

Swordsman 131

Chapter 131: Three Xu Brothers

"Hum, he only defeated you three years ago by luck. In the past three years, you have reached an excellent cultivation level. With plenty of treasures to assist you, your strength has been improving day by day, which is not something ordinary people can achieve. I do not believe that person who defeated you three years ago is qualified to be your opponent now," Meng You sneered and said.

"Maybe." Jian Meng'er nodded slightly. She somewhat agreed.

Indeed, she was the core disciple of the Tianyuan Sword Sect. In the past three years, she had received the best resources for cultivation, and a large number of experts personally instructed her, which helped her strength improved greatly.

But for Jian Wushuang?

He was alone... no instructions from experts, and no cultivation resources. How much improvement could he have made in the past three years?

"Maybe he has not even achieved the Gold Core Realm yet. How stupid of me to treat him as my opponent, letting him be a stumbling block in my heart for the past three years," Jian Meng'er thought, and smiled indifferently.

Those two disciples of the Tianyuan Sword Sect continued talking with Jian Meng'er. They did not know that what they said was clearly heard by the black-robed swordsman, who was wearing a bamboo hat and sitting in the corner.

The black-robed swordsman was listening without saying anything, just drinking alone. However, his face, which was hidden under the bamboo hat, had a weird smile.

Deng ~~~

A low and powerful sound of footsteps was heard from the stairs again. Suddenly, the people in the Sword Marquis Mansion all looked serious.

A bunch of people walked up, with three walking at the front.

Those three leaders were very strong, and they looked a little bit like each other. The aura they released was very tyrannical, especially the large dark man in the middle. His aura was as violent as an ancient fierce beast.

This person was Xu Long!

Jian Meng'er, Meng You, and Zhu Yu, all of them looked grim.

Although they spoke in an easy and relaxed way, they still felt a little bit scared when they faced Xu Long. They could even sense who was stronger just from the aura he released.

“Jian Xinhong, what did you gather us three here for? Just be straight,” Xu Long seemed unconcerned and sat on a chair. His two brothers and other beastly people were standing beside him.

“Xu Long, the reason I invited you to meet here today is to discuss the armistice between Sword Marquis Mansion and the Fierce Beast Gang,” Jian Xinhong said seriously, “in the past one month, there were several fights between us, no matter publicly or secretly, both brought us a big loss...”

Without waiting for Jian Xinhong to finish, Xu Long interrupted him and said, “You are wrong, you are the one suffering a big loss, not us.”

“After the battles, my Fierce Beast Gang did indeed lose a lot of people, but we also gained more reputation. More and more people joined to help accomplish our goal. Many of them had great hatred towards your Sword Marquis Mansion. So our overall strength is not getting weaker. Instead, we are getting stronger!”

“So, if you just want to talk nonsense with me, then we do not need to talk anymore.”

Jian Xinhong looked a little bit awkward. He knew what Xu Long said was pretty true. And that was the key reason that he did not dare to continue fighting with the Fierce Beast Gang. If they keep fighting with them, they would just make the Sword Marquis Mansion more and more miserable. In the end, they might be destroyed by the Fierce Beast Gang.

“Xu Long, my Sword Marquis Mansion is willing to make some concessions,” Jian Xinhong seriously said, “From today on, we will try our best to restrain our disciples from conflicting with your people. At the same time, the title of Bashui Commandery Hegemon is yours. Besides that, we will give you 10% of our properties. What do you think?”

“Oh?” Xu Long looked a little bit excited, “That is something worth talking about. However, 10% is too little!”

“10% is a lot,” Jian Xinhong said in a low voice.

“Mr. Xu Long,” Jian Meng’er suddenly stood up and said, “My name is Jian Meng’er, a disciple of Tianyuan Sword Sect. My Great Master is the Elder of Tianyuan Sword Sect, Shui Hanxin. For the sake of her, please don’t be so hard on our Sword Marquis Mansion.”

Jian Meng’er sounded very polite, but the truth was that she was giving Xu Long pressure using the Tianyuan Sword Sect and her Great Master, Shui Hanxin.

“Tianyuan Sword Sect?” Xu Long glanced at Jian Meng’er, and said with a slight smile, “I heard a long time ago that a girl from Sword Marquis Mansion became a core disciple of the Tianyuan Sword Sect. So you are that girl. But, you are looking down on me.”

“Tianyuan Sword Sect is indeed very powerful, and it’s not someone I dare to provoke. However, you are just a core disciple, you can’t represent the Tianyuan Sword Sect!”

“In regards to your Great Master Shui Hanxin? Hum, in the entire Tianyuan Sword Sect, except those old Yin-Yang Void Realms, Ling Feng is the only person who is qualified to be my opponent. Shui Hanxin is nothing to me!”

After saying this, Xu Long looked towards Jian Xinhong again and continued, "Jian Xinhong, don't think getting several disciples from the Tianyuan Sword Sect can scare me. Let me tell you the truth, I want 90% of your properties. No negotiation. Otherwise, Sword Marquis Mansion will become history!"

"90%?" Jian Xinhong looked at him coldly.

Jian Meng'er also had a cold expression.

"You are looking to die!" Meng You and Zhu Yu beside them were super angry.

"Meng'er, stop talking to him. Let's directly fight with him, he needs a lesson from the disciples of Tianyuan Sword Sect," Meng You cried, with a low voice.

"Exactly, he isn't even ranked 90th on the Earthly Dragon List. We don't need to be afraid of him," Zhu Yu also cried out angrily.

Jian Meng'er did not say anything. However, the light-purple Long Sword appearing in her hands had shown her attitude.

"Haha, you disciples of Tianyuan Sword Sect really do not understand the situation clearly." Seeing their actions, Xu Long laughed. Then he glanced at a burly man next to him.

"Third brother, you deal with those three young guys. After all, they are core disciples of Tianyuan Sword Sect. We can't kill them, but we can teach them a lesson," Xu Long said.

"Don't worry big brother, I can handle it," said Xu Bao, the third of the three Xu brothers. He smiled, then walked forward with heavy steps.

"You three, fight with me together," Xu Bao said coldly.

"You are looking to die!" Meng You and Zhu Yu were super angry.

As disciples of Tianyuan Sword Sect, they were quite proud of themselves. And since they entered this restaurant, Xu Long was their only opponent. In regards to Xu Long's two brothers, they were nothing to them.

So when they heard what Xu Long said, they were infuriated.

Soon after, Zhu Yu waved his sword, releasing his Spiritual Power, and stabbed towards Xu Bao.

Chapter 132: You bothered me

Zhu Yu took action before Jian Meng'er and Meng You were still standing there.

Hum... An awe-inspiring spirit fiercely burst out. Apparently, what Zhu Yu showed was the Boundless Heaven Sword Art, one of the four sword arts of the Tianyuan Sword Sect. With a raging chop, his long sword displayed a tremendous power.

"Haha, that's a joke." Xu Bao grinned and then clenched his big hand, generating a terrifying Spiritual Power in his palm. In the next moment, a straight-forward fist struck out.

It seemed like a giant elephant was dashing toward them.

The fist struck the long sword, making the sword and its blade bend. Then, Xu Bao's powerful fist continued moving towards Zhu Yu.

"What?" Zhu Yu was shocked. He did not expect that the move he earnestly studied would be brushed aside so easily.

The fist struck Zhu Yu.

"Puff!"

A large mouthful of blood immediately ejected from Zhu Yu's mouth as his body was launched backward.

"Zhu Yu?" Meng You was shocked. Shua~A straightforward sword shadow instantly pierced toward Xu Bao's throat cunningly.

"Good." With a brilliant smile, Xu Bao took a large step and clenched his right fist. A frightening power ran through his burly arm, spurting out.

An overwhelming fist with a stronger power.

Bang!

The same scene happened again. A great amount of blood ejected from Meng You's mouth, and in the process of his retreat, he bumped the bench beside him. Due to the horrible impact, one of the benches was thrown by the incredible force.

