

Desolate 25

[The Desolate Era](#)

Book 2: The Lake in the East Mountain Chapter 8: Ji Ning's Sword

Seven figures attacked from seven different directions, pouncing towards Ji Ning en masse.

Although they had not previously been prepared for a 'seven against one' battle, all of them were the most talented youths in the vast area under the control of the Ji clan of the West Prefecture. Even if they were somewhat unhappy towards this young master of the Ji clan, they didn't dare to be the slightest bit contemptuous. As though by prior agreement, they all chosen to attack at full force!

Ning stood there, not moving at all, waiting for the seven blurs to reach him. And when they did, he moved!

Hu....

As those weapons all flashed towards him, Ning moved like a gust of wind, demonstrating extreme accuracy and precision in terms of control, positioning, speed, and power...easily dodging and moving through the combined attacks of the seven talented youths.

"What!"

"He dodged?"

"How is that possible?"

The seven youths all halted, their eyes filled with disbelief. Just then, Ning actually hadn't even used his weapons. Just relying on footwork alone, he was able to easily dodge past their combined attacks. This sort of terrifying footwork...demonstrated that so long as Ning was focused, the seven of them combined wouldn't be able to even touch Ning's clothes.

"So fast."

"Just like a gust of wind."

"He lives up to being the son of the Raindrop Sword. Too formidable. So fast that I couldn't even clearly see him; all I saw was a blur." The tens of thousands of spectators all grew excited. In this area, all the people began to train in childhood, so they all were experienced, and yet even most of them were only able to see a blur. One could imagine how fast Ning had moved.

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Ning halted, standing on the other side of the dueling platform.

"Seven opponents were unable to force me to use my sword. Their footwork is inferior to mine." Ning swept the seven opponents with his gaze. Just now, during that brief moment of time, he had already assessed the footwork level these seven opponents were at. "Two of them are at the 'advanced' level. One is that scimitar wielding youth, while the other is the golden-furred beast. It seems the earlier reports were in error."

Although his father was arrogant, Ning himself had sent people to collect details regarding these seven opponents. He only knew that the scimitar wielding youth had reached the advanced level of footwork. He didn't imagine that this golden-furred beast had also reached such a high level.

"But their footwork is still a bit weaker than mine." Ning revealed a small smile.

He had, after all, already reached the 'one with the world' level of footwork. Even though on this dueling platform, he would only utilize 'advanced' level footwork, his footwork was clearly more perfected. In addition, he trained in an extremely advanced [Shadewind Steps] type of footwork, allowing him to naturally seize an advantage.

"Tie him down."

"Don't give him the chance to utilize his footwork."

"All together."

The seven youths once more charged forth.

But Ning slowly walked towards them.

In an instant, the seven youths and Ning once again collided. Swords and sabers flashed in the air, but Ning still moved as though he was taking a casual stroll. The longsword in his hands became like a whip, with all of his force being transmitted to the tip of the sword as he then viciously struck out. In order to reduce the amount of casualties as much as possible during the Ceremony of the Golden Sword, all of the weapons were blunt, and thus were more suited to chopping, sweeping, and whipping type attacks.

Fast!

Ning's sword was so fast as to make one's heart shudder.

Ning gracefully walked out from the combined attacks of the seven, while at the same time, making seven lightning-fast whip-like attacks.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Five figures were sent flying backwards by the whip-strikes, flying over thirty meters before falling down onto the ground. All of them struggled to their feet, covered with dust. A few couldn't help but hold their chests, coughing out a hint of blood. Some had cuts on their faces, and their faces were filled with disbelief. This was because just then, they clearly had seen Ning attack with his sword, and they had tried to block it, but none of them had been able to touch Ning's sword.

They hadn't even been able to touch it! Ning had sent them flying!

"One with the sword!" The five talented youths instantly knew what sort of level this young master Ji had reached in swordplay, and understood how great the gap was between them.

Only three youths were left on the dueling platform.

Black sword in hand, Ning looked at the nearby scimitar wielding youth and the golden-furred beast. He nodded to himself. "I struck once against each of them, but these two were able to touch my sword.

That scimitar wielding youth is very fast with his blade strikes, but he hasn't reached the 'advanced' level yet. That golden-furred beast...has actually reached the advanced level of 'one with the saber'."

"Young master Ji, remember...my name is Grizzly! Ji Grizzly!" The golden-furred bestial man stared at Ji Ning. "The one who is going to defeat you is me, Grizzly!"

The scimitar wielding youth's face changed slightly. "So I am not the strongest one after all in these many tribes. There are actually two who are stronger than me. Even this Grizzly has already reached the 'one with the saber' level."

He had been training painstakingly for many years in the martial pavilion.

