

Chaotic 71

Chapter 71: Mu Yun

Jian Chen let loose a gentle smile as he cupped his hands in greeting, "It seems brother has seen many suns while traveling the Tian Yuan Continent."

The mercenary returned his smile, "It wasn't all that long, just a few years, that's all. Compared to those that have left their homes to travel for ten to a hundred years, I am still green."

"This brother here doesn't know what to call you." Jian Chen said.

"My name is Mu Yun, what's your name?" The mercenary spoke with great enthusiasm.

"I'm called Jian Chen." Jian Chen replied, he had already decided to use the name "Jian Chen" in the future on the Tian Yuan Continent.

Following this, Jian Chen and Mu Yun started to converse, discussing several interesting issues on Tian Yuan Continent.

Although this was the first time Jian Chen was traveling the Tian Yuan Continent, he had read plenty of books regarding the continent back in the Kargath Library and had grown familiar with a few things including history. Mu Yun, on the other hand, had traversed the Tian Yuan Continent for a few years, so his experience could be said to be quite ample. The two had actually complimented each other nicely and so as they enthusiastically talked to each other, they unconsciously formed a close bond with each other.

As the caravan got closer to the gates of the border fort, Jian Chen noticed a portrait tacked to the side of one of the gates. On the portrait, the name "Changyang Xiang Tian" was inscribed on it with a generous reward printed below it.

If people had any hints or clues to Changyang Xiang Tian's whereabouts that proved to be true, then they would be awarded with 1000 Purple Coins. If their information led to the capture of the person, then they would be rewarded with another 4000 Purple Coins.

A Gold Coin was enough to feed a small household of three for over a month, and a Purple Coin was the equivalent to a hundred Gold Coins. So a thousand Purple Coins was a generous sum of money to any mercenary. With such a tidy sum, any mercenary, or anyone for that matter, would be able to buy a nice home and spend the rest of their lives without any more financial worries. It was easy to say that this reward was so irresistible that no one could turn it down.

The best reward people could hope for from traveling would be to capture Changyang Xiang Tian. If they could capture and hand him to the Hua Yun Sect, then they would be able to enjoy a prize of ten thousand Purple Coins.

Seeing the generous prize for his capture, Jian Chen's normally emotionless eyes flashed with a cold glare.

"Hua Yun Sect, you really do think highly of me to offer so great a reward and label me as a wanted criminal throughout the Gesun Kingdom. To think that you're even using the Mercenary Union to try to find me." Jian Chen inwardly sneered, however, he felt a small pang of hopelessness. On the Tian Yuan

Continent, strength determined everything, and his own strength was currently insufficient. Because of the Hua Yun Sect, he had to forsake his name, his image, his home and his kingdom. In regards with such a predicament, not only was he unable to do anything, but even one of the four major clans in Lore City, his Changyang Clan, was powerless to stop the Hua Yun Sect.

“Ai!” Jian Chen sighed. At that moment, he could not help but recall the image of his mother’s sorrowfully crying face when he left.

After thinking back to that, Jian Chen’s eyes softened momentarily before rapidly becoming firm. After that moment, he had promised himself that he would dedicate himself to cultivation and improving his strength. Otherwise, under the great power of the Hua Yun Sect, he would never be able to return to the Gesun Kingdom and see his mother again. More importantly, he would never be able to feel motherly love ever again.

The previous Jian Chen was an orphan and had never known what maternal love was. The heavens had not only granted him a new shot at life, but also a blessed family life. Jian Chen had treasured the feelings he felt from his relationship with his mother.

Even those who were born into a happy family wouldn’t be able to experience what Jian Chen had felt. As someone who lived an entire life in isolation, he had always desired family. But because he had always been in solitude, his heart had only known what it felt like to be alone.

Next to the empty gates, roughly 200 soldiers stood by and stared down every single person that entered and exited the city. Whenever someone had an unclear face, they would be stopped by the soldiers and be compared with the portrait before finally being allowed to continue.

Although the soldiers had blocked many strong mercenaries, none were in a hurry. This was because outside of Gesun Kingdom’s boundary, the fort had over ten thousand soldiers and didn’t lack in experts at all. So if a battle broke out, it would be obvious who would be the loser.

The doors to the fort were gigantic; even if five caravans were to enter side by side, they would not block the road at all. As Jian Chen and his caravans slowly walked forward, another smaller caravan sped up from behind. As they saw the gates of the fort approach, they started to speak.

“Who exactly is this guy in the portrait and how is it that he’s being chased by everyone? I didn’t think that even Gesun Kingdom’s border forts would have this portrait tacked up as well.”

