

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

Chapter 6: Medical Hall, Comprehending the Mystic Fire Alchemy Technique

As his fingers touched the hilt of the sword, information directly entered Han Muye's mind.

The Refined Iron Heavy Sword was four feet long and weighed 40 kilograms.

This heavy sword was not forged. Instead, it was created from grinding materials and then polished.

This sword was crudely made, but the material used was good. It was high-quality iron and was expensive.

Narrowing his eyes slightly, an image of a shirtless man brandishing a sword flashed in front of Han Muye.

"When we practice the sword, we pay attention to how hard work can make up for our shortcomings."

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect has five lineages being passed on – the five elements metal, wood, water, fire, and earth. Among them, the sword technique of the earth lineage emphasizes weight and stability."

"Draw a million swords and shatter a mountain."

This burly man was Instructor Lin.

"Boom—"

The sword shattered a piece of limestone. Instructor Lin laughed.

"Draw a million swords. Soon, I'll be invincible among my peers."

Mystic Element Sword Technique, Rock Shattering.

Mystic One Sword Technique, Mountain Crusher.

The Mystic One Sword Technique was already the highest level of sword technique cultivated by the outer sect disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

After comprehending two sword techniques, a thick aura poured into Han Muye's body, causing his body to tremble slightly.

This time, he clearly felt the existence of the power that traveled through his meridians.

Could this be the spiritual energy from cultivation?

But he did not cultivate any technique at all.

Han Muye tightened his grip on his sword hilt.

"Ahem, um, this sword is heavy." Instructor Lin looked at Han Muye's figure and said nervously.

In the next moment, Han Muye had already raised his sword with one hand.

With the strange power circulating in his body, Han Muye realized that he didn't need much strength to hold the sword.

The sword was held high. His back arched slightly, and the force extended from his feet to the blade.

This was the trick to summoning the Rock Shattering Sword Technique.

Only by circulating all the strength in his body could he destroy mountains and rocks.

"Um, don't break my sword..." Instructor Lin rubbed his hands and reminded him softly.

"Whew—"

Before he could finish, Han Muye had already slashed down.

The sword slashed into the air, causing the wind to whistle. The new disciples sitting in front turned pale and subconsciously retreated.

By the time they came back to their senses, Han Muye had handed the sword back.

“Instructor Lin, how’s my strike?”

Han Muye cupped his hands.

“This attack...” Instructor Lin hesitated, then nodded. “Very good. Very good.”

He looked at Han Muye, then lowered his voice. “What’s your name?”

“My name is Han Muye. I’m the Sword Pavilion’s Sword Caretaker.” Han Muye smiled, cupped his hands, and turned to leave.

This was all Instructor Lin could do. There was no point in staying.

“Sword Caretaker?”

Instructor Lin was stunned. Only when Han Muye had walked far away did he say with a confused expression, “To be able to comprehend 50% of the essence of the Mystic Element Sword Technique just by watching it once, how can such a genius be a Sword Caretaker...”

...

After leaving the training hall, Han Muye headed for the medical hall.

It seemed that the outer sect disciples could not learn any real skills. If he wanted to learn, he would probably have to go to the inner sect to take a look.

When he returned, he would ask Huang Six about the inner sect.

The medical hall was not nearby. Han Muye walked for an hour before he smelled a burning smell mixed with the fragrance of medicine.

He crossed the foot of the mountain and saw a series of low bamboo buildings. That was the medical hall.

The medical hall wasn’t built with bricks because the place was prone to fire.

If it was built with masonry, reconstruction would be too much trouble.

If it was built with bamboo, they won’t feel much heart ache if it was burnt down and had to be rebuilt.

There were already many disciples at the entrance of the medical hall. Some were there to buy pills, while others were medical hall disciples selling pills.

Han Muye stepped forward and explained his intentions. A medical hall disciple in a green and gray robe led him into the bamboo building.

“Which senior has a Body Strengthening Pill for sale? This senior wants two Body Strengthening Pills.”

The leading medical hall disciple shouted at the top of their lungs, causing the alchemy disciples who were wandering around the furnace to raise their heads slightly.

“Body Strengthening Pills? That stuff isn’t used much so I’ve never refined one.”