Coincidentally, the direction in which this bench was thrown was precisely where the black-robed swordsman sat.

Detecting the bench that was flying towards him, the black-robed swordsman immediately waved his hand, radiating enough Spiritual Power to break it into pieces.

"I just want to drink quietly. But you... are bothering me." The cold voice of the black-robed swordsman abruptly sounded in the inn.

"Hum?" Everyone present quickly looked toward black-robed swordsman while frowning.

The news that Sword Marquis Mansion would compete with the Fierce Beast Gang in Celestial Immortal Residence today had spread long ago. Thus, no guests would come to Celestial Immortal Residence today. But, the black-robed swordsman had stayed here all the day.

When the two groups of people arrived there just now, they also noticed the black-robed swordsman, but they didn't care about him.

But now...

"This guy..." Jian Meng'er slightly frowned. The moment she saw the figure of the black-robed swordsman, she felt very familiar as if they were an acquaintance, but she couldn't tell why.

Actually, she should be familiar with him. Because the real identity of the black-robed swordsman was Jian Wushuang, who had given her nightmares many times over these last three years.

Jian Wushuang simply pulled his bamboo hat down so that nobody could see his appearance.

"I'm am talking to you." Jian Wushuang's voice sounded again. "You have bothered me. What should you do?"

Hearing these words, all the people from Sword Marquis Mansion were stunned.

Unlike them, Xu Bao yelled directly, "You reckless bastard, get out!"

When yelling at Jian Wushuang, Xu Bao reached toward him with his big hand at the same time. It seemed that Xu Bao was going to grab Jian Wushuang's throat and throw him directly from the window.

But, the instant Xu Bao approached Jian Wushuang.

Whoosh!

A fierce sword light swept by.

Incredibly fast!

The flash vanished immediately.

Nobody was able to see the orbit of the sword light clearly. What they just saw was a fleeting sword light. Jian Wushuang was still drinking at the table and deliberately swirled the wine in his glass. However, Xu Bao, who was originally going to grab Jian Wushuang's throat, was suddenly stiff.

"What happened? Why is that guy standing still?" Zhu Yu said, feeling a little stunned.

"Shut up," Jian Meng'er said angrily.

Zhu Yu was startled by this.

"Dead. Xu Bao is dead." Jian Xinhong said with astonished eyes, "Can't you see the blood leaking from Xu Bao's neck? He was killed in just one move."

"What?" Meng You, Zhu Yu and those warriors from Sword Marquis Mansion were all shocked.

"Yes, there is bloodstain."

"His aura began to dissipate."

"Is he really dead?"

Everyone was stunned.

It should be known that it was Xu Bao who attacked Meng You and Zhu Yu with successive fists, and caused them serious wounds, which showed his strength. However, he was killed by only one move in an instant.

Plop!

Eventually, the corpse of Xu Bao fell down weakly.

“Third Brother!” A heartrending and shrill growl sounded.

It shocked the Sword Marquis Mansion, but it riled up the Fierce Beast Gang. Xu Long and Xu Hu were startled and angry in particular. They stared at Jian Wushuang in rage, with an amazing killing intent.

“You killed my Third Brother, so I will take your life!” Xu Long immediately became furious. The husky figure violently rushed forward while releasing an aura as fearsome as a huge beast, which instantly overwhelmed the audience.

As soon as they detected the aura, both Meng You and Zhu Yu instantly turned pale.

Before that, they thought they were able to compete with Xu Long, or maybe even defeat and kill him if all three of them worked together. But now, they realized how absurd and naive they were.

Xu Long didn’t attack them at all. The mere release of his aura was enough to instantly frighten them, causing them to lose the courage required to fight against him.

“Too strong!”

“Is that the strength of an expert on the Earthly Dragon List?”

Meng You and Zhu Yu gaped as they saw what was happening.

Jian Meng’er also stared with a solemn face.

The moment Xu Long rushed forward, a sword light flashed again.

The sword light was beautiful and charming, as if intoxicating.

The sword light was gliding. It seemed to be moving very slowly, but it was magnified in the depths of Xu Long’s eyes.

A hint of fear rose in Xu Long’s eyes, then that sword light glided through his chest.

While wearing the bamboo hat and hiding his face as much as possible, Jian Wushuang had already appeared behind Xu Long with some blood dripping from the edge of his Triple-kill Sword.

Xu Long’s figure became stiff with his fearsome aura completely vanishing in an instant. Then, he turned his head dully and slowly spoke in broken words, “You, who are you...”

Just then, plop!

Xu Long fell down directly.

Jian Wushuang pulled his bamboo hat down and glanced at the second oldest Xu Hu, the only existing one of the three Xu brothers.

“Both your elder brother and young brother died. Now, it’s your turn.”

As soon as his voice fell, a beautiful sword light flashed once again.

Xu Hu stared with round eyes, falling down the next moment.

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Chapter 133: Jian Wushuang?

Silence!

The entire restaurant was so silent that you could hear a pin drop.

“Well, this...” Everyone from Sword Marquis Mansion and the Fierce Beast Gang who were still alive were all stunned.

Were the well-known Three Xu brothers of Tianyan Province dead?

The third oldest Xu Bao was the first one to take action, defeating Meng You and Zhu Yu while seriously wounding them with two consecutive punches. However, he was also the first one to die, being killed in just one move.

Next, the Boss, Xu Long, attacked by himself. As he was ranked on the Earthly Dragon List, the instantaneous release of his aura frightened everyone present. However, he was also killed in a single move.

As for the second oldest, Xu Hu, he hadn't even taken action before was killed in one move.

The Three Xu brothers were defeated in only three moves.

One for each of them.

There was no room for struggling.

What kind of strength was it?

Horrifying!

Terrifying!

Everyone looked at the black-robed swordsman in alarm.

It was this black-robed swordsman that killed the Three Xu brothers within a moment.

Deng! Deng! Deng!

The black-robed swordsman walked towards the direction where people from the Sword Marquis Mansion were gathered.

At that moment, everyone from Sword Marquis Mansion held their breath. Both Meng You and Zhu Yu cleared their throats and trembled slightly.

Everyone understood that the black-robed swordsman, who was able to kill the Three Xu brothers easily, was also able to kill anyone here easily.

The black-robed swordsman walked slowly, but he didn't intend to attack anyone. He walked towards the stairs and just happened to pass by Jian Meng'er.

There was also a hint of fear in her heart. When the black-robed swordsman passed by and didn't continue to attack, she felt relieved. But then, she noticed the Long Sword he carried.

"Ah, what's that?" Jian Meng'er's pupil suddenly shrank.

She had practiced with that Long Sword for two months, so she was quite familiar with it.

"The Triple-kill Sword, it's the Triple-kill Sword." Jian Meng'er recognized it immediately, then she shouted, "Jian Wushuang, you are Jian Wushuang!"

The black-robed swordsman who was going downstairs stopped abruptly, but it was only for an instant, then he continued to walk downstairs.

"Jian Wushuang..." Jian Meng'er shouted with her hands clenching.

"Meng'er, what the hell are you talking about?" Jian Xinhong shouted abruptly, "Jian Wushuang died three years ago, how could he be here?"

"Mansion Master?" Jian Meng'er looked at Jian Xinhong astonishedly.

However, Jian Xinhong winked at her.

Jian Meng'er frowned and then recovered herself, saying immediately, "Maybe."

"You must be wrong," Jian Xinhong shouted in a low voice.

"Clean up the corpses of the Three Xu brothers. As long as they are dead, we don't need to worry about the Fierce Beast Gang. As for you..." Jian Xinhong coldly looked towards the warriors of the Fierce Beast Gang who were still alive.

"Mansion Master, please have mercy!"

"We will disband the Fierce Beast Gang immediately!"

"Mansion Master, we beg of you, please have mercy."

These warriors who just reached the Initial Gold Core Realm immediately begged for mercy.

"It's ridiculous to beg me for mercy," said Jian Xinhong, then he sneered and followed with a direct attack.

After a few moments, all of the warriors were immediately killed.

