

Maximum Comprehension: Taking Care of Swords In A Sword Pavilion

Chapter 8: Five Mystic Sword Technique, Prairie Fire

When the pill entered his mouth, it was like a light-flavoured candy. Before he could taste it carefully, it had already turned into a strange aura that passed through his intestines and spread to his limbs and bones.

Then, Han Muye felt his body heat up slightly.

‘Nothing else?’

‘A fine-quality Body Strengthening pill and that’s all?’

After much hesitation, Han Muye put away the other Body Strengthening Pill.

This thing could be exchanged for more than 10 spiritual rocks. It could not be wasted.

Perhaps this was the reason why he had a ninth-grade aptitude. He could not blame it on the pill refined by others.

Sitting cross-legged, Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

Ever since he stepped into the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he had already relied on his maximum-level comprehension to learn many things about cultivation.

He learnt the technique to refine weapons, alchemy and a total of four sword techniques.

There were three types of Mystic Element Sword Technique: One Leaf, Lone Wood, and Rock Shattering, which he had learnt from Instructor Lin in the afternoon.

Mystic One Sword Technique, Mountain Crusher.

He had a deep impression of the sword technique he had comprehended, but that did not mean that he did not need to practice it.

When he was in the training hall that day, Han Muye had clearly comprehended all the essence of the Rock Shattering Sword Technique, but he had only been able to unleash 50% of it.

It seemed that in the path of cultivation, comprehension alone was not enough. One also needed to practise diligently.

Just like that Instructor Lin, he swung his sword thousands of times and crushed the mountain with one strike.

Han Muye had a good night's sleep. He didn't know if it was because of the Body Strengthening Pill or because he was not disturbed by the dual cultivation sword at night.

The next morning, Han Muye casually found a sword and went to the backyard of the Sword Pavilion to practice.

One leaf, Lone Wood, Rock Shattering, Mountain Crusher.

Without a cultivation base to support his techniques, only sword light condensed in front of him as he practised the moves.

After several times, the four sword techniques had become one, turning into an endless dark halo.

For Han Muye, who had comprehended the essence of the four sword techniques, it didn't matter if the sword moves had a shape or not. The key was the feeling of it.

For One leaf, the sword flew out like a leaf. There was no trace at all, as if an antelope was hanging on its horn.

For Lone Wood, it was difficult to unleash it, but it was firm, unyielding, and unafraid of wind and frost. There was determination in this sword move.

Rock Shattering and Mountain Crusher were simple. The moves were steady, ruthless, and accuracy did not matter as much.

A sword that could shatter mountains was the same whether it struck from the top or the bottom.

When Huang Six came out, he saw Han Muye hacking away with a sword.

He grinned but said nothing.

In his opinion, Han Muye just had nowhere to use his energy after swallowing a Body Strengthening Pill.

Since he had nowhere to vent his energy, he might as well move around a few more times.

However, he did not see the subtle cracks appearing on the stone wall in front of Han Muye.

It was a crack that had been eroded by some force.

After breakfast, the Sword Pavilion closed its doors. Then Huang Six walked solemnly to the rows of wooden shelves.

“These swords are all swords of human realm sword cultivators. There are swords from the early stages of the Human realm to the peak of the Foundation Establishment realm.”

Huang Six’s expression was solemn as he pointed ahead. “The sword has a spirit. It is not blasphemy for us Sword Caretakers to draw out the swords.”

Bowing to the front, then holding a piece of linen smeared with grease, he walked to the wooden shelves.

“Clang—”

Huang Six reached out and pulled out a long sword. Then, with a solemn expression and his eyes flashing, he wiped the linen from the tip of the sword to the hilt.

After three rounds, he sheathed his sword and breathed a sigh of relief.

“Did you see it?”

“We must treat these swords with reverence.”

Huang Six looked up at Han Muye and said in a deep voice, “These new swords are still okay. But for those older swords, if you’re not sincere, you won’t be able to pull them out.”

Han Muye nodded.

He knew about this. He had embarrassed himself before as he tried his best but could not pull out the sword.

Imitating Huang Six, Han Muye first bowed and prayed, then raised his hand to draw his sword. With a gentle touch of the linen cloth, the sword light shone as clear as water.

The sword returned to its sheath. Opposite him, Huang Six opened his mouth, then lowered his head and muttered, "You are born to be a Sword Caretaker..."

They each took charge of one side, drew the swords, wiped them, and sheathed the swords.

