

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

Chapter 13: Cultivation technique, Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords

A bull's strength was equivalent to 500 kilograms.

By cultivating the body-tempering technique, he had already gained the strength of a bull.

To be honest, this Iron Bull Strength was definitely the weakest of all the body tempering techniques.

There was no requirements for aptitude and the price was 80 spiritual rocks, making it the most suitable for Han Muye.

If it was more expensive, he could not afford it. And if the aptitude requirement was high, he might not be able to cultivate it.

Even if it was a little weak, this was still an inner sect's body tempering technique, right?

Wasn't it much better than those fancy moves in the outer sect?

Besides, although Han Muye didn't believe that the sword Qi would hurt him, he felt more at ease practising a body-tempering technique.

After taking the manual, Han Muye turned around and prepared to leave the bookshelf.

"Cultivation technique..."

The rows of bookshelves beside were all filled with manuals for cultivation techniques.

These were the techniques that could allow one to live longer after cultivating them.

He hesitated, then walked over.

'It's not against the law to look even if he can't afford it, is it?'

The 'White Cloud Art' was a Qi Condensation cultivation technique. It was a cultivation technique of the water lineage. It could condense cloud Qi in one's body and clear one's impurities in the blood to increase one's lifespan.

This cultivation technique required lower seventh-grade aptitude. In exchange, the cost was 3,000 spiritual rocks or 30 merit points.

Was a Qi Condensation cultivation technique that expensive?

How long would it take to save up 3,000 spiritual rocks?

Putting the manual for 'White Cloud Art' down, he picked up another book.

The 'Red Sun Art' was a fire-attribute cultivation technique that mainly cultivated using fire as the origin of power. After cultivating it, one's spiritual Qi would be like fire, and one could condense the yang energy and fight ferociously.

This cultivation technique required the affinity of fire power, cultivation at the third level of Qi Condensation, and it was priced at 30,000 spiritual rocks.

It was really d*mn expensive.

Han Muye raised his hand and threw the cultivation technique manual back onto the bookshelf.

Looking at the other cultivation techniques, no matter which lineage it was, none of them cost less than 2,000 spiritual rocks.

Cultivation required the accumulation of resources. Wealth was indeed the top priority.

Without enough wealth, it was difficult to even start cultivating.

"Why? Is there no suitable cultivation technique?" An old man in a green Daoist robe asked with a smile when he saw Han Muye looking around.

Judging from his green Daoist robe, he was either an outer sect disciple or an elder.

This person looked so old and exuded an extraordinary aura akin to an immortal. It seemed like he was an elder.

Could it be an opportunity?

Han Muye nodded and smiled bitterly. "It's really too expensive."

Hearing him say that it was too expensive, the old man chuckled. "Cultivation is never cheap."

Then, he looked at Han Muye and said, "I know the price of most cultivation techniques here. What price are you looking for?"

'What price?'

Han Muye calculated and decided to look for one that cost 20 spiritual rocks.

He only had 100 spiritual rocks on hand. After spending 80 spiritual rocks on the Iron Bull Strength, wouldn't he only have 20 spiritual rocks left?

Seeing that Han Muye was silent, the old man said, "Do you have 2,000 spiritual rocks?"

Han Muye shook his head.

"Then, 1,000?" The old man's expression changed slightly.

Han Muye still shook his head.

"At least 500?" the old man asked with a frown.

Han Muye still shook his head.

The old man took a deep breath and said, "100."

Han Muye still shook his head.

The old man opened his mouth and turned to leave.

After taking a few steps, he suddenly looked back at Han Muye.

"You really want to find a cultivation technique?"

'Isn't that obvious?'

Han Muye nodded.

The old man raised his hand and handed over a book. "This cultivation technique only costs 10 spiritual rocks. Whether you decide to cultivate it or not is up to you."

Han Muye took it and saw the words on the cover: "Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords".

Heh, the name of this cultivation technique was impressive. When he opened the cover, it was empty.

This cultivation technique was worth 10 spiritual rocks?

Why was this thing as unreliable as the legendary Buddha's Palm?

When he looked up again, the green-robed elder was gone.

