

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

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In the Tianxuan World.

Western Frontier.

Jiuxuan Mountain.

Outside the gates of Jiuxuan Sword Sect.

“I have a high level of comprehension. Senior, please give me a chance!”

At the Azure White Jade Plaza, Han Muye grabbed the arm of the Daoist priest in front of him and said in a low voice.

When the Daoist priest heard this, he flicked his sleeve and swept his gaze across the surroundings. After that, he laughed coldly and said, “Take a look for yourself, who doesn’t say that their level of comprehension is extraordinary here?”

Han Muye turned around and saw a cold and mocking expression.

The Jiuxuan Sword Sect was one of the nine greatest sects in the Western Frontier. For anyone who came here to seek discipleship, which of them wouldn’t be confident in their talent and level of comprehension?

Han Muye felt at a loss.

His level of comprehension was truly very high.

The benefit of transmigrating from the Earth to this world allowed him to attain the maximum level of comprehension.

However, during the aptitude test previously, he was evaluated to have the most inferior ninth-grade aptitude.

A ninth-grade aptitude meant that he had a useless spiritual core and he would not be able to reach the foundation level even after cultivating for a hundred years.

No matter how good one's comprehension was, when paired with a useless cultivation aptitude, one would still be useless.

Thus, he was mercilessly eliminated from joining the Jiuxuan Sword Sect.

He had passed the check on his background, temperament, age and other tests, yet he ultimately still failed at the last stage.

The Tianxuan World was a world of cultivation. Mortals who could not cultivate were basically like ants.

And as ants, they would not be looked at properly by the powerful beings.

At this moment, no one at the plaza gave Han Muye another glance.

The sun rose to the sky and then to the west.

The people at the plaza were becoming fewer.

Those with sufficient aptitude stepped through the doors to the sect happily.

Those with poor aptitude had also left the mountain early while it was still daytime.

And in their lifetimes, they would have to give up on their dream of cultivation.

Han Muye clenched his fists tightly as he looked at the glowing mountain gate.

He only wanted a chance.

A chance to cultivate.

As long as he was able to join the sect, he would absolutely be able to improve tremendously with his maximum comprehension.

To join the Jiuxuan Sword Sect, he had waited for half a year.

However, all his hopes had turned to naught.

Should he turn to the other sects?

After being turned down by the Jiuxuan Sword Sect because of his ninth-grade aptitude, he would not be accepted by other sects either.

Moreover, the other sects that he had set his eyes on were also thousands of miles away. Han Muye did not think that he would be able to make it to the neighbouring sect without any cultivation abilities.

Han Muye's eyes suddenly lit up as he looked around the plaza. He took a few steps forward and picked up a mahogany chair.

This large chair was extremely heavy that it made him grimace in pain.

However, he still tried his best to move it towards the mountain gate.

Beside him, there were a few people in gray robes who were moving the tables and chairs that had been set up during the disciple recruitment event.

Bam!

Han Muye had just moved the chair to the mountain gate when a large hand landed on the huge chair he was carrying.

The chair fell to the ground and Han Muye staggered.

"Kid, did you know? Without this robe, you don't even have the right to carry a chair."

A burly man who was eight feet tall and as strong as a calf pointed at the gray robe on his body with a sneer, then he stretched out a hand to grab the large chair that Han Muye was carrying, turned around, and strode towards the mountain gate.

Bah, what was so impressive about a handyman who was merely doing laborious work?

It had to be said that it was indeed impressive.

Han Muye quickly went forward and grabbed the leg of the chair.

The burly man turned around with a ferocious look in his eyes. “Kid, if you continue to cause trouble—”

His words were cut off by a flash of spiritual light from Han Muye’s palm.

It was half a piece of spiritual rock.

Spiritual rocks were a common currency used by cultivators in the Tianxuan World. They were essential for cultivation, purchasing, traveling, and fighting.

In the cultivation world, there were four essential elements: wealth, magic, companionship and land. Wealth was placed at the first.

Han Muye glanced at the burly man.

The burly man looked around and nodded slightly. The two of them pulled the large chair and came to a corner of the mountain gate.

“Big brother, I only wish to join the Jiuxuan Sword Sect.”

He had to come up with a reason to stay.

