

Hammer God 643

Chapter 643 Uncultured

Kyle stood together with several other Core Disciples from his new Exchange Organization.

Once more, it was a Higher Secondary Organization.

It was called the Constitution Sect, and everyone was forced to wear weird robes.

Luckily, as an Exchange Seeker, Kyle didn't need to conform to the dress code, which made him relieved.

'I don't want to wear a dress.'

The entire planet reminded Kyle of Asia.

A bunch of pavilions, lakes, thin but tall mountains, and so on.

People here seemed to care a lot about respect, which made Kyle feel a bit weird.

Shortly after arriving, Kyle had been called into a big gathering with all the other Core Disciples.

The other Core Disciples all had pretty lean builds, but they were still quite muscular beneath their clothing.

The weirdest part was that they were all flying around by standing on their weapons.

'Why, though? I don't get it. Like, they're saying that their weapons are of utmost importance. They say after a weapon is drawn, it's not supposed to be put back before it tastes blood.'

'I get that it's supposed to be about control and conviction. You know, you should not draw your weapon hastily and stuff. But then, they are constantly flying around on their weapons. When they fly on their swords, they are not in their sheaths.'

'Even more, they say a weapon is a representation of yourself and has to be treated with respect, but at the same time, they are literally standing on them? I wouldn't want the bottom of my shoes touching any part of me.'

'They're weird.'

Moments later, the Core Elder arrived. He wore simple green robes, and he stood on top of a long sword, just like half of the Disciples. The other half were standing on other weapons.

There was even someone standing on something that looked like a harp.

Another one was standing on a fucking flute.

What kinda weapons were these?

Kyle had imagined someone stabbing someone's arteries with a flute and how the flute would make a funny sound when the blood squirted out of its holes.

When the Core Elder arrived, the others all bowed in respect and lowered the altitude at which they were flying to be beneath his altitude.

Kyle just watched in confusion as everyone around him sank.

He just awkwardly stood in the air.

Some of the other Disciples threw him displeased gazes, while others didn't react.

The Core Elder threw a strict gaze towards Kyle.

"In our Sect, it is common courtesy to adjust your altitude and posture to your Seniors," the Core Elder said with a calm voice.

Kyle blinked. "Why didn't you just arrive at a higher altitude than us?"

The atmosphere changed.

The Disciples seemed to grow quite annoyed and displeased with Kyle's words.

Yet, the Core Elder still seemed quite patient. "Our customs represent reality," he spoke slowly. "A hare's burrow leads down because a tiger's territory stretches far."

Some of the Disciples nodded solemnly.

Kyle looked at the Core Elder in confusion. "Okay, metaphor aside, why didn't you arrive at a higher altitude?"

The Core Elder furrowed his brows.

Yet, before he could say anything, the top Core Disciple rose a bit, but he still remained beneath the Core Elder.

The Core Disciple performed a polite bow to the Core Elder before straightening his back and looking at Kyle with narrowed eyes.

"The Elder's valuable magnanimity and wisdom are wasted on you like pearls thrown in front of swine," he spoke proudly. "Our Elder's words unveil the truth of the world. Yet, your eyes can see but can't recognize Mount High!"

Kyle snorted a laugh. "Mount High? Is that like a really big mountain?"

The Disciple did his best to restrain his killing intent in front of the uncivilized brute.

"The legendary Mount High is the place of enlightenment of our founder, Huo Long, the Ascended One. During his 77-by-77-year seclusion, he gazed into the truth of the universe. The metaphor of not recognizing Mount High means that you can't see the evident truth."

"5,929," Kyle said suddenly.

The Disciple looked at Kyle like he had just shit on the ground. "Explain your interjection," he said with annoyance.

"5,929," Kyle repeated. "77 times 77 is 5,929. Why can't you just state the number instead of making me do math?"

The other Disciples grew more and more disgusted by Kyle's lack of decorum and grace.

The Core Disciple's eyes narrowed even further, and he activated his Momentum, which was called killing intent in this organization.

"Are you courting death, junior?" the Disciple asked with intensity. "I have tolerated your disrespect towards our teachings until now, but even my patience has limits. You can thank your ancestors that you are part of the Array of Stars. Your identity and my respect for your backer are the only reasons why you continue to draw breath."

Kyle blinked a couple of times in surprise before looking at the Core Elder, who simply hovered behind the Core Disciple, his eyes closed peacefully.

"Excuse me, Elder?" Kyle asked, ignoring the Core Disciple.

The Core Elder simply opened his eyes and looked neutrally at Kyle without saying anything.

"The internal code of conduct, excuse me, the Myriad Record of Civility and Harmony also counts for me, right? You know, that one pamphlet you handed to me when I got here," Kyle asked.

The Core Elder's right eyebrow twitched when Kyle called the scripture dictating the laws of their way of life a pamphlet.

"The Myriad Record of Civility and Harmony dictates our lives," the Core Elder said. "As an Exchange Seeker, you are not beholden to it, but no matter what happens, we will always honor it."

"Yeah, sure," Kyle said, "but can I make use of the rules? Like, if the other Disciples are allowed to do something stated in it, am I also allowed to do it?"

The Core Elder took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

"Truly primitive," the Core Disciple said before the Core Elder said anything. "Senior has already answered your question with his previous answer."

"So, that's a yes, right?" Kyle asked.

The Core Disciple sneered. "Yes."

Kyle grinned.

"Well then, you just insulted me. That is an attack on my honor."

Kyle thought back to the specific wording of the pamphlet.

"Dirt upon honor may only be washed with blood."

Then, Kyle pulled out his hammer.