

Chapter 4

Blood Oath

Jian Wushuang came to the courtyard where he had been practicing swordsmanship with Jian Meng'er every day.

Normally, Jian Meng'er would have been waiting here already, but today, after Jian Wushuang arrived at the courtyard he didn't see her in their usual spot. There was only Jian Lan, wearing a black robe. He stood with his hands behind his back and waited for him quietly.

Jian Wushuang had a bad feeling.

"Uncle Lan, " Jian Wushuang called him as usual.

"You're here? " Jian Lan turned. His usual mild face had changed completely into a cold and distant one. "You must have heard everything. Today the Mansion Master appointed Meng'er as the new Sword Pavilion Master. After the Sword Marquis Token Battle, a succession ceremony will be hosted. By the way, the token representing the status of Sword Pavilion Master is currently with you."

Jian Wushuang was shocked.

The token representing the Sword Pavilion Master was the most powerful sword in Sword Marquis Mansion, Triple-kill Sword!

It had been brought back by a man, trusted by his father, not long after he disappeared. In the last four years, the sword had always been kept by him. It was the Long Sword on his back.

"Hand it over! " Jian Lan said.

Both Jian Wushuang's body and heart shook. Looking at Jian Lan, he ground his teeth in rage and said in a low voice, "I want to see Meng'er! "

"Meng'er, what status does she have? You think you can meet with whomever you wish? " Jian Lan said with a sneer.

"Unless I see her, I will not hand it over, " Jian Wushuang said defiantly.

Even at this moment, he still had some hope deep in his heart that all this had been Jian Lan's idea and that Jian Meng'er was being forced into it...

"How dare you! " Jian Lan shouted. He was getting angry.

"Father. " A beautiful girl dressed in white came out of the house slowly, Jian Meng'er.

"Meng'er. " Jian Wushuang turned eagerly toward her. That one glance destroyed his last hope. He noticed that Jian Meng'er's eyes were cold and ruthless.

Jian Wushuang suddenly realized that Jian Meng'er had not been forced.

"You've been lying to me? " Jian Wushuang asked, staring at her.

"Lying to you? No." Jian Meng'er shook her head, "I never promised you anything. Even though you taught me swordsmanship as I asked, I never forced you. It was a deal. You instructed me and I accompanied you for four years. It's fair! "

"Only a deal? " Jian Wushuang asked again with a wan smile. "You should know that the Triple-kill Sword was sent back by a man trusted by my father. It may be the only clue to find him! "

"I know. " Jian Meng'er nodded.

"You also know that my greatest wish in life is to succeed my father and take charge of Sword Pavilion with the Triple-kill Sword in hand one day, don't you? " Jian Wushuang continued to ask.

"Yes. " Jian Meng'er nodded again, "However, it is just a dream for you. It will never be realized. After all, you are trash who is incapable of cultivating Spiritual Power. "

"Trash? " Jian Wushuang couldn't stop laughing at himself.

It was just early this very morning, that he had cultivated the Heavenly Creation Skill and finally condensed some Spiritual Power. He had become a real Warrior now. He could hardly wait to share this with her. Who would have thought she had been thinking he was trash the entire time? A pitiful person who couldn't cultivate Spiritual Power?

"Jian Wushuang, things have happened. There is no need to haggle over this endlessly. It will only make you appear weaker. If you are not reconciled with what you have suffered, you can challenge me fairly. In this world, strength gives you power and rights. People take advantage of you when you are weak. Who can you blame for that? " Jian Meng'er said with indifference.

"So that's it? Because I'm too weak? " Jian Wushuang said with a faint smile. However, the smile on his face was a sad one, "So, I have always been a fool! "

"Ha-ha, stupid! I am so stupid! "

"I am the biggest fool in the world! "

"I am an idiot! "

Jian Wushuang roared as if he was insane.

Jian Lan and Jian Meng'er stood nearby and looked at him quietly without any mercy in their eyes.

What she had said was the brutal truth.

In this world, people survived according to the law of the jungle.

Jian Wushuang laughed sadly. But in the meantime, his brain seemed to have been struck by thousands of thunderbolts simultaneously. His face was twisted and his eyes were complicated, first disbelief, then shock, and at last anger, almost to the point of insanity.

Several seconds later, Jian Wushuang suddenly stopped laughing. When he looked up again, his eyes had returned to calmness.

Both Jian Lan and Jian Meng'er noticed his transformation. They were quite astonished.

However, they didn't notice the radical change Jian Wushuang had gone through in his inner heart in such a short time.

The originally innocent and simple-minded Jian Wushuang was gone. Instead, the man who remained seemed to have experienced decades of vicissitudes in life.

After taking a deep breath, Jian Wushuang looked back at Jian Meng'er. The look was marrow-freezing and not at all tender. Jian Meng'er couldn't help feeling a chill under his intense gaze.

These eyes, how cold they were!

Like a venomous snake eyeing its prey.

"Jian Meng'er, you're right. Only the weak pray for pity. Experts prove themselves with strength. So..." Jian Wushuang said in a cold voice. He pulled the Triple-kill Sword from his back, raising it.

SHUA!

The sharp sword edge scratched a bleeding wound on Jian Wushuang's

palm... A burning pain shot through his hand while he clenched his bloody fist. Painful as it was, he gazed at Jian Meng'er and said,

"In two months, during the Sword Marquis Token Battle, the day when you will succeed the position of Sword Pavilion Master in public, I will challenge you! "

"I swear I will make you all know that the Sword Pavilion... forever belongs to Sword Pavilion. It belongs to my father, belongs to me. It is impossible for anyone else to have a hand in it! "

"I will kill everyone who attempts to encroach! "

Blood flowed along his arm slowly and dripped on the ground. His words sounded sonorous and forceful.

"As for the Triple-kill Sword? Humph... " Looking at the sword in his hand, Jian Wushuang sneered and said, "You want it? Here you are! "

Jian Wushuang threw Triple-kill Sword towards Jian Meng'er, then he turned and went straight outside. At the very moment, before he left the courtyard, Jian Wushuang stopped and said coldly,

"I will see you in two months! "

Wearing a slight frown and looking at Jian Wushuang's departure and lonely back in blank amazement, Jian Meng'er suddenly felt that the Triple-kill Sword in her hand was extremely heavy...

"Humph! Trash who can't even condense Spiritual Power wants to challenge you in two months. He must be kidding. It would be better for him to become a real Warrior within two months. " Standing nearby Jian Lan laughed in disdain.

Hearing this, Jian Meng'er relaxed her furrowed brows.

That's right! He is still trash who can't condense Spiritual Power. How dare

he fight with me in two months?

It is an absolute joke!