Afterward, the people from Sword Marquis Mansion began to clean up the corpses. At that time Jian Xinhong pulled Jian Meng'er aside and asked her in a low voice, "Meng'er, are you sure that the black-robed swordsman you saw just now was Jian Wushuang?"

"His face was hidden under the bamboo hat, so I wasn't able to see it clearly." Jian Meng'er shook her head and continued speaking, "But I recognized the sword he carried. It was the same Triple-kill Sword that I practiced with for two months. What's more, I could feel a hint of familiarity from the figure of the black-robed swordsman. Thus, I'm quite sure that he is Jian Wushuang!"

"He is definitely Jian Wushuang. The Triple-kill Sword and his figure are the evidence. Jian Wushuang always has the Triple-kill Sword. And you felt his figure was familiar. Besides, he also helped us end this disaster by killing the Three Xu brothers." Jian Xinhong smiled and said, "This guy who disappeared for three years has finally come back. But, how was he able to acquire such great strength?"

Jian Meng'er looked a bit unnatural.

How could he be so strong?

An expert like Xu Long, who was ranked on the Earthly Dragon List, was also killed by Jian Wushuang with only one move.

Only one move. How could his strength be so incredible?

Even her Senior Brother, Ling Feng, whom she considered as her Mr. Right was unlikely to kill Xu Long in a single move.

She came back with confidence, prepared to compete with Jian Wushuang and erase the humiliation she suffered three years ago. However... the gap between them became wider and wider, which made her almost desperate.

It now appeared that was a joke.

"That bastard, how did he make such great progress?"

It was hard for Jian Meng'er to accept the facts. But, her only choice was to believe it.

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Jian Wushuang left Celestial Immortal Residence and walked out into the street. But he couldn't help glancing backward at the Celestial Immortal Residence, shaking his head secretly. *"Although I deliberately hid my face and even changed the voice, Jian Meng'er was still able to recognize me."*

"It was because of the Triple-kill Sword that she was able to recognize me."

Jian Wushuang could do nothing about this. However, even though he was recognized, he didn't intend to stay behind and chat with them.

If he went back to Sword Marquis Mansion with his true identity, it would be a disaster for Sword Marquis Mansion. Just like what happened three years ago, or even worse.

"Anyway, Sword Marquis Mansion is in good condition and the Sword Pavilion is still there. So it's fine." Jian Wushuang smiled slightly. Just now, he noticed that there were some experts following Jian Xinhong from Sword Marquis Mansion. Because they had the marks of Sword Pavilion on their clothes, it proved that the Sword Pavilion still existed in Sword Marquis Mansion.

Jian Wushuang stayed there for another day. He didn't feel relieved until after the Three Xu brothers were dead and the whole Fierce Beast Gang was completely torn apart by Sword Marquis Mansion.

After that, he went to the Gladiator Arena to visit Bai Chong.

Jian Wushuang was thankful to Bai Chong. Not only did Bai Chong help him when he was young, Bai Chong also helped hold back the assassins, with a group of experts from the Gladiator Arena, when he was being chased by Blood Feather Tower three years ago. Anyway, Jian Wushuang owed him a lot.

However, it was a pity, Jian Wushuang was unable to meet Bai Chong at the Gladiator Arena. It was said that Bai Chong left Bashui Commandery three years ago, and no one knew where he was.

Jian Wushuang could also do nothing about this. He also left at that night.

After resting assured about Sword Marquis Mansion, he was going to get his revenge on Blood Feather Tower!

“The day I return is the day all you demons die!”

Now, he was back...

Chapter 134: Clearwater Stronghold

In one of the Golden Dragon Subsidiary Palaces in Tianyan Province.

Jian Wushuang, still dressed in black and wearing a bamboo hat, directly came to the counter and took out his token from Dragon Palace.

“Sir, come with me please.” After the blue-haired woman at the front counter saw the token, she immediately led Jian Wushuang into a private room.

“Give me all the files on Blood Feather Tower within my access permission, including strongholds of Blood Feather Tower in Tianyan Province, the number of experts, and the strength of those strongholds etc. Besides that, give me a copy of the Earthly Dragon List as well,” Jian Wushuang said.

The Earthly Dragon List would be renewed every once in a while. Since two years had passed, the list should have changed a lot.

“Yes Sir,” the blue-haired woman nodded and said. Soon she gave Jian Wushuang a lot of files.

Jian Wushuang read them carefully.

“Oh. It is as I expected. Blood Feather Tower did suffer a desperate revenge after the battle on Quiet Moon Lake.”?Jian Wushuang smiled slightly when he saw the information about the battle.

When Dragon Palace heard of his death, the two Palace Masters of Dragon Palace along with many top experts retaliated against Blood Feather Tower in a full-scale attack. Many strongholds of Blood Feather Tower in Tianzong Dynasty suffered a bloodbath and lots of experts were killed, which was one of the few setbacks Blood Feather Tower had gone through.

But it just lasted for two months and suddenly died down.

“Blood Feather Tower had undoubtedly been in danger and was about to be destroyed, but why did everything suddenly die down?”?Jian Wushuang didn’t understand.

If there was no particular reason, they would not have stopped so easily.

"It seems that the background of Blood Feather Tower is not as simple as it seems," Jian Wushuang thought.

Then he looked at another file.

It was about the distribution of strongholds of Blood Feather Tower in Tianyan Province and their strength.

It said that the strength of Blood Feather Tower is much weaker because of the bloodbath two years ago. Now they behaved more carefully than before and their strongholds are located at easier to conceal places. Even Golden-dragon Palace could only locate three strongholds of Blood Feather Tower in Tianyan Province.

It astonished Jian Wushuang.

It should be known that Tianyan Province was an important place for Blood Feather Tower. However, there were as many as 108 commanderies in Tianyan Province, how could they run it well with only three strongholds? They need at least a dozen.

But their strongholds were secluded.

Even as the best at collecting information in Tianzong Dynasty, Golden-dragon Palace could only locate three of their strongholds.

Among the three, two of them were small. Only the last one was an important one.

"Clearwater Stronghold?" Jian Wushuang squinted.

Clearwater Stronghold, located in Clearwater Commandery of Tianyan Province. There were a lot of copper-masked and silver-masked assassins, as well as many golden-masked assassins. Most importantly, there were two purple-masked assassins and an intelligence director in it.

While in those two small strongholds, there were only a couple of golden-masked assassins, Jian Wushuang was not interested in them at all.

"Blood Feather Tower has established a well-defined intelligence system. Once I take action, Blood Feather Tower will notice immediately. It's impossible to get a second chance. Therefore, the action must be fast, relentless, and bring a great loss!" Jian Wushuang's eyes were cold.

Losing some gold-masked assassins was nothing to Blood Feather Tower, who was one of the three Hegemons in Tianzong Dynasty. They would not care. However, it would be different if they lost some purple-masked assassins.

Especially in the battle two years ago, Blood Feather Tower had paid a huge price, which made purple-masked assassins even more important.

If Jian Wushuang could kill several purple-masked assassins this time, it would definitely be a big loss for Blood Feather Tower.

"These two purple-masked assassins are in the Yin-Yang Void Realm, but only the initial Yin-Yang Void Realm. They are about the same as the purple-masked assassin who was severely wounded. Even his

*right hand was disabled by me near Quiet Moon Lake two years ago. It's possible to kill them both,"?*Jian Wushuang thought.

An assassins' strength in the same realm could vary. Some were stronger and some were weaker. These two purple-masked assassins in Clearwater Stronghold were weaker ones.

Two years ago, Jian Wushuang severely hurt and almost killed a purple-masked assassin with his Soul-Devouring Secret Skill. Now... even without using it, he was quite sure that he could kill them with only his comprehension in sword essence.

"I will take Clearwater Stronghold."

Jian Wushuang decided.

Of course, the reason he targeted Clearwater Stronghold was not only because of those two purple-masked assassins, but also because of another man.

He was the one who was in charge of the intelligence system there.

His name was An Ying!