As long as Han Muye placed his hand on the hilt, he could sense the length and weight of the sword, as well as the refining technique.

In the beginning, he wiped it extremely quickly.

The swords here had just been refined, so there was not much information for him to comprehend.

It wasn't until later, when he reached for the hilt of a sword, that an image fell into his mind.

A young swordsman in a green robe ran amok with his sword, carefree.

The sword light was like water, rippling with smoke.

Mystic Element Sword Technique, Clear Water.

A cool aura seeped into Han Muye's body.

This time, he could clearly feel the cool air circulating in his body and then spreading into his chest and abdomen.

'What is this aura?'

Curious, Han Muye raised his hand and drew another sword.

Another image appeared.

An old man in a gray robe was practising with only one sword. This sword shattered the wind and lightning, blocking the mountains.

“Purple Flame, it’s finally time to say goodbye.”

The old man said softly, and then with a swing of his long sword, he burned the mountains and rivers for hundreds of miles.

When the smoke dissipated, the old man was gone. Only a mottled sword remained.

“Boom—”

A violent force suddenly poured into Han Muye’s body. The magma-like heat instantly wreaked havoc in his meridians, making his entire body seem to spasm and tremble.

“Clang—”

The sword fell to the ground. Huang Six hurried over.

“Little Han, what’s wrong?”

Han Muye turned and grinned.

Then his entire chest felt like it was going to explode, and a force of fire shot through it.

Spitting out a mouthful of blood, Han Muye slumped to the ground.

...

In his daze, Han Muye heard Huang Six’s voice.

“Thank you, Sir.”

When he opened his eyes, apart from Huang Six, there was also a white-haired old man in front of him.

The old man held a mottled short sword in his hand. It was the sword that Han Muye had pulled out earlier.

“Although this sword is only an ordinary sword, it’s the sword of Patriarch Tao Ran, who betrayed the sect back then.” Holding the short sword, the old man’s expression was a little strange.

“The Patriarch’s sword?” Huang Six was stunned. “The Patriarch’s sword? Doesn’t that contain sword intent—”

“Patriarch, is he alright?”

“The Sword Qi has entered his heart. Let’s see his own destiny.” The old voice sounded.

The old man’s expression was indifferent. Seeing that Han Muye had woken up, he placed the short sword on the wooden shelf and turned to leave.

Huang Six shouted from behind, then whispered, “Goodbye, Patriarch.”

Han Muye watched the old man mount the stairs to the second floor of the Sword Pavilion and disappear.

“Stop looking. There are only three of us in the Sword Pavilion.”

“When you see him in the future, just call him Patriarch.”

A trace of envy and longing appeared on Huang Six’s face. He said softly, “He has spent 60 years caring for the swords in the Sword Pavilion. He’s a middle-ranking and Grand Elder of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

‘The Patriarch?’

Was there always a third person in the Sword Pavilion?

Han Muye froze.

However, when he thought about it, it made sense. He and Huang Six were only responsible for the first floor. The second and third floors naturally needed an even stronger person to oversee them.

“Brother, didn’t you say that it’s difficult for a Sword Caretaker to live past a year? If one can live for ten years, one will become a sect deacon?”

“This person has lived for more than 60 years?”

It turned out that it was possible for Sword Caretakers to live for 60 years.

‘So how did this person survive?’

Seeing Han Muye’s expression, Huang Six snorted and waved his hand. “Kid, don’t think too much. If the sword Qi enters your chest, it’s hard to say if you can last three months.”

At this point, his expression softened as he looked at Han Muye. “If you want to eat something or drink something—”

“If you want to do something, do it.”

Picking up the linen cloth used to wipe the sword, Huang Six patted his shoulder and said, “Go and rest. I’ll wipe the rest of the swords.”

Then, with a little sigh, he hunched his way around the front of the wooden shelves.

“Clang—”

There was the sound of a sword being drawn.

Han Muye was confused.

‘I only have three months left to live?’

‘I thought we said it was a year?’

‘The sword Qi has entered my chest and abdomen?’

‘Sword Qi?’

The thought jolted him, and an image exploded in his mind.

Now he saw the image in his chest and abdomen.

A ten-foot-wide scarlet flame rolled. Around it, there were green clouds, grayish-yellow earth energy, and a foggy image.

Then, in the empty space around, wisps of faint aura constantly intertwined.

This was the sword Qi?

Where were these sword Qi?