“It looks like this guy broke countless laws; I’ve already been to three cities and saw this portrait posted everywhere. Even the Mercenary Union has put out a warrant for his arrest.”

“That’s right, this guy is definitely someone who broke a few major laws, or annoyed someone of great influence. Right now, the Mercenary Union has already given him an A ranked bounty with no restriction to the rank required to take it. So even a D ranked mercenary could cash in on this bounty.”

“Exactly, the commission for this is extremely high; as long as we have information on his location, that’s already 1000 Purple Coins. And if they capture him with this information, then that’s another 4000 Purple Coins.”

“A few thousand is nothing; if we personally capture and bring him to the Hua Yun Sect, that’s ten thousand Purple Coins. Ten thousand coins, the thought is terrifying. I wouldn’t be able to spend ten thousand Purple Coins in a single lifetime!”

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Hearing the merchants talk about the portrait, Mu Yun turned to Jian Chen and laughed, “I don’t know what type of crime this Changyang Xiang Tian committed in order to have the Hua Yun Sect spend so much money to go after him, but it can’t possibly be a justifiable sentence, since the portrait there says he is only at the level of a Primary Saint. How strange, how could a Primary Saint garner so much hate from the Hua Yun Sect? Could it be that this Changyang Xiang Tian got caught peeking at the Hua Yun Sect’s daughter while she took a bath?”

Hearing Mu Yun talk, Jian Chen could only laugh. He helplessly looked at Mu Yuan, “Brother Mu Yun, I have lived in the Gesun Kingdom for over a dozen years and more, and heard much about the Hua Yun Sect. However, I have only heard about the sect leader having a son, not a daughter. So sneakily watching his daughter take a bath doesn’t seem to be possible.”

Mu Yun threw a dirty look at Jian Chen, “What do you know, who says the Hua Yun Sect leader has no daughter? This can’t possibly be confirmed, maybe she’s hidden from the rest of the world.”

Jian Chen helplessly shook his head, deciding in his heart to no longer argue with Mu Yun about whether the Hua Yun Sect leader really had a daughter or not.

The caravan didn’t run into any obstructions at the fort, and Jian Chen’s appearance easily passed through without trouble. No one could tell his looks were fake since Jian Chen was an expert of disguise; so even though he had only used a few common herbs, his disguise was flawless.

Moreover, this disguise technique was something that was passed down to Jian Chen as he wandered about in his previous world. It looked simple, but was actually quite profound, and couldn’t be learnt easily. In this world, this type of method was not yet invented, so it was natural no one would think twice about it. As long as his face didn’t tear up, then no one would be able to find out.

After passing through the border fort, they were greeted with plains that stretched farther than the eye could see. There were very few people, and the road only had a few caravans on it. This was the road that was not under any control from the kingdoms, and was just a unregulated chaotic piece of land. Robbers and bandits roamed around these parts, so caravans generally grouped together with others and hired strong mercenaries to protect them.

This stretch of land was very large as well; a single day of traveling only got them a quarter of the way there. If they wanted to reach the Blue Wind Kingdom, they would also have to pass through a mountain range to get to the border fort. With the speed the caravans were going, if they wanted to reach the fort, they would need at least ten days. Even if the road was flat, they wouldn’t be able to go any faster, since the caravans were burdened with large carts of goods.

As the day grew dark, the caravan stopped to set up for the night. The mercenaries set up camp around the caravans, while the caravan drivers unloaded fodder for the horses to eat.

A plume of smoke billowed up from the camps as a few of the mercenaries sat down to roast some magical beast meat or some pre-made food for them to eat. However, not all of them sat together; a few of the mercenaries stood off by the side and began to eat their own rations.

Jian Chen took out a tent from his Space Belt and then looked for a dry and flat piece of land to set it up. Since he wasn't a part of any mercenary group, he was not able to use the provisions provided for those that were hired. Jian Chen had to take responsibility for anything he used without any assistance from the caravans.

Right as Jian Chen finished pitching his tent, Mu Yun suddenly walked up to Jian Chen and said, "Jian Chen, it seems like you only joined this caravan halfway through. Where do you plan to go?"

Jian Chen nodded and said: "I want to go to the Blue Wind Kingdom. What about you, brother Mu Yun?"

Mu Yun laughed and said, "I wish to go the Cage Kingdom, which means I'll have to pass through the Blue Wind Kingdom." As he spoke, his hand also withdrew a tent from his Space Belt and he began to set it up not too far away from Jian Chen's tent.

