

## Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

*Chapter 7: Fine-quality Pills, Ultimately Not a Person Who Relies On Looks For a Living*

Hearing Han Muye's words, Mu Wan paused and looked up at him.

"Brother Han, have you learnt alchemy before?"

Han Muye shook his head.

He had never learnt it.

Mu Wan smiled and said, "Then Brother, how dare you advise me in alchemy?"

She known for being an alchemy genius among the younger generation of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

If not for the fact that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's alchemy was not considered well-known, her reputation would have been even more resounding.

Now, a Sword Caretaker who had never refined pills before was telling her that her method of refining pills was wrong.

Wasn't that a complete joke?

Or was the person in front of her deliberately attracting her attention?

"It will be on me if this furnace of ingredients are wasted." Han Muye raised his hand and placed six spiritual rocks on the stone platform in front of him, then placed another spiritual rock aside.

Mu Wan frowned.

'Is this guy for real?'

Other things could be faked, but not spiritual rocks.

They were all low-level cultivators, and their spiritual rocks did not come from nowhere.

“Alright.” Frowning, she raised her hand and exchanged the spiritual herb in her hand for a green spiritual herb before throwing it into the pill furnace.

After that, Han Muye did not speak again. He waited for Mu Wan to throw all the spiritual herbs into the pill furnace, and then began to gently rotate the pill furnace. A dim spiritual light flashed in her hand.

Han Muye watched enviously.

This was a cultivator who had condensed spiritual energy.

Huang Six had told him that the cultivation realm was divided into the three realms Heaven, Earth, and Man.

The Human realm cultivates essence energy, condenses Qi and builds the foundation.

The Earth realm is able to sense the origin, awaken the spirit and condense the core.

The Heaven realm births the essence energy and forms the soul.

To be able to condense one’s own spiritual energy meant that she had surpassed the first phase of essence energy cultivation and had reached the second stage of the Human realm of Qi condensation. One’s body would gather the spiritual energy and temporarily leave from their mortal body.

Han Muye had comprehended a few sword techniques, had just comprehended the method of alchemy, and knew a lot of sword forging methods.

However, without cultivation techniques and a cultivation base, these abilities were just like water without roots.

Although he had maximum-level of comprehension, he firmly believed that he lacked an opportunity to cultivate.

However, the burden of a useless spiritual core made him feel a little less confident.

“Hum—”

The pill furnace shook. Mu Wan raised her hand and beckoned. Two bean-sized pills flew out of the pill furnace.

Reaching out to catch it, a trace of joy flashed across Mu Wan’s face. “Two of them!”

Logically speaking, a furnace of spiritual herbs could only refine one pill. If she refined two pills, she would save a furnace of spiritual herbs. This was equivalent to earning an amount of spiritual rocks equivalent to a furnace of spiritual herb.

Mu Wan looked at the pill in her palm with surprise.

The quality of this pill was much better than the ones that she had refined in the past.

Alchemy pills were also like cultivation spiritual cores, from unranked to first-grade.

However, in addition to the rank of the pill, it also mattered whether the medicinal strength was pure and the condensation was just right.

This would determine the pill quality.

It could be either inferior, ordinary, fine or supreme.

Ordinary pills could be divided into these four qualities.

As for whether there were other qualities, it was unheard of in the world and impossible to verify.

Inferior pills were mostly poisonous and not suitable for consumption.

Most of the pills refined by ordinary alchemy cultivators were ordinary.

Fine quality pills required skill.

As for the supreme quality, that was something that could only be chanced upon by luck.

If the quality of a low-grade medicinal pill was good enough, it could completely compare to a high-grade medicinal pill.

For example, the supreme quality ninth-grade pill's medicinal strength was even much richer and purer than ordinary eighth-grade pills of the same attribute.

The higher the quality of the pill, the purer the medicinal power contained, and the fewer impurities.

“A fine quality one, huh...?”

Mu Wan muttered softly and handed the two pills to Han Muye reluctantly.

Although the Body Strengthening Pill was only a ninth-grade pill, but it was a fine quality one and was considered good.

However, Han Muye had entrusted her to refine this pill, and he had even given her pointers during the refinement process.

Mu Wan wanted to keep the pill for herself, but she was not so thick-skinned.

‘Are these pills?’

After receiving the two bean-like Body Strengthening pills, Han Muye sighed with emotion. No matter where he went, anything that could be eaten was not cheap.

And the smaller it was, the more precious it was.

