

## Desolate 34

### [The Desolate Era](#)

#### Book 2: The Lake in the East Mountain Chapter 17: Sword Energy Flying Everywhere

“Impudent!” Autumn Leaf’s voice rang out.

Braveshell raised his jaw slightly. “Impudent? This tiny little Metalstone Tribe...I can do what I wish to it, much less ‘impudent’. I’ll tell you the truth. I’ve taken a fancy to you. Follow me obediently. The last time I took a fancy to a girl, that girl was quite stubborn. She preferred to commit suicide than follow me, so I wiped out her entire family, and sold off her entire clan as slaves! For your little brother here, and your clansmen, you need to make a good decision!”

Tribesfolk were straightforward individuals. They weren’t very calculating, but at the same time, they were very bloodthirsty. Most of them didn’t fear death, especially beautiful girls like the one in front of him right now. They were definitely the shining jewels of their tribes, and generally they were all very prideful. It was quite common for such beautiful girls to rather commit suicide than to submit to others, once their pride took hold of them. Braveshell didn’t want to see this happen.

“Venerable Lord Braveshell.” The balding elder, Tyson, hurriedly urged him, “These three do not belong to my Metalstone Tribe. They come from a very large tribe!”

“A large tribe?” Braveshell’s eyebrows twitched. “No wonder. I was just wondering how a place like your Metalstone Tribe could produce such a graceful young lady. Miss, tell me what tribe you belong to.” As he spoke, he moved two steps forward, wanting to stroke Autumn Leaf’s face. Autumn Leaf directly delivered a lightning-fast kick to him.

Bang!

This heavy kick was powered by rage, and it struck heavily upon Braveshell’s chest. Not only did it shatter the ornaments covering his chest, it also sent Braveshell falling back over his head.

“Impudent!”

“Clang!”

The Blackmount guards instantly shouted in anger, and some of them even drew their blades.

Braveshell quickly climbed up. He wiped away a hint of blood from the corner of his mouth, then reached out to stop his guards. All his guards knew exactly how vicious and diabolical Braveshell could be, for him to have become a high level, core member of a tribe as large as the Blackmount tribe.

“It’s all over.”

“This young miss is going to suffer a terrible fate.”

The guards all understood that when Braveshell was clearly furious but temporarily suppressed his anger, it only represented...that Braveshell was truly livid! He was currently considering how to vent his fury!

Braveshell was on his feet now. His eyes were narrowed, staring at the three like a poisonous viper. He slowly said, "That kick was rather heavy. Can you let me know where the three of you have come from, exactly? Is it a large tribe, or is it the mighty Ji clan?"

"Take a good look." Mowu stepped forward coldly, revealing with a flip of his hand an emblem.

The emblem had a single word on it: Ji!

"Ji!"

Many of the faces of the surrounding guards changed. They all looked at their leader, Braveshell, whose face had turned ashen. He hurriedly bowed in terror, "I didn't expect that I would accidentally offend you. Please pardon me."

Mowu's eyes contained a hint of pity in them, because he knew how much his young master hated evildoers.

Autumn Leaf also glanced coldly at Braveshell. Ever since Braveshell said that he had once destroyed a small tribe for the sake of seizing a girl, and sold off all the tribesmen as slaves, Autumn Leaf had felt utter revulsion for him. Because she herself had been sold off after her tribe had been destroyed.

Ji Ning simply looked at Braveshell. In an instant, he had already determined that he would punish Braveshell with death!

Braveshell had destroyed an entire tribe for no cause? When Ning thought of how the women and children in that tribe had died miserable deaths or had been sold, Ning's heart was filled with boundless rage! Although this area contained many hidden evildoers, and Ning couldn't possibly stop them all, when he encountered them, he could never suppress the fury he felt!

"Hahaha..." Braveshell, whose face had been ashen, suddenly cracked his lips and laughed, laughed brightly. "It seems the three of you already have a killing intention. I really don't know if I should call you stupid or arrogant!"

"Oh?" Ning frowned slightly.

Braveshell continued to laugh. "So what if you are of the Ji clan? How many youngsters of the Five Prefectures of the Ji clan go out adventuring as part of their coming-of-age, and how many of them have died! How could the Ji clan possibly discover...if their clansmen were killed by monstrous beasts, or by other tribesmen?"

"Even if you have a high status, in this place, you are nothing more than three people. Thus, even if you want to kill me, you should hide it in your hearts...as the books say, 'distant water cannot quench a nearby drought'. No matter what your status is, no one will be able to save you." Braveshell sighed. "I still remember how three years ago, I once enjoyed a young girl of the Ji clan. Her skin was truly fine. My servants all enjoyed her as well, and afterwards, we fed her to the beasts who ate her clean!"

"Do you understand now?" Braveshell's eyes were shining. "Status doesn't represent power. At least in this place, I am the one who determines your life and death!"

"Everyone."

Braveshell raised his head and said in a loud voice. "Make your move. Kill the two men, spare the woman! After I enjoy her first, each of you will have your chance!"

"Wooo!"

"Kill!"

"Haha, let's do it!"

Braveshell's guards all drew out their blades and swords, valiantly charging forward. The high level military leaders of large tribes trusted their own servants and slaves the most. Whether it was Ji Lee or Ji Yichuan, they all had their own trusted servants and slaves, who would definitely obey them without question.

Under Braveshell's orders, these guards, who were born into his servitude, all dared to charge forward and kill!