Jian Wushuang would never forget him.

Three years ago, some assassins from Blood Feather Tower chased him from Sword Marquis Mansion. And their leader was An Ying.

What's more, it was he who poisoned his aunt with the Heart-biting Poison, which had tortured his aunt for years.

His aunt was caught by An Ying at that time, and he didn't know how his aunt was doing now.

*"?An Ying?, you old bastard..."?*Jian Wushuang's eyes were ice-cold. Then he called the blue-haired woman and told her, "prepare me a griffin and something special."

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A huge rift in Clearwater Commandery.

It was a remote rift, embosomed in hills. As usual, few people came here, not even to pass by.

In the thick woods at the center of the rift, was a huge courtyard. It was Clearwater Stronghold, a quite important place for the top assassin organization in Tianzong Dynasty, Blood Feather Tower.

On the top of a mountain in the rift, Jian Wushuang stood quietly, dressed in black and wearing a bamboo hat. Watching through the Void, his cold eyes stared at the courtyard below.

"Blood Feather Tower has heavy security. To enter the stronghold, assassins of Blood Feather Tower have to signal one another, and the password alternates every day. Besides that, the killers are well trained. It is impossible to sneak in by getting the password from them."

"The only way to get in was... kill his way in!"

A stream of killing intent could be seen rising from his body.

At this moment, thunder growled over the Void and the sky became dark.

Then a heavy rain began falling a second later.

The rain fell on the ground and the earth got wet.

"It raining..." palm outstretched, Jian Wushuang felt the rain slapping on the back of his hands.

"Since the weather is favoring me, let me enjoy slaughtering them in the heavy rain."

Jian Wushuang changed into a straw rain cape. Then, he grabbed his sword and directly walked toward the huge courtyard in the center of the rift.

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Chapter 135: Attacking and Killing in the Heavy Rain (Part One)

Swoosh... The heavy rain relentlessly poured onto the ground.

At the center of a rift, there was a large courtyard consisting of an inner court and an outer court.

Under the roof of the outer court, many figures in black robes were standing or sitting on the ground. All of them wore masks, in which most of them were copper masks. There was only a small number of silver masks and four gold masks.

There was no sound in the outer court except for the rain. Even the assassins of Blood Feather Tower that gathered there remained quiet.

While behind the gate, right in the front of the courtyard, a silver-masked assassin was standing with folded arms. He raised his head and looked up at the dim void.

"When will the rain stop?" The silver-masked assassin murmured.

Suddenly...

Boom!

The door behind him was blown open and flew straight ahead.

"What the hell?" The silver-masked assassin standing behind the door was the first to be attacked. It was because he was so close to the door that he couldn't get away from it when it came flying at him.

BANG!

The big and heavy door hit him, which heavily injured him. He instantly spat out blood as he flew back, landing in the center of the courtyard.

"What?"

The whole courtyard stirred. The assassins of Blood Feather Tower stood up as they all looked toward the gate.

A figure, wearing a bamboo hat and straw rain cape, stood at the door with a Long Sword on his back.

Seeing him, all the assassins' breath turned cold.

"Who is it?" An assassin shouted.

Jian Wushuang ignored him. He walked slowly to the courtyard, one step at a time. Each step was firm and steady as if it contained magic power.

"Buzz..."

The raindrops gathered on the ground and rippled. The waves changed constantly, which made the assassins of Blood Feather Tower feel like the world was disappearing. They could only see the changing waves, the slowly walking Jian Wushuang, and the powerful sword essence radiating from him.

"What's that?"

"What kind of trick is this?"

All of them were astonished.

They didn't know that it was just an extreme use of the Sword Essence of Waterdrop.

Suddenly, Jian Wushuang stopped and slightly raised his head, showing a bright and handsome face under the bamboo hat. However, his face was cold and his dark eyes were full of killing intent, as if a sharp weapon was aiming towards them.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, Jian Wushuang swiftly arrived in front of the dozens of killers who were closest to him.

Chu! Ice-cold sword light flashed at once.

At first sight, the sword light was more like a single drop of heavy rain.

"What's this?"

"Waterdrop?"

"Such a big waterdrop?"

Some of the weaker assassins didn't even react.

"Be careful!"

"Get out of the way!"

The assassins who had reacted shouted at them.

But it was already too late.

Cold sword light flashed and swept past their throats. Regardless of whether they were copper-masked assassins or silver-masked assassins.

Chi! Chi! Chi! Chi! ...

A total of 13 assassins, among whom eight were copper-masked assassins and five were silver-masked assassins, were killed in a split second.

Then, Jian Wushuang swiftly moved again. The cold “waterdrops” swept to five nearby assassins. Five Sword Edges hit five killers at the same time, instantly killing them.

At this point, they finally realized what was happening.

“Damn it. Kill him!”

“Kill!”

There were nearly a hundred assassins in the outer courtyard. Though Jian Wushuang had killed 18 in one breath, there were still many assassins coming to kill Jian Wushuang. Among the approaching crowd, the strongest, the four gold-masked assassins were at the front.

Gold-masked assassins were experts in the Exceptional Gold Core Realm.

At this moment, the four gold-masked assassins closed in on him simultaneously. However, a fierce wind suddenly blew and those falling raindrops swept over the four gold-masked assassins.

All of their eyes were filled with terror, then they all fell at the same time.

The strongest, the four gold-masked assassins, were killed by one movement of his sword.

“How can this be possible?”

“How could four gold-masked assassins be killed with a single move?”

“What’s with this strength?”

Out of the assassins who were still alive in the area, a lot of silver-masked and copper-masked assassins looked at this in shock.

“*Gold-masked assassins?*”?Jian Wushuang would not spare a glance at them.

He could already kill a gold-masked assassin in one move two years ago. Now his strength was much better than two years ago, so he could obviously kill several gold-masked assassins with a single move now.

“Next, it is your turn.”

Jian Wushuang looked around at those silver-masked and copper-masked assassins. The killing intent in his eyes was more intense.

“Everyone belonging to Blood Feather Tower has to die!”

Chuu!

Jian Wushuang moved again. The terrifying “waterdrops” in the heavy rain could not be seen clearly, and they easily swept over those assassins.

A massacre!

A total massacre!

Even the four strongest gold-masked assassins were killed. The remaining silver-masked and copper-masked assassins had no chance to even defend...

While Jian Wushuang was massacring everyone in the outer courtyard, dozens of figures gathered inside a room of the inner courtyard.

There were eight gold-masked assassins and two purple-masked assassins. Besides them, there was a purple-robed person who didn't wear a mask, but his status was no lower than the purple-masked assassins.

He was An Ying!

"This time our target is her."

An Ying opened a scroll. Detailed information on an expert was written on it.

"One of the Upper Elders in Tianyuan Sword Sect, Guu Qinghan." An Ying's voice was cold as he continued, "The mole we put in Tianyuan Sword Sect has a high position now, and it is possible for him to take charge of the Tianyuan Sword Sect as the new head of the Tianyuan Sword Sect. However, Guu Qinghan has always gone against him these years. So..."

"She has to die!"

Hearing that, the gold-masked assassins and two purple-masked assassins didn't change their expressions.

Upper Elders of Tianyuan Sword Sect, though they were supreme experts of the Yin-Yang Void Realm, it was not difficult to kill them silently.

"There are many experts in the Tianyuan Sword Sect, several of them have even reached the Yin-Yang Void Realm. It's impossible to kill her in the Tianyuan Sword Sect, so we have to wait until she comes out of the Tianyuan Sword Sect..."

An Ying and the two purple-masked assassins were discussing how to secretly kill Guu Qinghan.

However, suddenly... they sensed a strong wave of Spiritual Power and heard many death howls from the outer courtyard.

Chapter 136: Attacking and Killing in the Heavy Rain (Part Two)

"What happened?" An Ying asked and frowned.

"There are enemies attacking," a purple-masked assassin yelled coldly.

The door immediately opened, then An Ying and others came out of the room. As soon as they walked out, they saw a ghostly figure in the outer courtyard that was several hundred meters away.

