

## Chapter 5

### The Cultivation Room

Jian Wushuang went back to his courtyard alone and locked himself inside.

"Jian Meng'er, ha, ha..." Jian Wushuang laughed at himself. He thought of these four years he had spent with her. Their time together had created wonderful memories for him, but now all these memories had become sharp thorns that caused him extreme pain.

"Weak!"

"Yes, she's right. Ultimately, my strength is too weak!"

"If I was stronger and more powerful than Jian Meng'er, then she would never dare to say words like that in front of me. With that strength, there is no hope for her in taking charge of Sword Pavilion!"

"Strength ..." Jian Wushuang's eyes were cold.

No one knew what a radical mental change he had gone through in just one day.

"No outsider can ever lay a finger on Sword Pavilion even for one day!"

"In two months, I must defeat Jian Meng'er in a fair way before she officially succeeds to the position of Sword Pavilion Master!"

"Two months!" He clenched his fists tightly.

Maybe for others, it was impossible to cultivate from condensing Spiritual Power to Jian Meng'er's level, the Profound Spiritual Sea Realm, but Jian Wushuang was different.

After all, he had cultivated the Heavenly Creation Skill, a Heaven defying Martial Art.

And since it was a Heaven defying cultivation method, he should be able to cultivate in defiance of the natural order!

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Sword Marquis Mansion was located within Bashui Prefecture, Tianyan Province of Tianzong Dynasty. It was one of the main powers within Bashui Prefecture, and it focused exclusively on Sword Principle.

There were two factions in Sword Marquis Mansion, Sword Pavilion and Red Martial Hall.

These two factions had fought both overtly and covertly, but Sword Pavilion had always prevailed. However, when Jian Nantian, the Sword Pavilion Master, disappeared four years ago, Sword Pavilion lost its backbone. Its overall strength suffered a disastrous decline, and so did its right of speech. The Sword Pavilion was at an absolute disadvantage in the fight with Red Martial Hall. It was yesterday that the position of Sword Pavilion Master had been taken away by Jian Meng'er from Red Martial Hall.

"The Sword Pavilion..."

Dressed in white and with a common Long Sword on his back, Jian Wushuang walked up to the door of the Sword Pavilion. Looking at the two words SWORD PAVILION at the top, his mood was extremely complex.

He hesitated for a moment and then stepped into the Sword Pavilion.

When Jian Wushuang appeared in the Sword Pavilion, many disciples who had been practicing swordsmanship could not help looking at him.

"Is that ... Jian Wushang?"

"Yes, it's him! He is a traitor. He taught many First-class Sword Arts from our Sword Pavilion to a person from the Red Martial Hall. How dare he come here!?"

"Alas! We cannot blame him. After all, he was cheated. And if Jian Meng'er takes charge of Sword Pavilion, he will suffer the most. Please stop talking like that! He is in pain."

There was a lot of whispering in the Sword Pavilion. Most of the eyes upon him were full of mercy.

The news that Jian Meng'er would take charge of Sword Pavilion had spread all over the Sword Marquis Mansion, so the news that she had mastered all Eighteen First-class Sword Arts of Sword Pavilion to Profound level naturally had run through here.

Generally speaking, these First-class Sword Arts could not be taught to outsiders. Even core disciples could only cultivate one or two. So how had Jian Meng'er mastered all Eighteen First-class Sword Arts at the same time?

The answer was obvious. Jian Wushuang had taught her.

In the whole Sword Pavilion, only Jian Wushuang knew all Eighteen First-class Sword Arts. Because of his father's position, he had learned swordsmanship from childhood and his father had taught him these eighteen techniques.

The Sword Pavilion was full of murmuring and comments, but Jian Wushuang did not stop. He walked directly into the inner hall with an indifferent expression.

Inside the hall, a gray-haired elder in a grey robe was looking through a thread-bound book, but when he saw Jian Wushuang coming in, he stopped, surprised.

"Young... Young Pavillion Master?" The gray-robed elder said in a constrained voice.

"Elder Hong." Jian Wushuang said humbly. His eyes were full of guilt.

For years, the Sword Pavilion Elders had exerted their utmost efforts for the Sword Pavilion. However, due to his stupidity, the position of Sword Pavilion Master had changed hands and was being taken charge of by a person from the Red Martial Hall. So Jian Wushuang felt guilty.

"This isn't your fault. You are too young and don't understand these schemes. We, the Sword Pavilion Elders, are not going to blame you." Elder Hong saw the guilty look in Jian Wushuang's eyes and shook his head with a smile.

"If someone should be blamed, it should be Jian Lan and Jian Meng'er. Their means were too dishonorable. Especially that Jian Meng'er, I have met her several times. But I had never thought that she could hide her schemes so deeply. With such a mind at a young age, her future achievements will be great. It is not too bad that the Sword Pavilion has fallen into her hands.

"Sword Pavilion. Only disciples from the Sword Pavilion can take charge of it." Jian Wushuang said firmly.

Elder Hong was startled for a moment, and then he could only shake his head helplessly.

In the bottom of his heart, he was extremely reluctant to let Jian Meng'er take charge of Sword Pavilion, but now these things had happened. What could he do? He could only comfort himself.

"Elder Hong, I want to go inside the Human-level Cultivation Room," Jian Wushuang said suddenly in a serious tone.

"The Human-level Cultivation Room?" Elder Hong was shocked.

The Human-level Cultivation Room was an exclusive secret chamber for cultivation in the Sword Pavilion.

Besides the Human-level Cultivation Room, there were the Earth-level

Cultivating Room and the Heaven-level Cultivating Room. These three cultivation rooms could help to promote cultivation, but they also had some disadvantages. Few disciples came here to cultivate in them regularly.

However, Jian Wushuang had not even condensed any Spiritual Power. What could he do in the Human-level Cultivation Room?

Although Elder Hong was puzzled, he nodded his head and said, "Come with me".

Soon, Elder Hong led Jian Wushuang to a secret chamber.

"Young Pavillion Master, you came to this Cultivation Room for cultivation four years ago, and you are familiar with the environment inside. Don't force yourself. If you cannot carry on, you should come out as soon as possible." Elder Hong warned him patiently.

"I know." Jian Wushuang nodded and then stepped into the secret chamber.

There was no decoration in this simple secret chamber. When Jian Wushuang entered the secret chamber, he felt a terrible force rushing toward him and oppressing him. He felt like he was mired down in mud, and it was very difficult to make any gestures or movements.

This force was the unique pressure of the Human-level Cultivation Room. It was tyrannical. Under this force, every movement in the secret chamber became extremely difficult. Even if a person wanted to stand, he had to rely on Spiritual Power to resist it. In this way, the speed of Spiritual Power consumption would be quite alarming.

In general, if a common warrior in the First Step of the Spirit Path merely stood in the Human-level Cultivation Room, his Spiritual Power would run out in no more than 8 minutes. If he practiced swordsmanship in this room, the speed of Spiritual Power consumption would be incredible.

"Let me start."

Jian Wushuang's face held no expression, and the Long Sword on his back was unsheathed.