

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

Chapter 9: The Nine Mystic Sword, whole life's cultivation for the sake of Hundred Breath Realm

In the next moment, he sensed that these sword Qi were all gathered in an empty and illusory space.

This space was indeed where his heart was.

The sword Qi entered his chest. Was he really going to die soon?

With a thought, the sword Qi moved slightly.

Han Muye could feel the emotions coming from these sword Qi. It was aggrieved.

'Sword Qi has emotions?'

'Feeling aggrieved?'

Could it be that these sword Qi was trying to tell him that whether he could survive past three months had nothing to do with them?

Sure enough, as soon as Han Muye thought this, the sword Qi starting vibrating again.

It was so intelligent!

Han Muye sighed inwardly.

As if sensing his praise, the sword Qi rose and fell as if they were happy.

As soon as the sword Qi moved, Han Muye could feel power surging through his limbs and bones.

Traces of sword Qi passed through the illusory space and passed through his meridians.

The fiery red sword Qi brought along heat, making him feel warm all over. The earthen yellow sword Qi made his muscles and bones feel endless power.

The green sword Qi seemed to be able to stimulate his body growth. There was also a cold sword Qi that seemed to be water vapor swimming in his body, calming his heart.

Would these sword Qi really hurt him?

Han Muye slowly got up and looked at the wooden shelves that stretched around.

In that moment, he thought he could sense every sword call out to him.

Every sword here seemed close to him.

How could such sword Qi hurt him?

With a thought, the illusory space dissipated, and all the sword Qi in his body gathered like clear water.

“Little Han, go to the inner sect in two days to learn a body cultivation technique.” Huang Six’s voice came from the wooden shelf in front.

“Perhaps it will allow you to live a little longer.”

Body cultivation technique?

Han Muye nodded.

Indeed, he needed to learn a cultivation technique now.

Moreover, he needed to gain more knowledge about the cultivation world.

“Brother, I heard from Instructor Lin yesterday that our Nine Mystic Sword Sect has a Heaven Realm expert guarding it?”

“Is the Patriarch a Heaven Realm expert?”

What did the Heaven Realm look like?

“Nonsense, he’s flattering the Nine Mystic Sword Sect,” Huang Six said angrily.

“There isn’t a single Nascent Soul cultivator in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

The Nascent Soul realm was the first level of the Heaven Realm. Without a Nascent Soul, how could they reach a Heaven Realm?

Was Instructor Lin really spouting nonsense?

But judging him based on the day before, he seemed an honest person.

“Not to mention the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, there are only three Nascent Soul cultivators in the entire Western Frontier.”

Huang Six snorted.

There were only three Heavenly Realms in the Western Border?

Han Muye had thought that the world was full of Heavenly Realms, and the Earth Realms were worse than dogs.

The day before, he was motivated by Instructor Lin and thought that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was very powerful. It turned out that it was just like that.

Huang Six’s voice came again. “But that guy wasn’t lying to you.”

“Although our Nine Mystic Sword Sect doesn’t have a Heaven Realm expert, we have a few perfected Core Formation cultivators, who are half-way to Nascent Soul realm, and with the power of the Nine Mystic Sword in the third floor of the Sword Pavilion, we can fight a Heaven Realm expert without losing.

At this point, Huang Six stuck his head out from the wooden shelves and said in a low voice, “There’s a divine sword on the third floor of the Sword Pavilion. With this sword, one can fight against the Heaven Realm.”

There was such a treasured item in the Sword Pavilion?

Han Muye’s expression changed.

“That kind of treasure can’t be easily used.”

“After guarding the swords in the Sword Pavilion for 60 years without dying, a Sword Caretaker can condense the Unforged Sword Qi all over his body to activate this sword for a hundred breaths.”

At this point, Huang Six's expression darkened slightly, but there was a hint of boldness. "Within a hundred breaths, you can fight a Heaven Realm expert."

"After a hundred breaths, all the sword Qi in your body will be exhausted. If you want to condense it, you need another 60 years."