The figure swept through in succession, with a strong sword light and many streaks of sword light flashing. Each streak of sword light had the blood of assassins from Blood Feather Tower on it.

“There, hurry up.” A purple-masked assassin violently shouted, and then immediately rushed into the outer courtyard.

It was only a few hundred meters, so it only took an instant to arrive at their speed.

But in just that instant... the assassins in the outer courtyard had already suffered a massacre.

When An Ying and others arrived in the outer courtyard, Jian Wushuang was piercing the chest of the last silver-masked assassin with his Long Sword.

Plop!

With the falling down of the silver-masked assassin’s corpse, only Jian Wushuang remained standing in the outer courtyard.

An Ying and the others were stunned.

Even though they were all top assassins, they were stunned when they came into the outer courtyard and saw this scene.

There were a lot of corpses spread out on the ground in the outer courtyard and in the corridor under the eaves. All these corpses were strewn about, and the whole courtyard was buried in corpses, while the blood rushing from their wounds had already dyed the whole courtyard scarlet.

It was still raining heavily, and the vacant land in the central courtyard was water-logged. But at the moment, that water was so scarlet...

At first sight, it was like a Demonic scene from Hell.

Wearing a bamboo hat and a straw rain cape, Jian Wushuang stood in the very center of this Demonic Hell with the Triple-kill Sword in his hands. He was like a powerful demon fighting his way out of hell.

No matter whether it was An Ying, those two purple-masked assassins, or the eight gold-masked assassins, all of them were shocked by this scene.

What shocked them was not that Jian Wushuang killed all these people, but the time that Jian Wushuang spent killing them.

As soon as Jian Wushuang started this slaughter, they became aware of it in the inner courtyard and immediately rushed here. From the inner courtyard to the outer courtyard was only a few hundred meters. They arrived in the turn of a hand, at most a dozen breaths of time in total.

In such a short time, Jian Wushuang killed all the assassins in the courtyard, nearly a hundred assassins.

“How could he be so fast?”

How strong is he?

The two purple-masked assassins in the courtyard asked themselves in their heart whether they could kill all the assassins in the outer court in such a short time if they tried their best. The answer was...?No, it’s impossible.

But Jian Wushuang did it.

The most important thing was, judging from the Spiritual Power radiating from Jian Wushuang, he was only in... The Profound Gold Core Realm.

"A person in the Profound Gold Core Realm can kill nearly a hundred Blood Feather Tower assassins in such a short time." An Ying watched Jian Wushuang with a strong killing intent on his face, and coldly shouted, "Who are you?"

The two purple-masked assassins and eight gold-masked assassins also intensely stared at Jian Wushuang.

"Two years ago, in front of a lot of people, I once said." The face of Jian Wushuang was still hidden under the bamboo hat, but his indifferent voice spread throughout the area.

"The day I return is the day all you guys die."

"You should have heard that."

An Ying was stunned, and there was a hint of terror in his eyes. At this moment, Jian Wushuang also lifted his head slightly, and exposed his handsome face.

Seeing that face, even though An Ying was very calm, he could not help screaming at this moment.

"Jian Wushuang, it is you."

"Who?"

"Jian Wushuang?"

"The target of the Scarlet Kill Command?"

The two purple-masked assassins and eight gold-masked assassins were also stunned.

Jian Wushuang?

The guy turned the whole Tianzong Dynasty upside down two years ago. And Blood Feather Tower was almost completely wiped out because of him.

"You, aren't you dead?" An Ying looked at Jian Wushuang with astonishment and said, "How could you possibly be alive?"

"So many people saw you jump into the Abyss. You should definitely be dead?"

An Ying thought it was incredible.

Those two purple-masked assassins were also stunned.

They all heard of the Abyss, which was one of the death traps in the Tianzong Dynasty. What was underneath the Abyss was still a big mystery, because no one came back from the Abyss after entering it...

So hearing that Jian Wushuang had jumped into the Abyss, everyone believed he was dead.

Blood Feather Tower also thought so, and that's why they had stopped chasing Jian Wushuang two years ago.

But now, Jian Wushuang appeared in front of them in perfect condition after jumping into the Abyss.

“How is this possible?”

“Sorry, I beat the rap. When I was passing through the Gates of Hell, the King of Hell said I was so handsome that it would be a pity if I died at such a young age, so he sent me back.”

“Since I am not dead, it’s your turn.”

Jian Wushuang smiled coldly, with a slightly upward smirk, but his smile was like a blade.

“Laughingstock,” one of the purple-masked assassins commented, then directly smirked. “There was an opportunity for you to live, but you sought death. Since you did not die two years ago, we just have to kill you today.”

As soon as his voice fell, the aura of the Yin-Yang Void Realm on that purple-masked assassin suddenly soared. He turned into a streak of Flowing Light at this moment and appeared in front of Jian Wushuang in a flash.

“Go to hell!” A Purple Soft Sword appeared without any omen, like a ghost.

An Ying and the rest of the assassins watched this scene coldly.

Jian Wushuang raised his head and looked at the Purple Soft Sword slowly moving toward him, but the corner of his mouth showed a faint smile.

“A purple-masked assassin.”

“Two years ago, when facing a purple-masked assassin, I had to use the Soul-Devouring Secret Skill?out of desperation, but now...”

Jian Wushuang’s eyes turned cold, and the Triple-kill Sword suddenly thrust out at this moment. An eruption of the terrifying Fiery Wind Sword Essence on the Sword Edge tore everything and burned everything.

“What?” The purple-masked assassin was shocked.

“Not good,” the other purple-masked assassin exclaimed, immediately following to join the battle.

“Two people? So what?” Jian Wushuang still did not care at all. With the combination of the wind sword essence and fire sword essence, the extreme violent sword in his hands directly smashed forward.

The two purple-masked assassins joined hands, in an attempt to resist the sword.

However, Jian Wushuang waved his hands suddenly and then the sword struck three times consecutively.

All three streaks of sword light contained Fiery Wind Sword Essence.

This was the combination of two sword essences. The power would be much stronger than only one sword essence.

"Damn it." The two purple-masked assassins shuddered inside and resisted with haste. But after striving to resist Jian Wushuang's three sword strikes, both of them were directly slammed backward.

"It's time."

Suddenly, a light flickered in Jian Wushuang's eyes.

The Triple-kill Sword became a streak of Flowing Light again, and then rushed forward.

Selfless Sword Technique, Idealistic Form.

His full strength suddenly erupted.

Chapter 137: Attacking and Killing in the Heavy Rain (Part Three)

Chuu!

An incomparably terrifying sword light directly burst out.

Even the two purple-masked assassins could not help but shudder secretly when they sensed the frightening power embedded in the sword light.

Both of them were still retreating swiftly to escape the previous three sword moves from Jian Wushuang. The one who was targeted by the bursting sword light only had time to brandish his purple soft sword, trying to deflect the sword light.

Boom!

The terrifying sword light released an incredibly shocking power, knocking the purple soft sword away, and then using the undiminished remnant power of the sword light to strike the purple-masked assassin's body.

In an instant, a big round bloody hole, with a diameter of more than one centimeter, appeared on the body of the purple-masked assassin.

The bloody hole pierced his body, shredding and smashing any organs and flesh it passed by.

The purple-masked assassin's eyes widened while blood poured wildly from his mouth. Then his body fell down backwards.

The first purple-masked assassin was dead!

"What...?"

The other living purple-masked assassin was shocked by the scene. His heart suddenly thumped as Jian Wushuang's cold eyes looked over towards him.

"Run!"

The imposing purple-masked assassin, a peak expert in the Yin-Yang Void Realm, did not hesitate to fly up into the sky. Not until he reached the void over ten meters above Jian Wushuang did he dare to stop and glance at him in terror.

“Terrifying! His sword skill is too Terrifying!”

“Fiery Wind Sword Essence. Yes, he has already combined the Sword Essences of Gale and Raging Fire into the Fiery Wind Sword Essence. His comprehension of the sword essence is much better than mine.”