He knew that he was born into a low status and wouldn't be able to obtain the ultimate saber techniques, and thus he gave up focusing on any complicated saber techniques, and instead focused on making his saber 'fast'! His saber...had to be fast enough. The faster the better. He pursued the fastest possible attacks, combining them with his 'advanced' footwork...if he used his saber, he definitely would be able to defeat the other youths.

But now he discovered to his amazement that it wasn't just this son of the Raindrop Sword, Ji Yichuan, who was stronger than him. The virtually unknown golden-furred fellow next to him was stronger than him as well.

"Ji Ning." The scimitar wielding youth suddenly growled. "I know you are stronger than me, but I want you to take three saber blows from me! Just take these three saber blows of mine alone...as for you, Grizzly, don't interfere."

Grizzly stood there disdainfully, a cold smile on his face. This scimitar wielding youth was far weaker than him, and what's more, Ning's footwork was simply too formidable, and there was no way to successfully do a combined attack on him anyhow. So he might as well let this scimitar wielding youth seek his own humiliation.

Ning, as though thinking about something, glanced at the scimitar wielding youth. He had the feeling that this scimitar wielding youth's words had some special belief hidden within.

"Alright." Ning nodded.

"Hua!"

The scimitar wielding youth charged forward like a blur, howling. His eyes were as vicious as that of a wolf's, and as he drew near Ning, his scimitar came out! The scimitar gleamed brilliantly, and the very first saber-blow was directed towards Ning's neck. Logically speaking, since the scimitar was blunt, this sort of slashing technique wasn't very suitable.

But clearly, this scimitar wielding youth wanted to demonstrate his strongest, ultimate attacks.

"Retreat." Ning moved like the wind, taking a step back, allowing the scimitar to howl past his body.

"Chi!"

Suddenly, with the flip of his hand, the scimitar wielding youth launched another attack, and this saber-blow was even faster, slashing towards Ning's neck from the opposite direction. With leap, Ning still

managed to dodge, but he even he felt it was a bit difficult. If he continued to use 'advanced' level footwork and the opponent's scimitar moved any faster, Ning would have to use his sword.

"Swish!" The flashing blade suddenly left his hand, moving even faster, arriving close to Ning's eyes in an instant.

The third saber-blow – The flying saber!

The flying saber was spinning in the air, and borrowed the speed from those two earlier attacks, allowing this final flying saber attack to reach an even more incredible speed. Not hesitating at all, Ning attacked with his sword.

"Clang." The scimitar and the sword intersected, and the scimitar immediately was sent flying away, landing back into the hands of the scimitar wielding youth.

The scimitar wielding youth nodded. "I lose."

And then with a leap, he jumped down from the dueling platform. The scimitar wielding youth knew...that this Ji Ning and himself simply weren't on the same level at all. Even aside from the fact that Ji Ning trained in the ultimate sword techniques of the Ji clan, the simple fact that he had reached the 'one with the sword' level made it impossible for the youth to do anything to Ji Ning. He was already very satisfied with being given the chance to show off his most powerful attacks on this dueling platform.

"Recruit that scimitar wielding youth into the Ji clan!" The distant, spectating Ji Young said to one of his personal servants standing behind him. "He has the potential to reach the Xiantian level."

Yes, master."

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The dueling platform only had Ning and Grizzly left.

Grizzly's eyes flashed with golden light, staring from afar at Ning, while at the same time, his entire body began to glow with a faint gold light as well, and a powerful aura began to emit from him. This caused the distant Ning's eyes to narrow. "This Grizzly is also a Fiendgod Body Refiner? It seems he's reached quite a high level as well."

"Ji Ning." Grizzly growled. "I admit that your footwork is superior to mine! But today, we must determine who the strongest person is, and you won't be able to acquire the golden sword just by fleeing! You must fight me head on, but unfortunately, if you fight me head out, you aren't a match for me at all. You will definitely lose!"

Black sword in hand, Ning looked calmly at his opponent.

From Grizzly's ferocious aura, Ning could predict that this Grizzly had definitely gone through life-and-death battles. With his sabercraft having reached the 'one with the saber' level, and that layer of golden life demonstrating that he had trained in a powerful type of Fiendgod Body Refining technique, if Ning's guess was correct, this Grizzly should have trained in the [Eternal Mysteries of the Yellow Earth]. After all, he had reviewed all of the nineteen books on Fiendgod Body Refining which the Ji clan's five prefectures had."

“This person called Grizzly has encountered many life-and-death battles, and is a Fiendgod Body Refiner who has reached the ‘one with the saber’ level. But he doesn’t have any reputation at all.” Ning secretly mused. “He definitely wasn’t born in the tribes. He should belong to the Ji clan...nine out of ten says that he is someone whom the viperous Ji Lee cultivated and intentionally kept hidden.”

