

C19 Azure Nether Sword Immortal

The memories came in a cascade of battle scenes.

A figure in white, wielding a long sword, weaved effortlessly through a blood-soaked battlefield, surrounded by a host of formidable opponents.

With his sword, he inflicted grievous wounds upon his enemies, maintaining an air of ease throughout the fray.

The recollection was vivid, yet the face of the swordsman and the details of the blade eluded him.

Guu Tianyi felt an instinctive connection; he was convinced that the swordsman was none other than himself, and the sword, his own.

In that moment, he developed a profound fascination with the sword, even entertaining the notion that he was the reincarnation of a Sword Immortal. These battle memories, rich with real combat experience, were invaluable to anyone.

Guu Tianyi looked up at the refined man before him, his expression one of haughty pride, and asked in astonishment, "Senior, is the white-clad Sword Immortal from my memories you?"

"Correct, but from this point forward, he is you," the man replied with a smile.

"What do you mean by that?" Guu Tianyi was puzzled.

"It means I've transferred all my combat experience directly into your mind. It's as though you've lived through it yourself. Swordsmanship is a wondrous and unpredictable art."

"With these memories, you are now a master of the sword. Any Martial Skill or Divine Ability related to the sword will come to you with ease."

"I will not teach you specific sword techniques, for they are intimately tied to one's personal journey. My own techniques and Martial Skills may not be the right fit for you. I'll impart only the essential knowledge; the rest is for you to discover in time."

The man's words left Guu Tianyi baffled. As a mere Level Seven Martial Cultivator, how could he grasp this so-called path of life?

"But my Martial Soul is the Purple Polar Heavenly Flame Dragon. How can I wield a sword?" Guu Tianyi inquired.

"Foolishness!" the man chided. "The sword is the noblest of weapons, embracing all who choose it. Anyone can become a distinguished swordsman."

"I understand your doubts. You were raised in the Extreme East Land, as oblivious to the vastness of the sky as a frog at the bottom of a well. Without true swordsmen in the Extreme East Land, how could you know the sword's true strength?"

"Extreme East Land?" Guu Tianyi's brow furrowed at

the mention of this strange place he had never heard of before.

"I must be cursed to encounter a simpleton like you, ignorant of the world. You're too weak now, and excess knowledge would only breed arrogance. Others will enlighten you in due time."

"You are now my successor. I trust you will uphold the honor of the Azure Nether Sword Immortal. Now, leave," the Azure Nether Sword Immortal said, gesturing dismissively.

"Just like that, you're sending me away? Senior, your legacy seems rather lacking. I can accept not learning your most formidable Martial Skills, but could you not at least provide me with a superior weapon?"

Guu Tianyi, sensing the Azure Nether Sword Immortal's amiable demeanor, boldly pressed him for a parting gift.

"Imbecile! All that remains of me is a fragment of soul, preserved within this Divine Soul Jade Slip to prevent my utter dissolution. I have no weapon to offer you!" the Azure Nether Sword Immortal retorted, clearly annoyed.

"What of the weapon you once wielded? Surely it's not that decrepit piece of scrap outside?" Guu Tianyi recalled the damaged Ninth Grade Spirit Treasure he had found alongside the Divine Soul Jade Slip, and he couldn't help but feel exasperated.

"Are you referring to the severed Purple Fire Dragon Pattern Rod?" The Azure Nether Sword Immortal

scoffed at the mention. "That is not my weapon, but one belonging to your ancestors."

"How could Guu Zhantian's mere broken stick ever hold a candle to my Azure Nether Sword?" he continued disdainfully.

Was that shattered Ninth Grade Spirit Treasure truly once wielded by the Guu family's First Ancestor, Guu Zhantian? Yet in his eyes, it was nothing more than a worthless stick.

Just how formidable was this elder in his prime?

"Brother Tianyi, save me!" Suddenly, Guu Linger's plea pierced the air.

"Linger!" Guu Tianyi's attention snapped away from the Divine Soul Jade Slip. As his eyes flew open, the Black Flood Dragon's Formation within the cave had already materialized.

Excitement gleamed in the vast eyes of the Black Flood Dragon, stationed beside the Formation.

Guu Linger, caught in its grip, was lifted helplessly into the air, on the verge of being swallowed by the enigmatic Formation.

Guu Tianyi moved to intervene, but found himself ensnared by an invisible force, rendering him immobile.

"Break free!" Guu Tianyi bellowed.

His Genuine Qi surged forth, the meager strength of a Level Seven Martial Cultivator straining against the formidable restraint.

But the more he struggled, the deeper he sank into this metaphorical mire. The force binding him intensified, his Vitality churned tumultuously, and his body felt as if it would be crushed under the immense pressure.

"What are you attempting?" The voice of the Azure Nether Sword Immortal echoed in Guu Tianyi's ears.

"Senior, please, help me save Linger!" Guu Tianyi, teetering on the brink of despair, cried out as if clutching at a lifeline.

"I can rescue the girl, but you'll owe me a favor," the Azure Nether Sword Immortal proposed.

"Just tell me what it is, as long as you can save Linger!" Guu Tianyi implored.

"Let's focus on her rescue for now. We can settle terms later. I trust a descendant of Guu Zhantian will not break his word. Now, watch closely and learn what true swordsmanship looks like! This will be your inaugural sword duel," the Azure Nether Sword Immortal instructed.

The Divine Soul Jade Slip radiated intensely, invigorating Guu Tianyi as he rose to his feet.

In that moment, he was transformed. His demeanor turned icy, his presence sharp as a drawn blade.

Spiritual Energy of Heaven and Earth swirled around him, coalescing into a funnel-shaped tornado before funneling into his very core.

Guu Tianyi's brow furrowed as he murmured, "This Spiritual Energy is insufficient. Hand over your fire attribute Spiritual Essence!"

With a light tap on his Cosmos Bag, twenty Fire Fruits were swept up into the maelstrom of Spiritual Energy, instantly pulverized into pure fire attribute energy that infused his being.

Simultaneously, Guu Tianyi's aura soared, overwhelming the Black Flood Dragon, reaching a fearsome crescendo.

"These may be the most rudimentary Spiritual Essences, but they resonate well with your physique. They'll just suffice for me to execute three sword strikes."

With a grand gesture, he shattered the oppressive force into fragments.

His gaze, now icy and filled with lethal intent, lifted.

"Release her!"

Guu Tianyi stepped out, suspended in the void. He raised his right hand, his index and middle fingers joined as if they were a blade.

A flick of his fingers cleaved the intricate Formation in two, which then crumbled into nothingness.

"Brother Tianyi," Guu Linger whispered, her eyes brimming with tears as she gazed at the figure hovering above, her mind swirling with disbelief.

Could this be a dream?

The Black Flood Dragon's jaws gaped open, its interior flickering with the workings of a Formation. A jet-black column of light, brimming with destructive power and bone-chilling cold, erupted from within.

Facing an assault capable of leveling Heavenly Fire City, Guu Tianyi remained unfazed, his eyes a picture of cold detachment.

"Nirvana Dragon Breath? Sadly, it's far too feeble."

"In a world brimming with formidable techniques, a single strike of mine is all it takes to obliterate them!"

With his finger serving as a sword, he made a casual flick of his wrist. The Nirvana Dragon Breath was cleanly bisected.

The shockwave's might was undiminished. The Black Flood Dragon, along with the entire cavern, was cleaved in twain by his blow.

Then, with a gentle wave of his hand, a soft force cradled Guu Linger's form, bringing her to his side.

Hovering in the void, Guu Tianyi gazed upon Number 10, whose face was etched with despair, and he let out a sigh.

"Let me grant you release."