Chapter 72: Boundless Bandits

As dusk arrived, Jian Chen finished his rations and went into his tent. With a Class 1 Monster Core in hand, he started to cultivate. Now that he was traveling the Tian Yuan continent, there would be dangers lurking around every corner. This meant that he had to be strong in order to stay safe. Thus, Jian Chen didn't dare to squander even a second in order to increase his strength. Not only that, but he knew that if he grew stronger, then he would be able to return to the Gesun Kingdom and reunite with his family without fear of the Hua Yun Sect. Otherwise, if he dared to show his face there, he would be chased to the ends of the earth by the sect.

Right now the outside was relatively peaceful. There was only the occasional sound of footsteps being heard as a few of the mercenaries patrolled around the campsite.

The time quietly passed as it became late. At that moment, all of the mercenaries in their tents were sound asleep, and the mercenaries that were patrolling were drowsy to the point of being in an unfocused state.

Just then, a dark blade flashed. It traveled under the cover of the night and silently slashed the neck of one of the patrolling mercenaries. This dark flash was clearly the result of an assassin's power, and with a soundless gurgle, the mercenary fell to the ground dead.

The dark flash had moved through the air silently and quickly. No one could sense this blade coming. Since the campgrounds were wide, and the target had been a lone mercenary standing in a remote place, there was no way anyone could possibly notice his death before he fell to the ground.

Right as the first mercenary fell to the ground, countless dark flashes flew out towards the camp and killed all of the mercenaries patrolling a bit far from camp.

Jian Chen wasn't too far away from the campsite, and so when the mercenaries fell to the ground, there was one that fell only 30 meters away from Jian Chen. The crossed legged Jian Chen's ear shook from the sound he heard as his eyes abruptly flew open. Looking around, Jian Chen bent forward to open the tent flap just a crack to see what was happening outside.

Just as Jian Chen opened up the flap to his tent to check up on what was happening outside, another flash of light could be seen as it shot through a patrolling mercenary. Like the others, this man also fell to the ground without a sound.

Jian Chen's eyes widened in surprise at this sight. It was clear to him that the caravan was under attack, but with his previous experience, he did not panic. Roaring loudly from his tent, he yelled, "Everyone be careful, we are under attack!"

Jian Chen let loose a loud roar that could be heard clearly throughout the campsite. With his warning, the previously peacefully quiet campsite erupted into noise as countless mercenaries came bursting out from their tents. In just a short moment, hundreds of mercenaries making a racket had appeared in the previously undisturbed camp.

Jian Chen's words were common to all those that had traveled throughout the Tian Yuan continent. Those who lived by their weapons were extremely sensitive to sound, and so when they heard Jian Chen, they immediately came charging out of their tents. However, as everyone came rushing from their tents, they looked around themselves and could only see their own mercenaries without any signs of an enemy.

"An enemy? Where's the enemy..."

"Who was the one that yelled, I don't see anyone..."

"Where's the enemy, who's the motherf*cker that cried wolf..."

Many of the mercenaries began to cry out loud in anger. If they found the guy who cried wolf, then he wouldn't be let off easily.

"Not good, Captain Lang Tian, the sentry Du Mu Lan has died!"

Just as many of the mercenaries were cursing out loud, another yell came crying loudly over the others, causing many to turn their heads.

Hearing that, every single mercenary turned towards the cry in dead silence. At the same time, another three flashes of light came flying through towards the group, and slammed straight into three mercenaries' chests.

The three mercenaries that were hit didn't even have the opportunity to even cry out before they slumped to the ground. But before they could even hit the floor, another three streaks of lights flew out and claimed the lives of another three mercenaries.

The streaks of black light never ceased to fly out towards the mercenaries. Under the guise of the night, it was hard for the people to figure out where they were coming from or where they were aimed at.

Since the light was shooting at a fast pace, a dozen mercenaries had already succumbed to the attack before anyone could even react. At this time, a mercenary finally cried out in terror, "Be careful, enemies are atta-..." But before he could finish his sentence, a streak of light flew towards him and killed him.

“Everyone scatter and take cover!” Another mercenary yelled. It was a large middle aged man with a scar on his face. Two red hammers materialized in his hands as he charged towards the direction of where the attack came from.

“Captain Lang Tian, be careful...”

Watching the man charge towards the direction of the enemy, many of the mercenaries cried out in concern.

As the man charged ahead, a few dozen of the stronger mercenaries began to follow his lead, and started to rush towards the source of the attacks.

But the streaks of light continued to fly out; this time they had changed targets and began to hit those mercenaries that were starting to come towards them.

Although this was a hasty charge without knowing all the information, these dozen mercenaries were not weak. The still charging Captain Lang Tian swung out with his twin red hammers and lit up the area around them like a striking lantern.