'Another 60 years?'

Han Muye knew that was impossible.

If the sword Qi was exhausted, it was equivalent to all his strength dissipating and turning into an ordinary person. How could he possibly live for another 60 years?

Even if he could live for another 60 years, he probably wouldn't be able to condense such sword Qi.

In other words, the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretakers had to endure for a year, 10 years, and 60 years before they could reach the Hundred Breath Realm.

One had to risk his 60 years for the glory of the Hundred Breath.

Looking at Huang Six in front of him and seeing his expression, Han Muye said softly, "Did Brother come to the Sword Pavilion for this?"

Huang Six shuddered, then nodded gently.

"Hundred Breath Heavenly Realm."

"I once boasted in front of others that I would definitely reach the Heaven Realm in this life."

"Even if it's a hundred breaths, it's still a Heaven Realm, right?"

Huang Six chuckled, then lowered his head and turned back to clean the sword.

Was it worth cultivating a whole life for the Hundred Breath?

Han Muye looked at Huang Six's back but said nothing.

'People should have some pursuits when they're alive, shouldn't they?'

Then what did he want from this world?

Turning around, he saw the swords that stretched across the wooden shelves in front of him.

Each of these swords seemed to call to him.

‘Sword?’

A sword!

The image of Patriarch Tao Ran burning a hundred miles with one sword appeared in Han Muye’s mind.

Wasn’t his purpose for coming to the cultivation world to master such power?

With a sword in hand, he could sweep through the world. This trip was not in vain!

For a moment, Han Muye felt full of strength.

The sword Qi in his body instantly surged as if it was about to rush out of his body.

On the entire first floor of the Sword Pavilion, the 30,000 swords all emitted an almost imperceptible vibration.

Huang Six held the trembling sword in his hand, looking puzzled. He looked up at the second floor.

“Is the Patriarch refining the Nine Mystic Sword?”

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Instead of going to rest, Han Muye picked up the sackcloth and wiped the swords again.

At this moment, he could sense the joy on each sword.

Stroking the sword, he could still feel a hint of shyness on the blade.

It was as if it had been gently touched by its beloved.

Unknowingly, wisps of aura seeped into Han Muye's body.

In his illusory space, traces of sword Qi also seeped out and flowed into the sword in his hand.

At this moment, Han Muye could feel the tremble coming from the sword in his hand.

It was like indescribable pleasure.

Dual cultivation?

These two words flashed through Han Muye's mind.

As soon as this word appeared, the swords in the entire Sword Pavilion shook.

A trace of confusion appeared on Huang Six's face. He muttered, "What's wrong with the Patriarch? Did he eat a Nourishing Pill?"

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After wiping 3,000 swords in a day and taking in all the sword Qi, Huang Six's face was pale and his body was swaying. He drank a few mouthfuls of wine and went to sleep.

Han Muye lay on the wooden couch with his eyes closed, his mind focused on the empty illusory space as he watched the countless sword Qi intertwine.

As he could tell that Huang Six was exhausted, Han Muye wiped a lot more swords.

On this day, he obtained nearly 2,000 sword Qi.

A few of them were one-tenth the power of the Purple Flame Sword.

At this moment, 2,000 sword Qis were wandering in the void, seemingly extremely happy.

Apart from these sword Qi, Han Muye had also comprehended many sword techniques.

There were 31 types of Mystic Element Sword Techniques.

There were 13 types of the One Mystic Sword Techniques.

There were three types of Two Mystic Sword Techniques.

There was one type of Three Mystic Sword Technique.

As for the type that was above Three Mystic level was the Five Mystic Sword Technique, Prairie Fire.

It was enough!

The Five Mystic Sword Technique was equivalent to the power of a Core Formation realm expert.

He had already mastered such a sword technique so soon. Shouldn't he be satisfied?

Lying on the wooden couch, Han Muye grinned.

With sword Qi and dozens of sword techniques, could he be considered a swordsman?