Seven spiritual rocks just for this little thing.

If Mu Wan knew what Han Muye was thinking, she would probably cry.

The price of a fine-quality Body Strengthening Pill was five times that of an ordinary Body Strengthening Pill. Now that she had given it to Han Muye at the price of an ordinary Body Strengthening Pill, he was still displeased?

Who was the one who'd lost out?

“Sister, I'll leave first.” Putting away the pills, Han Muye cupped his hands at Mu Wan.

It was not good to keep watching others refine pills.

Mu Wan nodded, then looked at Han Muye and said, “Brother Han, you said that you’ve never learnt alchemy. Why were you able to point out that the order of the two spiritual herbs in my Body Strengthening Pill was wrong?”

‘I knew you’d ask.’

Han Muye laughed, then said, “I don’t know much about alchemy, but as a Sword Caretaker, I do know a little about forging swords.”

“If it’s too hard, it won’t last long. If it’s brittle, it can’t be bent. There should be some similarities between sword refinement and pill refinement.”

With that, he turned and walked out of the bamboo building.

The place was not close to the Sword Pavilion. He had to get back before dark.

“If it’s too hard, it won’t last long. If it’s brittle, it can’t be bent...” Mu Wan muttered as she watched Han Muye leave.

“Hehe, this Sword Caretaker is really an interesting person.”

Turning the furnace in her hand, Mu Wan began to refine pills again.

After she had refined two fine-quality Body Strengthening Pills in one batch just now, her confidence had greatly increased.

While that feeling was still there, she was confident that she could refine another batch of fine quality Body Strengthening pills.

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Han Muye rushed back before the door of the Sword Pavilion closed.

“So, did you get the Body Strengthening Pills?” Huang Six asked with a smile.

Han Muye nodded and took out two pills.

“Eh, this Body Strengthening Pill...” Huang Six was shook and hurried forward.

“This is a fine-quality pill!”

‘Fine-quality?’

Seeing that Han Muye was confused, Huang Six introduced all the grade and quality of the pills.

When he heard Han Muye say that he had spent seven spiritual rocks to buy two fine-quality pills, Huang Six’s eyes widened.

“Tsk, tsk. She probably likes you.”

Huang Six looked Han Muye up and down, his words sour.

He reached for his wine gourd and took a big gulp, then handed it to Han Muye.

Han Muye shook his head.

He didn’t like to drink.

When he didn’t take it, Huang Six took the gourd back and smiled. “You can rest easy tonight.”

“The sword has been taken away this afternoon.”

‘The sword?’

Stunned, Han Muye whispered, “The one from last night?”

The sword that had been screaming for dual cultivation the previous night.

Huang Six nodded. Seeing his expression, he grinned. “Why? Do you want to dual cultivate again?”

Han Muye frowned slightly.

There was something strange about that sword.

It was not the refining method, but how it came to the Sword Pavilion. It was strange.

“Who claimed the sword?”

He looked at Huang Six.

Huang Six glanced at him and spread out the book on the long table. Then he pointed at it and said, "The inner sect disciple, Su Yang, gained the opportunity to receive the sword as a mission reward."

"I didn't get a single spiritual rock from him."

Han Muye didn't care about the spiritual rocks. In his opinion, the benefits of being a Sword Caretaker were secondary. The key was the benefits of being an inner sect disciple and the opportunity to comprehend sword techniques from various swords.

"It's strange. When that guy came to collect his sword, he just took it and left," Huang Six muttered as he closed the book.

'He just took the sword?'

Han Muye turned to look at the wooden shelves in the Sword Pavilion and narrowed his eyes.

"Forget it, who cares? We're just Sword Caretakers." Huang Six reached out and patted Han Muye's shoulder. "Tomorrow, we'll wipe the swords on the first floor. It's a tiring job."

"Take the Body Strengthening Pill first tonight."

At this point, he looked at Han Muye. "It's good to be good-looking. Why didn't I meet someone who gave me a fine-quality pill for free back then..."

Han Muye was tall and straight. Although he wasn't muscular, his face was handsome, and he did look good.

However, Han Muye knew that Mu Wan had given him a fine-quality pill because of his words when he was refining pills.

In the end, he was not someone who relied on his looks to make a living. He still had to rely on his capabilities...

With a soft sigh, he returned to his quiet room. Han Muye sat cross-legged, and two pale yellow pills appeared in his palm.

He took the pill.

'Will it hurt the first time?'