As he saw two flashes of light head towards him, Lang Tian sneered and swung out his hammers, smashing them away from him.

As the two hit each other, Lang Tian’s hammers completely smashed through the rays of light. Silently, the light disappeared; although they were strong enough to take another person’s life, they weren’t strong enough to withstand an actual attack.

The mercenaries behind Lang Tian weren’t weak either, and without fear, their Saint Weapons began to form and destroy the black lights that were aimed at them.

At that time, another situation had occurred; an ear piercing whistle broke the silence. As the mercenaries turned their heads towards the sound, they could only see a large concentration of arrows flying at them, like a swarm of locusts.

Seeing the amount of arrows, a few dozen of the mercenaries immediately stopped their charge and took cover.

“Ding ding ding ding...”

The arrows immediately landed against their Saint Weapons, creating a cacophony of sound.

Lang Tian and a few other mercenaries didn’t bother to stop their charge. Faced with the storm of arrows, many of the mercenaries only snarled loudly and used their Saint Force to completely enwrap themselves. Although the layer was very thin, its defensive power was extremely strong. These arrows were shrugged off as they fell to the ground, completely unable to pierce through the protective layering.

“Fellow brothers, let’s kill!”

Just as the mercenaries were about to follow the initial charge into the enemy grounds, a clear voice shouted out from the darkness of the night. The cry shook the heavens, and with it came a faint, dark shadow rushing towards the mercenaries.

“The bandits have come out, ready your arrows!”

Within the mercenary camp, a mercenary cried out to warn them as many of them started to notch their bows. Aiming at the blurs, they waited for the right distance before they fired.

Jian Chen stood on the outskirts of the battle, his eyes hardening as he looked at the incoming shadows. Although they were still relatively far from the campsite and the night had rendered visibility to almost zero, Jian Chen could count out a few hundred shadows. This number wasn't any lower than the mercenaries' own number. Moreover, with the recent storm of arrows, a few of the mercenaries had been killed, further decreasing their numbers.

“Fire!”

By this point, the bandits had already entered firing range. With the command of one person, the hundred arrows were released into the air by the mercenaries and flew towards the bandits with an ear piercing whistle.

Amongst the bandits were a few strong ones, but the majority of them were fairly weak and so a few dozen of them fell victim to the storm of arrows.

Three more streaks of light came flying out silently from behind the bandits and took the lives of three of the mercenary archers. Those three streaks of light left small finger sized holes in them as they fell to the ground.

The frequency of the streaks of light was high and always came in groups of three. In a short while, a total of nine archers fell dead.

Seeing the wounds on the mercenaries' corpses, a middle aged man called out, “Everyone be careful, there's a dark attribute Saint amongst the bandits.”

As he spoke, another three rays of light came flying out towards the man that had just spoke.

The middle aged man was by no means weak. His face hardened as a shiny axe appeared in his right hand, which he then used to chop the streaks of black light.

“Bang!”

The streak of black light clashed with the middle aged man's axe, causing a giant explosion of sound before they disappeared.

The man shook slightly as his face hardened. “Damn it, the enemies have three dark attributed Saints who are specialized archers. In this area, only the Boundless Bandits have this type of power.”

“Vice Captain Liu, what are you saying, could it be these are the Boundless Bandits?”

“Good heavens, these are the Boundless Bandits...”

“What a disaster, to think we came across the Boundless Bandits...”

Chapter 73: Boundless Bandit (Two)

Upon hearing the name Boundless bandits, every mercenary's face fell.

“Boundless Bandits!” Jian Chen’s eyebrows furrowed together. He wasn’t very familiar with this bandit group. When he had read the books in both Changyang Mansion and Kargath Library, the only thing he was able to learn about the Boundless Bandits was that they were a very strong bandit group that had existed for 200 years already.

The Boundless Bandits were a strong group from the very beginning. They wandered about the borders of several kingdoms and were any caravan’s worst nightmare. The Boundless Bandits were ruthless and whenever they robbed merchants, they never left any survivors. Countless mercenaries died due to the Boundless Bandits, and the Boundless Bandits had occasionally attacked many villages and even some minor cities. In the past, two Class 3 cities had been plundered by them, and a Class 2 city had suffered tremendous damage from them. With every village they massacred, it further enhanced their reign of terror and caused merchants to fear traveling to faraway places. This in turn incurred great losses for some of the major kingdoms.

At that time, the Four Great Kingdoms: the Gesun Kingdom, the Blue Moon Kingdom, the Blue Wind Kingdom, and the Var Kingdom had finally discovered the main hideout of the Boundless Bandits, and sent their soldiers to annihilate them. Unfortunately, the Boundless Bandits had power beyond what was anticipated, and although the Four Great Kingdoms had succeeded in the end, they had suffered disastrous casualties.

