

Dragon War God

Chapter 10 - The Desolate Beastlands

That floating light must be some immortal weapon. From Bai Shixun's face, he's definitely found a piece of treasure, thought Long Chen.

Bai Shixun was sprinting after the floating light. Since Long Chen was already out of the city, he followed, and thanks to his success in cultivating his Constellation Body, he ran with vigor beneath the starlight. He followed Bai Shixun steadily without depleting his Qi.

The floating light in the sky dimmed as time passed and shook slightly. Long Chen managed to make out that it was a sword. He had never heard of a sword that could fly on its own, and he was now sure that it was a treasure.

Despite its trembling, the sword held on for an hour. By this point, they were very far from Baiyang Town. Long Chen was not worried about Yang Yuntian catching up at all. *The kid's got guts to be this far away from Baiyang Town.*

Along the way, Long Chen had covered his face with a piece of black cloth, which would hide his identity from most people. "He's running as fast as he can, yet his speed can only reach this point. He's huffing and puffing too. Looks like this Bai Shixun's only in the Third Draconic Stage at most. That's about the same as me, but I have the Meteor Fist and Constellation Body."

The glowing sword shot straight into a patch of forest, staggered left and right, then quickly descended and stabbed the ground.

Bai Shixun dashed into the forest. He finally heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the glowing sword before him, squatting down and panting pathetically. However, his eyes shone passionately as he stared at the sword in front of him.

"This sword can fly on its own, it must be an extremely valuable piece of treasure! If I get it, I'll still benefit so much even if I have to hand it over to my family!"

When Bai Shixun thought about his bright future, he let out a hearty laugh. Then, he suddenly realized that a masked stranger was standing in front of him. He panicked and shouted fearfully, "Who ... who are you? What ... what do you want?"

Long Chen was several times faster despite only being at the Third Draconic Stage. Bai Shixun saw Long Chen disappear in a flash, then in the next breath, something struck him heavily and he collapsed. The powerful force even knocked a few teeth out.

Bai Shixun burst into tears as he looked at the masked person standing coldly before him. "Senior, I ... I only found this precious sword by accident. If you want it, you can have it ... Don't kill me, don't kill me ... I'll be your slave if you want ..."

Long Chen grinned. "Is that so? I'll take the sword, but I'm afraid of the news getting out. It's still better to kill you."

Bai Shixun howled in fright, "Don't kill me please, s-senior... I can't see your face, I don't even know who you are! How can I tell anyone?"

"I guess you're right."

Long Chen smiled and picked Bai Shixun up by the neck, tutting as he eyed Shixun. "Your skin is tender, your flesh delicate. Your father's handsome too, I'm sure. However, the thing I hate most is seeing another man more handsome than myself, so ..."

When he heard Long Chen's words, Bai Shixun panicked and struggled, "Senior, don't disfigure me, please! My father can give you whatever you want ... My grandfather is the patriarch of Baiyang Town's Bai family, since you ... you know him, will you let me go?"

"Nonsense, why would I disfigure you?"

Long Chen's voice grew colder as he surreptitiously felt for his dagger. He stabbed the dagger into Shixun's crotch with a swoosh, then twisted the blade. Bai Shixun screamed in agony, gazed hopelessly at Long Chen, then fainted from the pain.

Long Chen tossed him to the ground. "I didn't disfigure you, but you're no longer a man. Bai Shixun, if I hadn't been smart that day, I would be the one who'd lost his manhood instead. You reap what you sow, this is just karma ..."

Long Chen looked back at the sword.

The sword was completely black. It was very thin, only two fingers wide and seventy centimeters long. It was made of iron and covered in rusty spots, and it appeared as though it would break at any moment.

Long Chen smiled bitterly. "I can't believe I chased after a useless sword for such a long time."

He approached and looked at the hilt, then reached out to grab it.

Out of nowhere, a teenage girl screamed in surprise, and the sword tugged upwards so strongly that Long Chen could not control it at all. When he came to his senses, his face turned green because the sword had flown high into the sky again, bringing him along with it.

This time, the sword flew at a speed ten times faster than before, and it was flying much higher too. The patches of forest below shrank before Long Chen's eyes. Long Chen was scared speechless, and he cried, "If I fall, my body will split apart!"

He quickly grabbed the hilt with two hands, then hugged it with his entire body. He held on for dear life but the sword then started to shake haphazardly. Perhaps it was trying to fling him off. "This sword is sentient! It's a precious treasure after all, but too bad I won't be able to enjoy it if I die from a fall."

Man and sword shot through the sky at high speed.

Long Chen clung on desperately. Although the sword was using every trick to get rid of him, it did not succeed. Long Chen used every ounce of strength he had to keep himself alive.

