

Menu 433

Chapter 433: It's Time to Show Off My Talent!

The sword wind howled, and the grass around was being scraped up.

Amidst the dancing chaff, Esther blinked, feeling that something about what Jason said made sense, yet something seemed amiss. He wanted to retort but couldn't find the direction.

Aras, on the other hand, clapped his hands with a laugh.

"I told you, how can it not be swordsmanship if it's used to slash people!"

Avent, however, had a solemn look on his face.

It was the first time he was taking this junior seriously.

He had overestimated the latter's strength more than once, but he never imagined that this junior had truly reached the second realm of 'Sword'.

"Alright."

"Stop there."

Avent spoke, and Jason immediately sheathed his sword, looking at Avent with a puzzled expression. He felt as though he had just entered the state where he needed a sparring partner.

"You have already found your own path."

"You no longer need my instruction, as long as you persist with your heart, your... 'swordsmanship' will naturally grow."

Avent said 'swordsmanship' with some discomfort.

But since Jason could speak of the principle that 'with a sword in the heart, all things could be a sword,' then no matter what he held in his hand, it would be 'Sword'!

"Dad, is that really swordsmanship?"

Esther was still confused.

"Mm."

"In your view, only when a sword requires the skills of a sword, it is swordsmanship."

"But that is just the foundation, the basics composed of the characteristics of 'Swordthe chopping, stabbing, and flicking motions."

"When your foundations are solid, you will naturally pursue a higher realm, which is the state that Jason mentioned, 'with a sword in the heart, all things could be a sword.'"

"Once you master this realm, you can then explore the next realm, 'with the heart's sword, all things can be severed.'"

As Avent spoke, he casually grabbed a piece of chaff and waved it casually to the side.

Then, loosening his fingers, the chaff continued to fly.

"Jason, come with me."

"Though I can't give you more guidance on 'swordsmanship,' the methods of concealing one's aura, I can still teach you."

"Of course, there are also some techniques for sword release."

"Aras, if you're willing to learn, you can come along too."

Avent said with a smile.

He didn't plan to teach these in front of his son.

It was not favoritism but simply because his son had just started building the basics and was not ready for these techniques.

Indeed, it was somewhat delayed.

Avent thought to himself and walked to one side of the clearing, with Jason and Aras following.

Esther didn't care at all.

He knew his father had his own reasons for doing so.

Moreover, what he cared about more was why his father had just waved a piece of chaff toward the nearby tree.

He felt that there was something there that greatly concerned him.

Struggling to his feet, Esther walked toward the tree.

From his perspective, there was nothing unusual about the tree.

Then, he pushed against it with his hand.

It was sturdy, and nothing he had guessed happened.

Exhaling,

Esther let out a breath, then, exhausted, he leaned back against the tree once more.

"I'm overthinking it, even father couldn't possibly slice through a tree that requires two people to embrace it with a piece of chaff..."

Lying against the sturdy tree, Esther couldn't help but smile to himself, but just then, the wind gently blew.

Boom!

All the rows of trees in front of Esther, except for the one he was leaning on, were snapped in half at the trunk, falling in unison with a distinctive roaring sound.

The cuts were neat and smooth as if sliced by a divine weapon.

Esther, leaning against the trunk with his mouth slightly open, was obscured by the flying dirt and chaff.

When the bitter taste of the dirt-mixed chaff began to spread in his mouth, Esther snapped back to reality; his physical exhaustion vanished in an instant, and he sprang up to look behind him.

A clearing a hundred meters long and wide lay before him.

Everything, except for the tree he was leaning on, had been cut in half at the trunk.

"This, is this swordsmanship?"

Esther stammered to himself.

"Such formidable swordsmanship!"

Aras praised.

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Jason glanced at Avent, and then at Esther.

Clearly, Avent was teaching Esther.

Not the teaching of technique or knowledge,

But... belief!

Just like the previous drawing of the sword, it was training Esther's 'Spirit.'

And now, the 'swordsmanship' must be some sort of special mark.

It was bound to make Esther remember 'swordsmanship,' so that, with just a little instruction, he would form his own mark.

However, this was no easy task.

Jason could clearly hear Avent's heavy breathing.

One should note that even under his storm-like barrage of attacks, Avent was calm.

"Esther has been delayed for too long, I need to help him catch up a bit.

"This is a father's compensation."

Avent said slowly.

What could Jason do upon hearing such words?

He could only smile.

The next moment, his smile became an awkward yet courteous one.

"I know, you're looking down on me again."

"No worries, I won't blame you."

"After all, you too are a poor little fellow."

Facing Jason's stare as if looking at a fool, Avent promptly returned it with a sympathetic gaze.

After a long mutual gaze, they both averted their eyes and got to the point.

Avent began to instruct Jason and Aras in the secret technique of concealing their aura.

"This is also a technique that adjusts through breathing."

"It originates from the disciplines of certain assassins, but after my modifications, it allows you not only to hide better but also to charge up for a brief explosive release."