"How dare you!" Suddenly, a voice rang out like spring thunder, exploding in the skies.

In the skies above, there was someone standing atop an enormous flying bird. That person drew out his longsword and brandished it downwards. In but a second, sword energy criss-crossed everywhere...one ray of sword energy after another rained down, and each blow of sword energy pierced through a guard, easily chopping their bodies apart, sending fresh blood spewing everywhere.

"Aaaaah!" "Nooooooo!" "Aaaaah!"

All sorts of miserable cries rang out, but soon, everything became silent again.

The hundred-plus servant guards, who had been shouting savagely, all collapsed on the ground. Some had large holes in their chest, while others had been chopped apart. Blood stained the ground. All of them had died miserable deaths! But not a single one of the utterly terrified tribesmen of the Metalstone Tribe had been struck.

"But...but...but..." Braveshell had thought that everything was under his control, but now, his face turned ashen. He stood there numbly, staring at his dead servants, and then at the man standing on the giant bird in mid-air. He stuttered, "Xian...Xiantian..."

The people of the Metalstone Tribe all raised their heads. Some were dumbfounded, others were awestruck, while some of the girls in particular just stared unblinkingly.

Ning, Autumn Leaf, and Mowu all raised their head to take a look as well.

Swoosh!

The man jumped down from his mid-air position on the back of the giant bird, landing on the ground.

"Young master." The man bowed slightly as he said to Ning, demonstrating his respect for Ning.

This scene caused all the members of the Metalstone Tribe, as well as Braveshell, feel stunned. Because just then, those lines of energy attacks represented that this person was a Xiantian lifeform! A Xiantian lifeform, in any tribe, no matter how large, was definitely a person of the highest status. Even in the Ji clan, they were high level, core members!

Generally speaking, the adventuring youths of the Ji clan who encountered Xiantian lifeforms all had to pay their respects first. But this Xiantian lifeform was actually paying his respects to this youngster?

“Spare me.” Braveshell threw himself forward, kneeling in front of Ning, begging, “Mighty young master, those words that I said earlier were all wild ravings. I’ve never done such a thing! In addition, once, when I was collecting furs from some small tribes, I acquired a special treasure. It definitely is a magic treasure! As to what type of magic treasure it is, I don’t understand either...as long as you are willing to spare me, young master, I am willing to give this magic treasure...”

Before he even finished speaking.

Hu.

Braveshell suddenly threw himself towards Ning, his right hand forming a claw, wanting to rip out Ning’s throat. At such a close range...generally speaking, even late stage Houtian experts would find it hard to dodge.

“Hrmp.” With a casual wave of his hand, despite striking out later, Ning’s hand slapped down onto Braveshell’s skull before Braveshell finished his attack. Braveshell’s body trembled, and then blood began pouring out of his nose and his ears, and his body weakly tumbled to the ground.

“He’s a sly one.” Ning said softly.

This Braveshell really was both crafty and vicious, venomous and diabolical, daring to do anything. Even though he knew that his chance of dealing with the Xiantian level person was low, he immediately made the decision to first use the magic treasure to try and attract Ning’s interest...and then try to capture Ning. As long as he could take Ning hostage, he would have a chance at life.

Unfortunately...

Ning was someone who could kill even Diremonsters with ease.

“So him and those guards were all on the same side.” The Xiantian level man said with a laugh. “Those guards were all half-armored, while this person was dressed in furs...I hadn’t noticed him.”

“Thank you for your assistance, elder apprentice-brother.” Ning said with a laugh.

The man in front of him was one of the nine major disciples which his father, Ji Yichuan, had trained. His name was Wanfang, and he was an early Xiantian lifeform. Within the Ji clan of the West Prefecture, his status was fairly high, but at his current level of power, he wasn’t quite eligible yet to take command over the black armored riders, while Ning, being the next Prefecture Lord, had an extremely high status.

“If you had been the one to act, young master, things would have gone just as easily.” Wanfang sheathed his longsword while laughing. “But I came here for an important reason.”

“Important reason?” Ning’s face changed. He kept in touch with the West Prefecture once a month. The person who had come this time was his own elder apprentice-brother. One could imagine how important the reason was, for a Xiantian expert to personally make the journey.

“Let’s chat inside.” Ning said hurriedly.

Ning glanced at the still-shocked Metalstone Tribesmen. "Dispose of the corpses. As for the Blackmount Tribe...in a little while, I'll ask my elder apprentice-brother to make a trip to the Blackmount Tribe. You naturally won't have anything to worry about."

"Thank you, young master!"

The balding elder and the others all hurriedly fell to their knees. Only now did they understand how exalted Ning's status truly was. For even a Xiantian lifeform to greet him with respect...a person like this, even the chieftain of the Blackmount Tribe would have to kneel before!

Ning and Wanfang quickly entered the stone room, then closed the door.

"Quick."

"Quick, clean it up."

The people of the Metalstone Tribe were filled with pumping blood as they looked at the corpses on the ground. They felt both nervous and excited. Normally, they had to all but worship the ground on which these terrifying Blackmount tribesmen walked on, but now, all of them lay here dead.

"So even you will have an ending like this." That cold, one-armed man gave a savage kick to the corpse of Braveshell, his eyes filled with rage and hate.

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Within the room.

Only Ning and Wanfang were present.

"Elder apprentice-brother, what is the matter?" Ning asked. "Why did you come here?"

"Because of the Diremonster, Serpentwing!" Wanfang's face was solemn.