An angry teenage girl's voice came from the sword once more. "You lecher! How dare you cling on to me! Let me go or you'll face the consequences!"

Long Chen was startled to hear the sword speaking, and when it called him a lecher, he felt an urge to vomit blood.

The sword's a girl? "Did you hear me? Let go or I'll never forgive you."

The voice spoke again and the sword shook even more violently.

Long Chen replied hurriedly, "M-miss, I do want to let go but you flew so high up. I'm going to die if I let go, don't you understand?"

The sword finally stopped shaking. She mumbled, "Oh? Ah, sorry I forgot. I'll go down now but promise me you'll let go when we reach the ground. Uh ... it's inappropriate for girls and boys to touch."

Long Chen thought to himself, *I know what's inappropriate but you're a freaking sword! What can I do with that?*

But he quickly responded, "Of course, of course. A lady's body is precious, I apologize greatly for offending you."

"It's fine, I didn't think it through. It's my fault. Alright, let's go down now."

Long Chen was about to vomit blood. So the girl only remembered that he would die if he let go after they'd already flown for such a long time? How clueless could she be?

They landed safely.

Long Chen looked around and realized they were at a desolate mountain range covered with bare boulders and wilted trees. It was devoid of life. The roars of beasts echoed from afar, raising goosebumps on his body.

Crack! A skull turned to dust under Long Chen's foot. It was only then that he noticed many beast and human bones around them. A chill shot through his body. "M-miss, say, this isn't ... the Desolate Beastlands, is it ..."

The Desolate Beastlands were the deepest part of the Desolate Mountains. People rarely made it out alive. He'd heard many stories of adventurers that had died there, and he could be next.

He looked at the sword next to him. A female voice came from the sword again, "Uh, I'm so sorry. I can sense the aura of many demonic beasts stronger than you. If I leave you here, you're definitely not going to live long. What do I do? What do I do?"

The young girl panicked, spinning in circles.

Long Chen was speechless.

After a few moments, he said, "Hey, why can't you just take me back in the direction we came from?"

The sword did not speak.

Fear crept into him and he grabbed the sword. "Hey, miss, what's the matter? Why aren't you talking?"

The sword explained hurriedly, "Uh ... I'm so sorry, I ... I didn't expect this to happen either. I was so focused on shaking you off that I didn't notice the huge seal here. I can enter through the sky but I can't fly out ..."

"Wahhhh ..."

She burst into tears.

Long Chen took a deep breath. If his willpower didn't keep him calm, he would've slammed his head on the ground and killed himself.

"I can't believe that I, Ling Xi, would die in this stupid place ... If I knew this would happen, I never would've touched this stupid sword ... Waah ... Mother ... Father... I'm scared ... I don't want to die ..."

"Keep it down!"

Long Chen hurriedly grabbed the sword, then crouched and hid under a gigantic boulder. He could faintly sense a threat approaching.

Wailing this loudly within the Desolate Beastlands was suicide.

Startled by Long Chen, she stopped crying instantly. When she sensed the dangerous aura, she did not dare cry. She remained obediently in Long Chen's grasp, not even talking about how inappropriate it was.

Long Chen's heartbeat quickened with fear. He dared not make the slightest noise as he retreated under the boulder. He stuck his ear to the ground, listening for any movement.

Heavy footsteps approached.

Long Chen felt his heart beating in his throat. He realized he was shaking uncontrollably in the face of unimaginable danger.

He held his breath.

Long Chen slowed his heartbeat, trying his best to appear like a dead body as much as possible. His clothes were already drenched in cold sweat.

His worst fear was that the idiot in his hand would suddenly make a sound, but he couldn't warn her either. If he said anything, he would be dead very soon.

The heavy footsteps were followed by heavy breathing. There was a bloody scent in the air, as well as the smell of saliva. Long Chen felt his scalp go numb. He had never felt this way before, not even when facing a master. "A-wooooo ..."

There was a deep howl some distance away from the other side of the boulder. Every hair on his body stood up. The slightest mistake on his part would lead to death.

Fortunately, he did well, and the footsteps began to grow fainter. When he could no longer hear them, he finally dared to breathe a little. His hair was soaked in sweat. "That beast that passed us ... was the Moon Devouring Wolf. With your current abilities, you'd be swallowed in one mouthful ..."

The sword clutched to his chest heaved a sigh of relief.

Long Chen got to his feet. "I must leave this place in half a month, no matter what. Come with me, and tell me whenever you have a good idea. Right, is your name Ling Xi? I'm Long Chen!"

That's the only way to completely free me ...”