“Two on one, old nine and I were still defeated by him, and old nine was even killed in one attack!”

“His strength is far beyond the common Initial Yin Void Realm. He might even be able to rival experts in the Profound Yin Void Realm!”

The purple-masked assassin murmured.

“Voidwalking?” Jian Wushuang frowned when the purple-masked assassin fled into the air.

Warriors in the Yin-Yang Void Realm were able to Voidwalk, so Jian Wushuang could not stop him if the former wanted to escape.

Though the purple-masked assassin was out of his reach, An Ying and the other gold-masked assassins, who were not able to Voidwalk, were still on the ground.

“He fought with two purple-masked assassins and even killed one of them! How...How could that be possible?” An Ying felt it was unbelievable, as he looked at the dead body of that purple-masked assassin.

Meanwhile, Jian Wushuang looked over at him.

An Ying was frightened out of his senses.

“Quick, kill him, go and kill him!” An Ying roared.

The eight gold-masked assassins beside him froze for a moment, then immediately rushed out.

Assassins of Blood Feather Tower were all well-trained. Even if the order from their superiors was to get themselves killed, they would not hesitate to obey.

While the gold-masked assassins rushed forward, An Ying fled in another direction, yelling at the purple-masked assassin in the air, “Come! Come and save me!”

That purple-masked assassin began to approach once he heard him.

“You want to escape?” Jian Wushuang shot a glance at An Ying and snorted.

All the other assassins in the Clearwater Stronghold didn’t have to die. He wouldn’t mind even if the two purple-masked assassins stayed alive. But he would not let An Ying escape, never.

“Get out of my way!”

Jian Wushuang cried out, followed by another flash of sword light. An utterly light and graceful sword move danced through the heavy rain and then swept across the throats of the eight gold-masked assassins.

The eight gold-masked assassins were all killed in an instant.

“Do you think you can escape?”

After killing the eight gold-masked assassins with just one move from the Formless Sword Art, Jian Wushuang dashed out immediately, and appeared behind An Ying in the blink of an eye.

“How could he be so fast?” An Ying turned pale with fright. Realizing that the purple-masked assassin couldn’t escape with him into the air before Jian Wushuang could catch him, his face became grim and madness arose in his eyes.

“Bastard! Go to hell!”

An Ying turned around with a rush, hurling a coldly glaring knife right toward the space between his eyebrows.

The knife was incredibly fast and appeared in front of Jian Wushuang in a flash.

“Ridiculous.”

Jian Wushuang sneered as he slid past the knife with a ghost-like movement, then swung his sword across An Ying’s wrist. An Ying’s entire hand was chopped off.

“Ahhhhh!”

An Ying howled with great pain, while Jian Wushuang had already appeared in front of him. A brutal power was condensed in Jian Wushuang’s palm, which was then clenched into a fist and launched into An Ying’s abdomen.

“Puff!”

An Ying spewed a large mouthful of blood, and his complexion instantly became pale again, “My Gold Core, my Gold Core...”

Although An Ying was also an expert in the Exceptional Gold Core Realm, he did not even have a chance of resisting when Jian Wushuang destroyed his Gold Core.

The Gold Core was the source of spiritual power for warriors. Since it was destroyed, the decades of earnest cultivation that An Ying endured instantly crumbled to dust.

“You’ll be dead soon. Why care about your Gold Core?”

Jian Wushuang laughed scornfully. He reached out with his hand and gripped An Ying’s neck, raising An Ying’s body up into the air as if gripping a chicken, and then slammed it down fiercely onto the ground.

BANG!

Even with the buffer of the gathered water from the rain, the blow cracked the ground below. An Ying once again madly squirted blood from the severe damage to his organs. Then, he passed out from the intense pain.

The next moment Jian Wushuang lifted An Ying’s body, looking up towards the purple-masked assassin in the air.

An unparalleled hint of fear emerged in the purple-masked assassin’s eyes, so he did not dare to come down and fight with Jian Wushuang, not even for An Ying.

“Purple-masked assassins? Just so-so.”

Ignoring the purple-masked assassin, Jian Wushuang grinned and quickly dragged An Ying out of the courtyard. Soon he disappeared from the purple-masked assassin’s sight.

The purple-masked assassin stood alone in the air, gazing at the sea of blood down on the ground. As the only survivor in the stronghold, he could not help being speechless.

This massacre brought a great loss to Blood Feather Tower.

More than a hundred copper-masked and silver-masked assassins in the entire Clearwater Stronghold were slain to the last man.

The twelve gold-masked assassins all died in the carnage, too.

Of course, these losses were nothing compared to the death of that purple-masked assassin and An Ying being caught.

“I had no idea that Jian Wushuang, who fell into the abyss two years ago, would still be alive and have improved his strength so much in such a short period!”The purple-masked assassin clasped his hands.

“Since he is alive, Blood Feather Tower will be in some real trouble!”

...

Chapter 138: The Leech

Jian Wushuang dragged An Ying into a cave.

Bang!

Jian Wushuang tossed him and his body hit the ground. An Ying immediately came out of the coma because of the pain. As soon as he woke up, he burst out, howling because of the pain.

Jian Wushuang walked to An Ying with a light golden elixir in one of his hands.

“This elixir is worth 200 points in the Secret Pavilion of Dragon Palace, now it’s a favor to you.” Waving his hand, Jian Wushuang made An Ying swallow it.

It was a panacea in Secret Pavilion of Dragon Palace. After taking it, An Ying would not die any time soon.

“Tell me, where are my father and aunt?” Jian Wushuang asked.

His father and his aunt, whom he cared about most, were taken away by Blood Feather Tower.

An Ying remained alive till now because Jian Wushuang needed his help to find his father and aunt.

“Your father? I don’t know,” An Ying?answered and shook his head.

Squinting his eyes, Jian Wushuang was not surprised.

His father was the first one who awakened his Sword Soul. Blood Feather Tower had sent lots of experts and slaughtered the whole Ji Clan in order to catch him.

In the eyes of Blood Feather Tower, his father was much more important than his aunt. Therefore, his father should be locked up in an even more secretive place.

"As for your aunt, hehe, you mean Ji Wuyue, right? I caught her three years ago and I do know where she is now. But, do you think I will tell you?" said An Ying, looking at Jian Wushuang with a sneer.

"I know you will not easily tell me, so I prepared something for you," Having said that, Jian Wushuang turned his hand over, revealing a light yellow worm egg. It seemed that it was going to hatch a baby worm.

"An Ying, I heard that you are good with poison. Since the Heart-biting Poison in my aunt's body was from you, you must know what this is in my hand, right?" Jian Wushuang said.

Seeing that light yellow worm egg in Jian Wushuang's hand, An Ying changed his facial expression immediately and shouted, "A leech!"

"You are right," Jian Wushuang replied with a slight smile. Then, he quickly shoved it in An Ying's mouth without giving him a chance to speak.

An Ying struggled violently, but it didn't work at all since his Dantian had been disabled.

After swallowing the light yellow worm egg, his face turned red and he desperately tried to vomit.

However, the leech egg had already melted in his body.

"The leech lives in the blood. Once it enters your body, it will immediately hatch, then begin sucking your blood. The first leech will turn into two, then two turn to four, and in the end it will hatch thousands of leeches."

"They will swallow your blood bite by bite, then your flesh. Your body will be totally swallowed in several days."

"That's the real Body-devouring by Ten-Thousand Worms. Speaking of the pain, my aunt who was struck by your Heart-biting Poison should be suffering more than you."

Hearing Jian Wushuang's cold voice, An Ying's face was suddenly pale.

Both the leech and Heart-biting Poison were ways of torturing people.

The leech was more horrible with regards to the pain, while Heart-biting Poison was crueler.

After all, Heart-biting Poison worked in the body step by step. It might last for years or even decades. It not only tortured the physical body but also the mind.

While the leech worked faster and more fiercely, only lasting one to two days for death to occur.

