

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

Chapter 18: Legacy, Welcoming Sword Into The Pavilion

Silence filled the lobby.

Xu Haosheng, who was standing there, seemed to have thought of something and his gaze became a little unfocused.

The disciples below lowered their heads and hid the shock on their faces.

Yang Shao did not know if he had made the right bet.

“Alright!” Xu Haosheng suddenly shouted.

His eyes were filled with light as he patted Yang Shao’s shoulder and laughed. “From now on, you will be my, Xu Haosheng’s, third direct disciple!”

Direct disciple!

In the hall, the white-robed disciples widened their eyes.

There were dozens of disciples in the Three Lake Pavilion, but only two of them who were direct disciples.

Even Su Chengyun, one of the 72 inner sect experts, was not a disciple of the Three Lake Pavilion.

The two inner disciples of the Three Lake Pavilion were both elites!

Yet at this moment, his master wanted to take Yang Shao as his third direct disciple!

Without hesitation, Yang Shao knelt on one knee and bowed. “Disciple Yang Shao greets Master.”

A teacher was like a father.

He became a direct disciple like this.

Becoming a direct disciple meant that he could continue the legacy.

The resources he would obtain were worlds apart from outsiders.

Xu Haosheng, who had retracted his palms, said in a deep voice, “Yang Shao, if you can comprehend the third level of the Blue Wave Sword Technique in three years, I’ll let you be part of the legacy.”

The legacy!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had tens of thousands of outer sect and three thousand inner sect disciples. How many direct disciples who could gain the legacy were there?

Including those who had cultivated for who knows how many years, wouldn’t there be at least a hundred of them?

Which direct disciple in the sect wasn’t famous and had a faction of influence in their hands?

After that day, his position would soar into the sky!

“Greetings, Senior Brother Yang.” In the Three Lake Pavilion, all the disciples bowed to Yang Shao.

The direct disciples were ranked above the inner sect disciples.

And direct disciples were existences that competed with all their peers in the entire sect!

Since their master valued Yang Shao so much, how could the disciples dare to be disrespectful?

Yang Shao smiled and gently raised his hand. “Junior Brothers, don’t stand on ceremony.”

In the future, his status in the Three Lake Pavilion would be above Su Chengyun’s.

Except for the two other direct disciples, the others were all his juniors.

All of this was because of the explanation and demonstration of the senior brother in the Demonstration Building.

Thinking of Han Muye, Yang Shao's heart burned.

After cultivating to the third level of the Blue Wave, he would become his master's most valued disciple and become a core disciple of the sect.

Yang Shao seemed to see a shining bright path in front of him!

From now on, he would live in the Demonstration Building!

Han Muye didn't know if it was because he had cultivated the Iron Bull Strength or because he had mastered the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords Technique, but when he woke up in the morning, he was in high spirits.

After practicing his swordsmanship a few times in the small courtyard, he actually felt that his understanding of swordsmanship had improved.

"Little Han, when you welcome the sword later, stand behind me." Huang Six, who was dressed in a black shirt, stood slightly taller, but his eyes were still old-looking.

As the two of them packed up, in the distance, a bell rang.

The bell rang three times.

"If someone from Earth Realm has fallen, the bell would ring three times. If it's someone from Heaven Realm, the bell would ring six times."

Huang Six shook his head and muttered to himself, "It seems to be the seventh time in the past two years..."

His words shook Han Muye slightly.

Seven times meant that at least seven Earth Realm experts had died.

Earth Realm experts were the pillars of the sect. They were considered experts in any sect.

A cultivator from the Earth Realm had a long lifespan and would not usually die.

Unless it was a battle with someone.

Could it be that the cultivation world was not peaceful either?

At the entrance of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye, who was standing behind Huang Six, asked, “Didn’t they say that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect doesn’t have anyone from Heaven Realm? Why would there be six rings?”

“There are no Heaven Realm experts. Isn’t the Sword Pavilion’s Elder—”
Huang Six suddenly stopped.

Han Muye turned around and saw the white-robed Patriarch stepping down.

If the Patriarch of the Sword Pavilion had died, the bell would ring six times?

Han Muye muttered to himself.

‘When can I hear six rings?’

The Sword Pavilion Patriarch did not look at the two of them and walked to the stone steps of the Sword Pavilion.

In front of the Sword Pavilion, a group of black-robed sword cultivators walked solemnly.

