

Chapter 67 - Assassination of the Flying Sword

Yang Anzhi looked at the hall full of corpses. The legacy of the Dragon's Gate sect had actually ended in his hands in the blink of an eye.

This was because Li Qingshan had only been a weakling in his eyes that day. Against weaklings, it was not called provoking but making things difficult for them. However, today, he had become the one who had things made difficult.

Clashing with Xiao An, Yang Anzhi had instead managed to evade death, allowing him to avoid Li Qingshan's full-powered lunge. Otherwise, if Li Qingshan managed to unleash his move, he was confident of seeing just what colour Yang Anzhi's heart would be. As for Xiao An, he had instantly killed over a dozen people and repelled Yang Anzhi's sword, so he was spent as well. He was unable to pursue immediately.

"Father, save me!" Yang Jun looked at the two 'monsters' that were inches away and no longer possessed any of his haughtiness anymore. He extended his hand towards Yang Anzhi for help in complete fear.

However, Yang Anzhi showed no intentions of stopping. He shot towards the back of the hall in a flash. He could have more sons, but he only had a single life. He cut his losses decisively in an extremely vicious manner.

Despair immediately overwhelmed Yang Jun. He closed his eyes and only felt a gust of wind blow past him, but he felt no pain. He opened his eyes again, and all he saw was Li Qingshan and Xiao An ignoring him completely, shooting past him and chasing after Yang Anzhi.

Yang Anzhi's movement technique was impressive. Once he managed to get far away, catching up to him would be difficult.

Spared, Yang Jun immediately moved his feet, running madly towards the exit, completely disregarding his heavy clothes that had become drenched in sweat. He constantly chanted inside, I have to get revenge! Revenge!

Spurt! A bone hand stabbed his back and pierced him all the way through. Yang Jun looked at his chest in disbelief before staggering a few steps forwards and collapsing with a thud.

As it turned out, Xiao An had seen how Yang Jun wanted to flee. With a swing of his left arm, his arm had shot out like a hidden weapon, killing him.

The bone arm dislodged itself and flew towards the back of the hall as if it were drawn along by some invisible force.

The back of the main hall was the ancestral hall of the Dragon's Gate sect. Portraits of the past sect masters were enshrined there. The first sect master's portrait was the largest, almost three meters tall. It detailed a life-sized swordsman, wielding the Soaring Dragon sword and overlooking the entire ancestral hall with an indifferent expression.

It was said that he arrived in Qingyang and saw how criminals ran amuck, killing the innocent, so he killed his way into the bandit's nest alone with a single sword, slaughtering them all. He was known as the Soaring Dragon Swordsman. He had gained his renown for a similar reason as Li Qingshan. The citizens and aristocrats of Qingyang were grateful to him and asked for him to remain, so he founded a sect on the Dragon's Gate mountain, passing down his martial arts and establishing this 'Dragon's Gate sect'.

However, he probably never imagined that something like this would happen today. No, perhaps he did imagine it. The secret tunnel of the Dragon's Gate sect was located behind the altar below his portrait. As long as Yang Anzhi could make it in there, he would be able to pass through the heart of the mountain and flee for his life from the hidden exit. That was his objective.

Yang Anzhi's confidence in his movement technique shattered with the whistling of wind that constantly drew closer. All he needed was a single moment, and he would suffer the same fate as the elders and disciples in the hall.

Perhaps he had lost his mind due to the fear, as he actually called out, "Save me, founding ancestor!"

Li Qingshan immediately pulled back the claw that reached towards Yang Anzhi's back. He was worried that Yang Anzhi would be similar to Xiong Xiangwu, possessing a trump card that completely surpassed regular practitioners of martial arts. From his experiences so far, the items within the boundary of spiritual artifacts or techniques such as spells were rare in the world.

These techniques could be very weak, or they could be very strong. It was impossible for him to gain an accurate estimate.

As expected, a tiny sword enshrined on the altar suddenly lit up brightly after Yang Anzhi spoke and stabbed towards Li Qingshan.

The tiny sword glistened with golden light, but it was possible to tell with a single glance that it was a wooden sword with golden paint. The startling light it had erupted with illuminated the pitch-black ancestral hall as it turned into a golden streak of light.

When the sword was still several meters away, Li Qingshan felt a prick on his forehead and developed the feeling that no matter how he dodged, he would be unable to avoid the assassination of the sword.

Yang Anzhi's heart eased up slightly. This was a secret that had only been passed down between the sect masters. When their founding ancestor passed away, he did not leave behind a corpse but instead this tiny sword. It was extremely similar to the 'armament liberation' of daoism. Before he had passed away, he had ordered his first disciple, who was also Yang Anzhi's ancestor, to consecrate and pray to the tiny sword daily, without missing a single day. Once a powerful enemy attacked, they could call upon it for assistance. It would definitely stave off the danger, but it could only be used once.

Although Yang Anzhi had also prayed to it for several decades, he never believed in this rumor. He had inspected the tiny sword before. It was just an extremely ordinary wooden sword. Any metal sword could cleave it in half.

However, he dared not deny this rumor outrightly either. He had also considered how he was supposed to use it in the past. However, he considered that the Iron Fist school and the Drawn Reins village would

definitely launch a large-scale attack on the mountain with the people from the district magistrate, so how was a sword that could only be used once play any sort of decisive role against several hundred people? He had waited until this moment of life and death before finally giving it a try, regardless of the consequences, and it actually worked.

Li Qingshan was aware that he could not confront it directly, so he twisted his body in the air. The tiny sword seemed to be intelligent, making a turn in the air and producing a sharp swish, shooting towards Li Qingshan with lightning speed once again. The sensation on Li Qingshan's forehead deepened as a chill flooded his face.

Suddenly, a sword shot out and stabbed the tiny sword. Xiao An had interfered in an attempt to rescue Li Qingshan. However, not only did his strike that could pierce metal and rocks fail to cut through the tiny, wooden sword, but he instead felt a tremendous force rebounding back through his sword. The tough Soaring Dragon sword cracked into pieces and fragments shot out everywhere. Xiao An had been knocked away as well, slamming into a pillar.

However, the tiny sword's glow dimmed, pausing slightly before stabbing towards Li Qingshan again. As long as he was still alive, it would never stop.

Li Qingshan had already retreated to a corner of the hall. Using the time that Xiao An had earned him, he grabbed the Cursive Sword Calligraphy and unfurled it, channelling his true qi into it desperately.

At this critical moment, a descending diagonal stroke lit up and shot out. It collided with the glimmering, tiny sword.

There were no tremendous explosions. Instead, a ring of light expanded from the centre of the hall like miniature sun that had suddenly risen up.

However, Li Qingshan experienced a thunderous sound. His ears rang and blood flowed from them.

The light dispersed very quickly. The portraits of the sect masters had all turned into dust, floating in the surroundings. Li Qingshan's clothes had suffered the same fate. At a closer glance, the walls and ground were peppered with thousands of thin, sword strokes.

The tiny sword had unleashed thousands of sword qi that were thin like rays of light when it shattered, silently penetrating everything in the hall.

Even Li Qingshan could not help but become stunned by this might. The power of the flying sword had left a deep impression in his heart.

Yang Anzhi had been standing near the secret tunnel. Seeing the assassination fail, he immediately turned around and leapt into the secret tunnel. As long as he entered the secret tunnel and activated the mechanism, a huge rock of tremendous weight would seal the entrance. No one would be able to chase him anymore.

Li Qingshan had been forced into a corner, while Xiao An had collided into a pillar. At that moment, none of them could reach him. He was about to get away just like this.