Before Jian Wushuang decided to attack the stronghold, he asked the woman who was in charge of Golden Dragon Subsidiary Palace to prepare him a leech egg. This was the moment he had been waiting for.

“Damn it!”

An Ying’s face was still red and distorted. Apparently, the leech in his body had started swallowing his flesh and blood. The pain was strong and it didn’t take long for the leech to reproduce.

One turned into two, and two turned into four.

The pain he was suffering was increased by several times.

“Ahhhhh!”

A sharp pain he had never suffered before spread through his body, so painful that An Ying could not stand it. So he raised his left hand and tried to hit his head. However, Jian Wushuang stood beside him staring at him.

When he saw An Ying trying to hit his head with his left hand, a sword light flashed and An Ying’s left hand was instantly cut off, falling to the ground.

After which, Jian Wushuang slapped him in the face.

It was a slap effectively controlled by Spiritual Power. Immediately An Ying spit out a mouthful of blood containing pieces of his teeth.

Jian Wushuang had slapped him and destroyed all his teeth in case he tried to commit suicide by biting off his own tongue.

“Don’t even dream about dying with me here these two days. Enjoy it!” Jian Wushuang smiled and sat down leisurely beside him, then he brought out a bottle of wine. He was just drinking.

However, An Ying lay sprawled out on the ground with his hands and feet waving, and his face was extremely distorted.

“Kill me!”

“Please, kill me!”

An Ying desperately implored him. But he said it unclearly because all of his teeth were destroyed.

Watching him coldly, Jian Wushuang did offer him any mercy.

He knew clearly that the pain caused by the leech was nothing compared with the pain caused by the Heart-biting Poison in his aunt’s body over the years.

What’s more, it was he who poisoned his aunt with Heart-biting Poison.

Nearly half an hour later, the leech in An Ying’s body had turned into eight.

The pain had already increased by eight times!

“Ahhhhh!”

An Ying roared crazily while suffering such great pain. He almost lost his mind. He couldn’t bear the extreme suffering anymore.

"I'll tell you, I'll tell you where Ji Wuyue is!" An Ying growled and said.

Then Jian Wushuang, who was drinking, turned over and looked at him.

"I will tell you. After that, please kill me."

An Ying roared. He didn't want to live anymore. He just wanted to die. However, he was not even able to kill himself since his hands were cut off and his teeth were knocked out.

"Tell me." Jian Wushuang didn't want to waste time.

"Ji Wuyue, she was locked up by the Situ family," An Ying said unclearly.

"Situ family? Which one?" Jian Wushuang asked and frowned.

"The Situ family in Bashui Commandery, Situ Qingyue is their Master! Ji Wuyue is locked up in the mansion of the Situ family," An Ying growled.

"Situ Qingyue?" Jian Wushuang's facial expression suddenly changed.

Situ Qingyue, he knew him and he also met him before!

Chapter 139: It was still raining...

Born in the Sword Marquis Mansion, the acknowledged top hegemon in Bashui Commandery, Jian Wushuang was familiar with the big forces within the commandery.

Situ family was one of the greatest families in Bashui Commandery, and Situ Qingyue, the Master, was an expert at the Gold Core Realm.

After all, within such a small place like Bashui Commandery, an expert in the Gold Core Realm could be seen as one of the strongest.

Jian Wushuang had seen him before, at the Sword Marquis Token Battle three years ago when the great masters of all the forces were invited to come and watch. Situ Qingyue was one of the invitees.

"Situ Qingyue belongs to Blood Feather Tower?" Jian Wushuang asked while coldly staring at An Ying.

"Yes. He is one of us, and he has a very special position in Blood Feather Tower. Although his strength is only at the Gold Core Realm, his orders come directly from the Tower Master. Even I can't enjoy such treatment," An Ying shouted in a low voice.

"Directly ordered by the Master of Blood Feather Tower?" Jian Wushuang was shocked but he believed his words, more or less.

Anyway, Blood Feather Tower was desperate to kill him just because his Sword Soul had awoken.

Common people knew nothing and had never even heard about Sword Soul. Neither had the assassins of Blood Feather Tower.

Yet, as long as Situ Qingyue was directly ordered by the Tower Master, maybe he knew something about Sword Soul.

As soon as he awoke the Sword Soul in that battle, Situ Qingyue must have immediately sensed it, and then notify Blood Feather Tower to hunt and kill him.

"I have said everything I should say. Kill me! Quickly kill me!" An Ying crazily roared.

"You want to die? It's not so easy."

With a sneer, Jian Wushuang waved his sword with brilliant light, breaking the tendons in An Ying's legs.

"Behave yourself and wait here for me! Don't worry, I had you swallow that elixir before feeding you the leech. That elixir is a panacea. You won't die."

After saying that, Jian Wushuang walked away, leaving An Ying crazily roaring in the cave. However, the cave was so deep that no one could hear his roar.

Jian Wushuang mounted a Griffin and directly flew towards Bashui Commandery. It was already dark when he arrived in Bashui Commandery, stopping in front of the Situ family mansion.

Boom~~~Above the void was rumbling thunder.

The rain was still pouring.

"The rain hasn't stopped, so let the slaughter continue..."

Situ Mansion was brightly lit.

As one of the biggest families within Bashui Commandery, the Situ family mansion was still very bustling even at night.

Suddenly...Bang!

The Situ Mansion gate was directly kicked open, as a thundering boom shook the air. Numerous warriors in the Situ family were disturbed and came out.

"Who is it?"

"How dare you! You dare trespass into our Situ family!"

Numerous figures rushed out and quickly appeared in front of Jian Wushuang. The leader of them was Situ Qingyue.

"Master Situ, I haven't seen you for years. How are you?" Jian Wushuang slowly walked towards Situ Qingyue while speaking. Meanwhile, he had lightly raised his head, showing his handsome face.

Clearly seeing Jian Wushuang's face, Situ Qingyue opened his eyes widely and shouted, "Jian Wushuang, it's you!"

"Jian Wushuang?" A commotion arose in the area. Evidently, all the warriors of the Situ family had heard about the exceptional genius from Sword Marquis Mansion, who had shocked the whole Bashui Commandery.

"Hehe, as long as you still remember me, things will be easier. Answer me! Where is my aunt?" Jian Wushuang coldly asked.

Situ Qingyue was astonished. Naturally, he knew who his aunt was, but he pretended to be confused and asked, "Who is your aunt?"

"Still pretending?" Jian Wushuang sneered and suddenly appeared in front of Situ Qingyue like a shadow. In the next instant, Situ Qingyue had been explosively knocked out, spouting blood as he flew backward.

Bang!

Situ Qingyue heavily fell upon a chair in the hall, which immediately exploded.

"Master!"

Those warriors of the Situ family were all scared and angry, but no one dared to move.

Even Situ Qingyue, in the Gold Core Realm, had been severely hurt without clearly seeing Jian Wushuang. If they stood out, it was just like seeking their doom.

"I will ask you again! Where is my aunt? If you still won't answer me, today I'll slaughter the whole Situ family, leaving no one alive!" Jian Wushuang's voice was icy cold, with great killing intent.

Situ Qingyue's throat tightened as he spoke, "I, I'll take you there."

"Hm, really pretending," Jian Wushuang said while coldly smiled.

Then Situ Qingyue struggled to stand up, and led Jian Wushuang towards a secret chamber in the mansion.

Kuang! The door of Situ family's secret underground chamber immediately opened.

It was a very dark chamber. As soon as Jian Wushuang entered, he saw a woman in a cage in the front of the chamber.

Her hair was in a mess covering half of her face. While the other half was full of malignant tumors and scars, looking extremely ugly. The offensive odor from her body could be smelt even in the distance.

"Auntie!"

Jian Wushuang recognized this woman as soon as he saw her, and then he immediately rushed towards her.

Just as Jian Wushuang started to move, next to him, a sparkle appeared in Situ Qingyue's eyes. Although the latter looked terribly pale and was covering his chest with one hand.

