Chapter 5: We sword cultivators are invincible among our peers*

At noon, Huang Six returned with a gourd that could hold one and half kilograms of wine.

As soon as he entered the Sword Pavilion, he scurried to the long table, his movements extremely agile.

On the long table were three spiritual rocks.

Reaching out to rub the spirit stones, Huang Six grinned and said. "Little Han, you're really something. You've only been in the Sword Pavilion for a while, but you've already received spiritual rocks."

As he spoke, he stuffed a spiritual rock into his pocket and pushed the other two in front of Han Muye.

The unwritten rule of the Sword Pavilion was that if there were any gains, the Sword Caretakers would split it 30-70.

Currently, there were only Han Muye and Huang Six. Han Muye received 10 spiritual rocks and gave Huang Six three.

"Keep it. You'll have to use it soon."

Hearing his words, Han Muye smiled and shook his head. "These are all yours, Brother. I've already taken my share."

He had taken his share?

The three pieces on the table weren't all of them?

"10 spiritual rocks? Which idiot—" Huang Six's eyes widened as he looked at Han Muye. He lowered his voice and said, "It'd better not be some elder, direct disciple, or inner sect elite. It's not good to take these people's spiritual rocks."

Previously, Huang Six had told Han Muye about the rules of the Sword Pavilion. It was fine to ask for some benefits, but he had to be observant.

Putting aside the elders in the sect, the direct disciples of the Sword Sect and the elite disciples of the inner sect all had bright futures. If he had extorted these people's spiritual rocks, they might cause trouble when they became successful.

Although most Sword Caretakers did not live long, but if they did, they might suffer the punishment afterwards.

Hearing Huang Six's words, Han Muye waved his hand with a smile and opened the book in front of him. "100th from the outer sect, Jiang Han."

"100th from the outer sect? You can even scrape off 10 spiritual rocks from such a fellow..." Huang Six kept all the spiritual rocks on the table and muttered a few words before carrying the wine gourd into his hut.

When he reached the door, he turned around and said, "I'll guard the Sword Pavilion this afternoon. It'll be good for you to take a look outside."

At this point, he paused and said, "You can buy two Body Strengthening Pills from the medical hall with seven spiritual rocks."

"This pill can strengthen your muscles and bones. You can also live for a few more days under the effects of the sword Qi."

"Alright, thank you, Brother." Han Muye smiled and cupped his hands.

Seeing Huang Six shake his head and walk away, Han Muye didn't know if it was because he really cared about him or if he wanted to guard the Sword Pavilion in the afternoon and see if he could catch a fat sheep or two.

However, leaving the Sword Pavilion was exactly what Han Muye wanted.

He did not enter the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to waste his time in the Sword Pavilion.

After lunch at the nearest cafeteria, Han Muye did not return to the Sword Pavilion.

There were hundreds of thousands of people in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. The Nine Mystic Mountain stretched for hundreds of kilometers and was

divided into areas. There were more than a thousand dining halls for disciples to eat in.

Nearly 100,000 servants were there to take care of the disciples' living.

Han Muye did not immediately go to the medical hall that Huang Laoliu had mentioned. Instead, he asked around along the way and found the training hall where the new disciples cultivated.

The outer sect disciples did not have their own masters. They all cultivated in various training halls. After three years, those with outstanding aptitude could then enter the inner sect.

Of course, three years was the minimum duration. The longest duration could be eight to ten years spent in the outer sect, or even a lifetime as a green-robed outer sect disciple.

When Han Muye arrived at the training hall, there were already two or three young disciples practicing martial arts and tempering their bones.

There were all kinds of stone locks, chains, and long and short weapons in the arena.

Not all disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect practised with the sword, as other weapons were not prohibited.

Han Muye glanced at these disciples and shook his head slightly.

‘Messy.’

Their moves were lousy, but their learning was even worse.

He had no interest in such things.

“Instructor Lin is here!”

He had only turned halfway around when the noise from the arena reached him. A burly man in a gray robe strode over.

The big man was dressed in a gray martial suit. He had a bronze face and thick limbs. He carried a large sword on his back.

He walked straight to the stone steps of the limestone arena and sat down. The group of new disciples hurriedly sat cross-legged in front of him, puffed out their chests, and looked straight ahead.

Han Muye found a place to sit down.

“I taught you the basics yesterday. You have to practise hard and train your muscles and bones. Today, I’ll teach you a sword technique.”

When they heard that he was going to teach them the sword technique, everyone’s eyes lit up.

Didn’t they come to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect just to learn the sword techniques?

Han Muye also sat up slightly.

“Ahem, before I teach you swordsmanship, I have to introduce you to the history of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

After a light cough, Instructor Lin straightened up, his expression solemn.

Han Muye knew that this was the inevitable process before all the sects imparted their skills.

Ideological shaping, the condensation of sect honor, and the nurturance of collective consciousness were more important than teaching swordsmanship.

Otherwise, no matter how good the cultivation technique was, how could he deal with it if they all became ingrates?

Instructor Lin’s voice was loud and clear as he passionately introduced the glorious achievements of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. When the disciples below heard this, they were almost cheering.

Based on what Han Muye had heard, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was quite impressive.

In the Western Border of the Heavenly Mystic World, among the top nine sects, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was ranked third in terms of Sword Dao.

The Western Frontier was countless kilometers in radius, and there were as many sects as there were hairs on an ox. To be able to become one of the top sects, its capability could be seen.

Cultivation in the world was divided into three realms and nine heavens, the Human Realm, the Earth Realm, and the Heaven Realm. There were three small cultivation realms in each realm.

There were several Heaven Realm experts in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Do you think sword cultivators are the same as ordinary martial arts cultivation?”

Instructor Lin’s face was filled with arrogance. He looked around and shouted, “We sword cultivators are invincible among our peers—”

Invincible among peers!

Such bold words really made the new disciples’ blood boil. They wished they could learn sword moves now and be invincible among their peers.

“When the Sword Dao experts of Nine Mystic Sword Sect walk out, they can fight one against many and are respectfully called Sword Immortals.”

The burly Instructor Lin spread his legs and stood on the stone steps, looking up proudly.

“Of course. Sword Dao is also one of the most difficult cultivation methods in the world.”

He slowly pulled out the sword on his back. There seemed to be a strange aura circulating around Instructor Lin.

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s sword techniques are divided into five elements. It starts from the Mystic Element Sword Technique, up to the Nine Mystic Sword Technique. There are a total of ten grades.”

“Today, I’ll teach you a move. Mystic Element Sword Technique, Rock Shattering!”

With that, he raised his sword and slashed it down hard.

“Boom—”

The stone railing in front of the limestone arena cracked and split in half!

Gravel flew everywhere, scaring the new disciples sitting in front of him into scrambling and fleeing in panic.

Instructor Lin laughed and held the sword horizontally, the hilt facing forward.

“Did you comprehend it after seeing it?”

“Who’s going to demonstrate?”

‘Comprehend?’

‘Demonstrate?’

The disciples shook their heads.

They had been too busy watching the performance to understand how the sword came down.

Instructor Lin frowned and was about to speak when he suddenly heard someone speak.

“Instructor Lin, I want to try.”

He turned to see Han Muye striding forward, his hand rising to lightly grasp the hilt of the great sword he held out.