Han Muye handed over half a spiritual rock in his hand, then lowered his voice and said, “I’ve offended someone and they’re waiting for me at the base of the mountain. I’ll die if I go down.”

Tianxuan World was a place governed by rules, but it was not in the Western Frontier.

In the Western Frontier, being powerful was the law.

It was common to see that someone who had offended others being beaten to death.

The burly man nodded and grabbed the half spiritual rock that Han Muye handed over.

“Hmm?”

The man raised his head and looked at Han Muye, who was holding the spiritual rock tightly.

Han Muye smiled and nodded.

“Alright.”

‘I only earned this half spiritual rock after setting up a stall at the base of the mountain and performing tricks for half a year. How could I hand it over so easily?’

In his previous life, he had made too many friends who did not do as they say after being paid. Now, Han Muye would not commit himself until he was certain of the agreement.

The burly man looked at the half spiritual rock in Han Muye’s hand that he could neither hold nor pull out. He pondered for a moment and said in a low voice, “You just want to enter the Jiuxuan Sword Sect, right?”

Han Muye quickly nodded.

He didn’t expect this burly fellow to be able to help him much.

As long as he could enter the mountain gates.

Once he had entered, given his level of comprehension, he could stir up something as long as he had the chance.

“Alright, the Sword Pavilion is short of a sword caretaker. I’ll lead you there.”

Sword Pavilion?

This name sounded really cool!

Sword caretaker?

What kind of job was this?

Following the burly man named Lu Gao to carry the large chair, Han Muye finally fulfilled his wish and stepped into the mountain gate of Jiuxuan Sword Sect.

Taking a deep breath, Han Muye felt as if there was a dense of spiritual energy penetrating through his chest, abdomen, heart and lungs.

“This is the smell of spiritual energy...”

He narrowed his eyes and imagined that the spiritual energy was traveling through his meridians.

“Forget about it. On the Jiuxuan Mountain, only the secret territory at the back of the mountain has spiritual energy. Your breath here is no different from that at the base of the mountain.”

“Also, not to mention your useless spiritual core, even a first-grade and above heavenly spiritual core might not be able to sense the spiritual energy.”

Lu Gao’s words interrupted him.

After placing the large chair in the storeroom, Lu Gao led Han Muye towards a pavilion not far away along a mountain path.

Under the afterglow of the setting sun, the pavilion seemed to be enveloped in a layer of golden light.

Lu Gao stopped at a distance from it.

“Here, this is the Sword Pavilion. Go to the entrance and look for someone called Huang Six. He will arrange for you to be a sword caretaker.”

As Lu Gao spoke, he extended his hand again.

Han Muye handed him the half spiritual rock, then cupped his hands and said, “Big Brother Lu is kind. After I settle down in a few days, I’ll treat you to a drink.”

Lu Gao grinned. “Go on. Go on.”

Han Muye strode toward the Sword Pavilion.

Behind him, Lu Gao brought the half spiritual rock to his mouth and bit it, then rubbed it twice on his face.

“Kind person? Can a kind person live long?”

“Kid, I’m afraid I’ll have to drink your wine after you are dead next time.”

As he muttered to himself, Lu Gao put away the spiritual rock and turned to leave, as if he didn’t even want to cast another gaze at the Sword Pavilion.

Han Muye was already standing outside the Sword Pavilion.

Looking up, the four-story building had a rare grandeur.

When standing close, the Sword Pavilion seemed to be emitting a slight chill, causing one to shiver involuntarily.

“The pavilion is closed at sunset. According to the rules of the Sword Pavilion, you have to come tomorrow to collect your sword.”

Before Han Muye had even stepped onto the nine stone steps in front of the pavilion, an aged voice sounded from within the tightly shut door.

Was this Huang Six?

Han Muye stood outside the pavilion and cupped his fists, “Senior, the Labor Hall arranged for me to be a sword caretaker here.”

As his voice stopped, the door creaked and opened.

An old man with grizzled hair and a wrinkled and shriveled face looked at Han Muye and sized him up. Then, he said while squinting, “The Sword Pavilion has a collection of 100,000 swords. The Qi of the sword is rampant and can injure people.”

“Without a cultivation base, you won’t be able to live for more than a year here.”

“Are you here to die?”