"Attack!" Situ Qingyue shouted loudly.

One black iron pillar after another suddenly rose from the ground on which Jian Wushuang just rushed past, forming a giant cage. In an instant, the whole secret chamber was covered, and Jian Wushuang was trapped within the cage.

"Haha." Seeing this scene, Situ Qingyue finally laugh out loudly.

Jian Wushuang stopped his steps and could not help changing his face as he turned around and found the cage in front of him.

“Jian Wushuang, you must have never thought about it.” Situ Qingyue stared at Jian Wushuang with a cold smile. “When building this secret chamber, I had predicted that such a scene would happen one day, so I set up this trap from the beginning.”

“The surrounding walls of this secret chamber are made of black steel with a thickness of over three meters. No one could break through them. As for the iron pillars in front of you, they are forged with raven gold. Except supreme experts in the Yin-Yang Void Realm, no one can...”

Before he finished his words, Situ Qingyue suddenly became stunned.

As Jian Wushuang abruptly waved his hand, a sharp and brilliant sword light suddenly burst out. Although the iron pillars were made by raven gold and incomparably hard, they were instantly broken into pieces as soon as the sword light touched them.

Whoosh!

A figure unexpectedly appeared beside Situ Qingyue.

“You!” Situ Qingyue opened his eyes widely, staring at Jian Wushuang in front of him.

“I planned to let you live a little longer, but now, it’s unnecessary.” Jian Wushuang’s icy voice rang in his ears, and then a sword light burst out.

SHUA!

Situ Qingyue’s head was completely separated from his body.

...

Chapter 140: Death

Situ Qingyue’s head flew high into the air with his eyes wide in disbelief.

He didn’t know. Although Jian Wushuang was only in the Profound Gold Core Realm, his real strength was much more terrifying. In Clearwater Stronghold, he fought with two purple-masked assassins at the same time and killed one directly.

Although he was not in the Yin-Yang Void Realm, he was more powerful than a normal warrior in that realm. How could the cage trap him?

“Master!”

“Master!”

Seeing Situ Qingyue’s head flying in the air, all the Situ family warriors in the area were greatly frightened and no one dared to step forward.

After turning around, Jian Wushuang walked into the cage. He chopped the pillars of the cage with his sword and appeared before Ji Wuyue.

"Auntie," Jian Wushuang's voice trembled.

Ji Wuyue was just absent-mindedly sitting there. Until she heard Jian Wushuang calling her, after which her eyes shone lightly.

"You are...Wushuang?" Ji Wuyue asked with a deep and husky voice.

"Yes, it's me," Jian Wushuang nodded vigorously and said, "Auntie, I'm here to take you away."

After saying that, Jian Wushuang directly held her in his arms and walked out.

At the exit of the secret chamber, there were so many warriors from the Situ family blocking the door.

"Anyone who stands in my way will die!" Jian Wushuang shouted in a cold voice and glanced around with killing intent.

All the warriors in the Situ family were so frightened that they all moved back out of the way, making way for them.

Jian Wushuang took Ji Wuyue out from the Situ family, and then they sat on the Griffin waiting outside and flew away.

...

Half a day later, Jian Wushuang was back in the cave again, along with Ji Wuyue.

An Ying was still lying on the ground in the cave. His crazy yell had died down because of his hoarse throat. However, his contorted face and crazy eyes showed that he was suffering a lot.

Jian Wushuang carefully let Ji Wuyue recline on the cave's wall, and then he walked toward An Ying.

"Give me the antidote." Jian Wushuang shouted coldly with a commanding tone.

An Ying forcefully raised his head, glancing at Jian Wushuang and Ji Wuyue, then he sneered and said, "Jian Wushuang, you want to save her now? Haha, absurd, ridiculous!"

"The Heart-biting Poison had spread through her whole body. She can't survive much longer. I don't have any antidote, even if I did and gave it to you, it will not work anymore."

"You have belittled the Heart-biting Poison too much. Haha..."

An Ying laughed wantonly.

Pia!

Jian Wushuang slapped him on his face and said, "Bastard!"

"Wushuang." Ji Wuyue's deep and husky voice sounded.

"Auntie." Jian Wushuang hurriedly walked toward Ji Wuyue and squatted down in front of her.

"I clearly understand my body. It's true that I only have a few days to live and that no one can save me," Ji Wuyue said with a smile, "I have no regrets now that I have had a chance to see you and the old bastard again before I die."

"Wushuang, give me a knife."

"Hum?" Jian Wushuang was in a trance.

"I want to kill him myself." Ji Wuyue's voice trembled, looking at An Ying with resentful and cruel eyes.

"Ok." Jian Wushuang nodded. Then he took a dagger out from his interspatial ring and gave it to Ji Wuyue.

Ji Wuyue strugglingly came to An Ying and turned his body over so that he was facing up.

"Haha, Ji Wuyue. How about the Heart-biting Poison?" An Ying looked at Ji Wuyue with a grim smile.

Ji Wuyue didn't answer him. But she slowly stabbed the dagger into his thigh rather than the vital organs.

"Hahaha...come on, kill me, torture me!"

"What was the torture I suffered in comparison with what you suffered these years?"

"Ji Wuyue, you are so miserable. You were an Extraordinary beauty who was second only to your sister, Ji Wumeng, in Ji Clan. So many experts once succumbed to your charm. But now, look at you, a ghostly image."

"Miserable, such a miserable person."

An Ying growled crazily. Ji Wuyue didn't say anything, just continuing to stab the dagger into his body again and again.

One by one...she had stabbed him for more than 50 times in succession.

At this moment, An Ying's voice was faint and nearly breathless. Then Ji Wuyue raised the dagger in her hand and brutally stabbed it into his heart at his last breath.

An Ying died at once!

After killing An Ying with her own hands, Ji Wuyue's whole body was trembling, but there was also delight showing in her eyes.

Jian Wushuang coldly watched what she did. But he felt ashamed and guilty when facing his auntie, Ji Wuyue.

"Wushuang." Ji Wuyue suddenly turned.

"Auntie." Jian Wushuang raised his head.

SHUA!

Her blood spilled on Jian Wushuang's face and he was completely stunned.

Seeing Ji Wuyue stabbing the dagger into her own heart.

Although Ji Wuyue spat blood out, she wore a smile on her face. "After suffering so many years, it's time to get rid of it."

"Wushuang..."

"Don't forget the blood debt of the Ji Clan. But now you are not strong enough and you'd better not fight against Blood Feather Tower face-to-face."

"What's more, I saw your father. Though it was three years ago, he... is alive."

Once she finished saying that, Ji Wuyue gave Jian Wushuang one last look and then she slowly fell down.

Stunned, Jian Wushuang stood there, rooted on the ground. He recovered himself a long time later and looked at his dead auntie.

"Ah!"

A roar with unprecedented killing intent flew to the Ninth Heaven at this moment!

Rumble... Even the Void thundered as if it was echoing his angry roar!

After a good while, everything finally quieted down.

The thunder stopped, and the heavy rain which lasted a whole day and night stopped as well.

On an unknown hill, Jian Wushuang knelt in front of a nameless gravestone. Holding his hands closely and looking at the gravestone, he kotowed three times heavily.

"Auntie, rest in peace!"

"I swear I will collect the blood debt for our Ji Clan."

Jian Wushuang said in a calm tone, but he was much more persistent and determined than ever before.

"Blood Feather Tower... everything was caused by Blood Feather Tower." Jian Wushuang's face was ice-cold.

"But Auntie is right. I am not strong enough, I'm far from being strong enough!"

"Though I can bring some loss to Blood Feather Tower, I cannot turn it upside down. There is still a long way to go before I can uproot them."

"I, have to try my best to improve my strength!"

Jian Wushuang had a strong desire for strength.

Staying in Sword Tomb for two years, he had improved a lot and could even kill normal purple-masked assassins. However, his strength was far from what was needed to uproot Blood Feather Tower.

"It's better to go back to Dragon Palace first."

Jian Wushuang set off right away.