“I don’t have a Body Strengthening Pill. Do you want a Spirit Concentration Pill?”

“Only disciples training earth element skills would use the Body Strengthening Pill. Not many people usually buy this pill.”

Among the five lineage of sword cultivators in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, four of them focused on agility and speed. Only the earth lineage sought strength and stability.

Body Strengthening Pills were usually only useful to their lineage.

None of the medical hall disciples in the room had Body Strengthening Pills.

“You want two Body Strengthening Pills? I’ll help you refine them for six spiritual rocks. How about that?” A female cultivator in her twenties looked up at Han Muye.

This female cultivator had delicate features and pure eyes. She sat there cross-legged like a green lotus.

“Junior, you don’t often refine Body Strengthening Pills. If you waste a few more furnaces of spiritual herbs, the gains won’t make up for the losses,” someone beside the female cultivator whispered.

“Sister Mu Wan, why are you doing this again? Cultivation is all about opportunities. If he can’t buy a Body Strengthening Pill, it means that his

opportunity hasn't arrived." Not far away, a Daoist in his thirties frowned and said in a deep voice.

The others chimed in.

"Hehe, then since he encountered me refining pills today, doesn't that mean that his opportunity has arrived?" The female cultivator stood up and waved her hand, putting away the foot-tall bronze pill furnace in front of her.

"Let's go get the herbs."

Holding the pill furnace in one hand, the female cultivator waved at Han Muye and walked towards the corridor on the side of the bamboo building.

"My name is Mu Wan. What's your name? Are you an earth lineage disciple?" As they walked, the female cultivator asked.

"I'm Han Muye, the Sword Pavilion's Sword Caretaker," Han Muye said.

"Sword Caretaker?" Mu Wan stopped in her tracks and turned around, sizing up Han Muye with a strange expression.

"Everyone says that Sword Caretakers are abnormal existence in the sect. But I don't see anything strange about you."

After muttering a few words, Mu Wan continued walking forward.

In front of them was the place to collect spiritual herbs. Mu Wan quickly collected three batches of nine types of spiritual herbs to refine the Body Strengthening Pill, which cost a total of three spiritual rocks.

"Look, I am really not trying to profit from your spiritual rocks."

Mu Wan asked Han Muye to help carry the spiritual herbs as she spoke.

"I understand." Han Muye nodded and said softly, "I'll buy Body Strengthening Pills from you from now on."

Hearing his words, Mu Wan laughed and led him to a secluded spot.

"Are you going to wait here while I refine pills, or are you going to look elsewhere?"

Mu Wan sat cross-legged as the cauldron floated up in front of her. A flame rose from her left palm.

Was this alchemy?

Han Muye curiously took a few steps back and watched Mu Wan refine pills.

The flames heated up the pill furnace, causing steam to rise from it. At this moment, Mu Wan began to pour the first spiritual herb into the pill furnace.

This was a spiritual herb that was thick to the roots. As soon as it was thrown into the pill furnace, a bitter smell spread out.

Mu Wan spun the pill furnace with one hand and continuously threw various spiritual herbs into it with the other.

Some of these spiritual herbs were tree roots, some were grass and leaves, and some were directly made of limestone.

The nine spiritual herbs were thrown into the cauldron in different order. Then, the flames kept changing in size.

Mu Wan began to carefully rotate the pill furnace. In Han Muye's opinion, this was to allow the medicinal power of the spiritual herbs inside to fuse.

“Bam—”

Suddenly, the cauldron shook with a dull thud.

Mu Wan's face stiffened. Then, with a depressed expression, she stopped spinning the cauldron and lifted the lid. A charred smell wafted over.

“I'm indeed out of practice. I wasted a furnace of spiritual herbs.”

“If I waste another batch of this, I'm going to lose money.”

After pouring out the pill dregs, Mu Wan began to refine pills again.

Han Muye closed his eyes slightly, and images circulated in his mind.

He had comprehended the Mystic Fire Alchemy Technique.

He comprehended the refinement method of the Body Strengthening Pill.

Opening his eyes, he looked at Mu Wan, who had already thrown the seventh spiritual herb into the cauldron. Han Muye suddenly said, "Wait."

"Clear the yarrow first. Otherwise, this batch will still be wasted."