These people carried long swords on their backs and wore black robes. They paused with every step, as if their footsteps weighed a thousand kilograms.

In front of the black-robed sword cultivator, a white-bearded old man held a long and narrow wooden box with both hands. He looked ahead with a solemn expression.

Han Muye had seen this person the day before. He was the deacon of the Battle Sword Hall, Ling Che, an Earth Realm Spirit Awakening Realm expert.

Ling Che walked to the steps of the Sword Pavilion and stood with his sword in both hands.

“Ling Che, the deacon of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Battle Sword Hall, is bring back Senior Brother Zhou Yan’s, the deacon of the Battle Sword Hall, sword.”

Ling Che stepped forward and shouted.

Behind him, the two rows of black-clothed sword cultivators bowed and cupped their fists.

“Senior Brother Zhou Yan joined the Nine Mystic Sword Sect for 300 years and achieved great success. He entered the Battle Sword Hall and fought a hundred battles for the sect.”

“Senior Brother has died today. The Battle Sword Hall will send Senior Brother Zhou Yan off to the Sword Pavilion with his sword. His name will live forever—”

Ling Che shouted and held the wooden box with both hands in front of the Sword Pavilion Patriarch.

All the black-clothed sword cultivators shouted in unison, “Farewell to Senior Brother Zhou Yan!”

The Sword Pavilion Patriarch raised his hand and opened the wooden box. Then, he reached out and took out a green sheathed sword.

“Hum—”

The sword vibrated, as if with indignation or endless resentment.

A murderous and cold aura instantly filled a ten-meter radius.

Han Muye felt a chill run down his spine. He unconsciously activated his Iron Bull Strength to block the chill.

“Senior Brother, don’t worry. My Battle Sword Hall will definitely avenge you and take Qin Yuanhe’s head to offer to you.”

‘Great Spiritual Sword Sect?’

It was one of the Nine Sects of the Western Frontier, and ranked fourth among the Four Great Sword Sects.

An Earth Realm expert of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had died at the hands of an expert of the Great Spiritual Sword Sect?

This was no small matter!

If the two great sword sects of the Western Frontier were to be at war, the entire Western Frontier would probably be involved.

Han Muye poked his head out and looked at the sword in the hand of the Sword Pavilion Patriarch.

“Welcome Deacon Zhou’s sword into the Sword Pavilion.”

The Sword Pavilion Patriarch raised his hand and handed the sword behind him.

Huang Six took a step forward, bowed and raised his hand.

“Let him do it.”

The Sword Pavilion Patriarch still raised his sword and spoke calmly.

Huang Six shuddered.

“Patriarch, Han Muye had just joined—”

Before Huang Six could finish, the Sword Pavilion elder turned slightly and looked at Han Muye.

“Hum—”

Han Muye instantly activated all his Iron Bull Strength, and his muscles and bones seemed to have been hit by a heavy hammer, causing his vision to blur.

The 14 sword intents stored in the illusory space in his chest trembled, as if they were about to rush out.

With just a glance, he had stirred up all the sword intent. How strong was this Sword Pavilion Patriarch?

However, this power seemed to be completely different from Ling Che’s at the Spirit Awakening Realm. It was all guided by sword intent.

With a sigh of relief, Han Muye stepped forward and nodded to Huang Six, who gave him a meaningful look. Then he bowed and said, “Disciple welcomes the sword.”

The Sword Pavilion Patriarch placed the sword in Han Muye's hand. "Put it on the second floor."

Han Muye nodded, holding his sword in both hands, and turned toward the second floor.

"Huang Zhenxiong, you've been a Sword Caretaker for seven years. Haven't you seen enough?"

"Once you become a Sword Caretaker, your life and death will depend on fate."

Behind him, the voice of the Sword Pavilion Patriarch sounded faintly.

It turned out that Huang Six's real name was quite domineering.

Holding his sword, Han Muye looked neither sad nor happy.

The Sword Pavilion Patriarch's words were meant for himself.

Since his sword Qi had already entered his heart and he did not have long to live, leaving the task of welcoming the sword to him could be considered making the best use of it.

The Sword Pavilion Patriarch could not be blamed for being heartless.

As a Sword Caretaker, he should be prepared to die from the corrosion of sword Qi.

Except maybe that wasn't the case?

As he stepped onto the second floor of the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye smiled.

He placed his palm lightly on the hilt of the sword he held.

"Hum—"

The sword hummed, and images appeared in his mind!

The sword of an Earth Realm expert!