Could this be a test from some senior expert?

Holding the book, Han Muye hesitated for a moment and decided to spend another 10 spiritual rocks.

At most, he would just treat it as dumping money into the water.

"Junior Brother, have you chosen a cultivation technique?" When Han Muye arrived at the long table in front of him with two books under his arm, the middle-aged man who had welcomed him previously handed him a sign with a smile.

"Room 73."

Han Muye took the sign and walked along the door to Room 73.

This room was empty and only contained a space of 20 feet. However, there was a jade wall in front of him, and spiritual light kept flashing on it.

"Room 3 demonstrates the Hundred Origin Technique for 1,000 spiritual rocks, or 10 merit points."

“Room 124 demonstrates the circulation technique of the “Rising Sun Force” for 300 spiritual rocks.”

“Room 17 demonstrates the Mystic Three-Fold Strength Technique for 1,000 spiritual rocks.”

...

The words flickered. Some disappeared as soon as they appeared. Others rolled several times and remained.

Han Muye tried to write down all the demonstration requirements for each room.

“Room 73 demonstrates the “Iron Bull Force” for 80 spiritual rocks.”

This was according to the price label on the cultivation technique.

He had just written down the requirements when a halo flashed and someone answered.

A moment later, a tall, bald young man with a large sword on his back strode in.

The bald young man frowned when he saw Han Muye.

“You want to cultivate Iron Bull Force?”

He sized up Han Muye and shook his head slightly. “Iron Bull Strength requires a strong body. With your physique, I’m afraid you won’t be able to endure it.”

‘So complacent?’

Han Muye nodded. “I know.”

Hearing his words, the bald young man stopped talking. He spread his feet, placed his fists flat against his waist, and punched.

“Iron Bull Strength has a total of five fist techniques. Strength starts from the feet and using the waist as the axis...”

The young man practiced every move and even explained the chant for it.

It could be seen that he was extremely proficient in Iron Bull Strength. Han Muye could see that when he circulated his strength, it was extremely natural.

After the young man finished practicing the five forms of the fist technique, Han Muye automatically dissected the five forms of the fist technique in his mind, and then began to practise it along with the chant.

He had comprehended “Iron Bull Strength”.

“My name is Zhao Pu. If you have any problems with your Iron Bull Strength during cultivation, you can come to the inner sect to look for me at any time.” The bald youth said and extended his hand. “80 spiritual rocks.”

Han Muye nodded, opened the cloth bag, counted out 20 spiritual rocks to keep, and handed the rest to Zhao Pu.

Zhao Pu took the spiritual rocks and left.

Zhao Pu.

He was an inner sect elite disciple and was known as the top ten experts of the Earth lineage’s new generation.

Huang Six had introduced this name the day before.

It seemed that this guy was quite honest. He even asked Han Muye to look for him if he had any problems.

Standing in the quiet room, Han Muye slowly put his feet apart.

His fists descended slowly, stopping at his waist.

A surge of power rose from his heels.

“Ho—”

With a low growl, he punched.

“Whew—”

There was a soft sound in front of him. The wind from his fist whistled as it struck the wall ten feet away.

'Is this Iron Bull Strength?'

Han Muye practised every move and immediately felt a lot more strength in his body.

Even without the full strength of a bull, he had released at least 250 or 300 kilograms of strength.

He clenched his fists slightly and felt full of power.

His muscles and bones felt much stronger.

No wonder Huang Six said that body-tempering cultivation techniques were beneficial for resisting the corrosion by the sword Qi.

Joy flashed across his face. Han Muye walked back to the jade wall, hesitated, and wrote another sentence.

"Room 73, requesting for the cultivation method of the 'Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords' for 10 spiritual rocks."

Spiritual light flashed on the jade wall. After about a hundred seconds, the message was answered.

A moment later, the door to Room 73 was pushed open.

Han Muye was surprised to see who it was.

"Senior?"

Wasn't this the old man who had passed him the "Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords"?

The old man's expression was solemn as he clasped his hands in front of him. He looked at Han Muye and said calmly, "Are you really going to cultivate the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords?"