“Afraid?” Grizzly, saber in hand, stared like a hungry tiger at Ning. He didn’t make any movement to go attack Ning of his own volition.

Ning, wielding his black sword, began to walk forward in a very calm, natural way, as though taking a stroll in his own home. If he had encountered Grizzly before suffering from Serpentwing’s attack, Ning would perhaps be a bit more trouble, but in the months which had passed since suffering from Serpentwing’s attack, the swordplay of Ning, who had reached the ‘one with the world’ level in footwork, had increased dramatically as well.

To reach the ‘one with the world’ level in footwork, one needed to spend time training. The same was true for reaching the ‘one with the world’ level in swordplay. Although Ning had yet to reach the ‘one with the world’ level in swordplay, Ning’s swordplay was no longer what it had been mere months ago. He didn’t even need to utilize the [Crimsonbright Diagram of the Nine Heavens] in order to easily defeat this Grizzly.

Ning’s sword suddenly moved!

“Hu!” The sword was as graceful as the rain, descending in an instant.

Beautiful to behold.

When a killing sword technique could transform into a beautiful sight, it showed that the wielder had already reached an extremely deep level of skill.

“Break apart!” Grizzly roared as he wielded his saber, which flashed with the thickness of blood as one enormous saber-flash after another flew towards Ning. In the blink of an eye, it was though Hell had descended...those enormous flashes of saber-light were the punishing blades of hell, causing one to feel hopeless and as though they deserved to stand there and die beneath those saber flashes.

“Bloodhell Saber?” Ning’s sword swept out like a gentle sprinkling of rain.

His flashing sword flowed together into one stream like rainwater which drizzled down, ensnaring Grizzly. No matter how wild and explosive Grizzly’s Bloodhell Saber techniques were, that drizzling flow of water continued to ensnare it, making it lose its wild, explosive aura.

Grizzly felt as though he had suddenly become trapped in a prison of water. There was water everywhere, wildly ensnaring him. He clearly possessed boundless strength, but he wasn’t able to utilize it against the water.

“Break!” Grizzly’s saberplay was incomparably wild. Even though he was constantly being ensnared, he still didn’t hesitate one bit, only growing even more ferocious.

“Your saberplay is indeed strong.” Ning said gently.

An opponent of this level wasn’t a threat to him at all. Only, the fact that this Grizzly’s saberplay was developed in life-and-death battles was a source of interest to Ning, which was why Ning was willing to

exchange ten blows with him to accumulate some experience. Ning knew very well...that compared to some of the elder experts of the clan, what he lacked the most was sufficient experience.

“Hua.”

The black longsword in Ning’s hands suddenly thrust forward in a straight attack, and instantly, it seemed as though the entire world grew silent. The hazily glowing sword seemed to have transformed into a single drop of rain. This raindrop pierced past the saber, and as it did, the saber shattered. The raindrop then smashed against Grizzly’s chest, like a raindrop falling against a stone. Pa! The faint sound of bones splintering could be heard as Grizzly was sent flying several dozen meters, smashing viciously against the floor beneath the dueling platform, causing a small crater in the earth.

Raindrop Sword – Raindrop Pierces Rocks!

“Ugh.” Grizzly clutched his chest, spewing out a mouthful of fresh blood.

He lowered his head to look at his chest. The fur of the Xiantian-level beast which he wore had split open, and his chest had caved in, his bones broken. And this was with Ning using a very ordinary, blunt black longsword.

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The tens of thousands of spectators watching the training area all fell silent...and then, there was an earth-shaking commotion. They were all in awe. This truly was the son of the Raindrop Sword, Ji Yichuan. No wonder the Raindrop Sword had dared to be so wildly arrogant as to have his son fight seven others...this seemingly handsome, inexperienced young master Ji was simply too terrifying, to easily be able to dominate these seven opponents.

“Hahaha...” The Prefecture Lord, Ji Young, let out a loud, carefree laugh, incomparably happy.

He won.

His lineage had won. Ji Ning had seized the golden sword, and would become the next Prefecture Lord.

“Raindrop Pierces Rocks! The advanced level in swordplay!” Sitting next to him, Ji Lee suddenly clenched his right hand, and the stone armrest his hand was resting on was shattered and cracked.

“Second brother.” Prefecture Lord Young turned to look at his second brother.

Lee looked at the Prefecture Lord, his senior brother. His face changing, he said in a low voice, “Advanced swordplay...he’s only ten, but his swordplay is already ‘advanced’, and he has reached the level of ‘expertise’ in the [Raindrop Sutra], one of the five major sword techniques of the Ji clan! He is even more of a monster than his father. Senior brother, first your lineage produced Ji Yichuan, and now, your lineage produced a Ji Ning. Heaven has shown it does not favor me. I have lost, and I have nothing more to say!