After a few unsuccessful attempts, the Four Great Kingdoms each sent their strongest expert to fight the Boundless Bandits at their main base—Boundless Mountain. Those four experts came to Boundless Mountain and fought so hard that the entire mountain shook and split open. The explosions of battle lasted for one day and one night before gradually stopping. Sometime during the battle, the six peaks of the mountain had caved in.

When the experts from the Four Great Kingdom had returned, their faces were not a pretty sight. They didn’t say anything and left quickly; soon after, the commander of the mission to annihilate the Boundless Bandits had immediately received an order from the king for all the troops to retreat from Boundless Mountain.

Although no one had personally seen what the experts from the Four Great Kingdoms had done inside the mountain, even those without a brain could guess what events had transpired. This result was something the mercenaries and merchants had a hard time accepting, and so as a result, the Boundless Bandit’s reputation skyrocketed. To some mercenaries and merchants, the Boundless Bandits had become a mythical figure that was feared by quite a few of the neighboring kingdoms.

However, there was still one good thing; after the experts had fought them on Boundless Mountain, the Boundless Bandits’ activities decreased drastically. Even though many merchants and mercenaries still died by their hand every year, it didn’t happen as often as in the past. It only occurred once every two months and their methods weren’t as violent as before. This gave the merchants plenty of opportunities. The only downside was that they couldn’t predict the times when the Boundless Bandits would attack. Thus, even if some of the caravans wanted to travel at specific times in order to avoid the bandits, it was an impossible task.

“Motherf*cker, the Boundless Bandits aren’t anything, this one will chop them down like grass.” A mercenary cried out with hatred as he charged towards the Boundless Bandits without a trace of fear in his eyes.

Aside from him, all the other mercenaries had looked at the incoming Boundless Bandits with looks of extreme hatred as well. The Boundless Bandits had killed numerous mercenaries and merchants, and even some of their family members and close friends had been murdered by these bandits. So in their hearts, the mercenaries’ initial fears had been overtaken by their intense hatred.

As travelers who depended on their strengths in order to survive as mercenaries, their murderous nature overtook their normally upright morality, and made them into men who feared nothing, not even death.

“10 years ago, my own father was killed by the hands of the Boundless Bandits. Today, I will take revenge for my father.” A 20 year old mercenary glared at the incoming bandits with blood red eyes. Grief and rage had consumed him along with hatred.

Another older man around the age of ** looked at them with fierce killing intent as he said through his teeth, “The Boundless Bandits killed my brother 5 years ago. Even if I sacrifice my life today, I’ll take the life of at least one of them to serve as the funerary mat in revenge for my brother!”

The black streaks of light continued to come at them without pause. Even now, a few of the mercenary archers were still falling prey to the strange ray of light. While a few of the mercenaries tried to take cover, the others continued to fire arrows at the incoming bandits.

As the bandits got closer and closer, many of the mercenaries became more frantic. The amount of bandits rushing at them had a major influence on the mercenaries, and scared many of them into retreating. Their rebellious spirit was gone, since not everyone was willing to fight back — there were some that were more cowardly in the mercenary ranks.

Seeing how the mercenaries were slowly losing control of the situation, a middle aged man began to worry and shouted, “Do not panic! These are only a small portion of the Boundless Bandits, they’re no stronger than us. As long as we work together, we can defeat them. Otherwise, we will all die together. Brothers, for our lives, we must come together!”

Hearing the middle aged man, even the most cowardly mercenaries had felt some courage return to their hearts. If they wanted to survive, they would need to fight. Their fierce desire to survive forced them to abandon their cowardly nature, and they were now prepared to risk their lives.

The mercenaries tried to think of any possible ways to dodge the dark streaks of light while continuing to shoot at the bandits. After a good hundred bandits were killed, the Boundless Bandits finally arrived in front of the mercenaries. By this point, each mercenary had already fired their last arrow, and so they dropped their bows and summoned their Saint Weapons to engage the Boundless Bandits in close combat.

“Ah!”

“Ah!”

The two sides began to roar, their cries piercing the heavens as their weapons collided against each other. But the mercenaries were still not able to see behind the bandits, and the streaks of black lights were still able to precisely strike at each mercenary without fail. Within a few moments, a dozen mercenaries had fallen.

“The captain is being stalled by the bandit experts. Charles, Ge Sen Er and Mel, you three follow me. We’ll definitely find the hiding spots of the archers.” An armored mercenary cried out over the chaos of the moment. Straight after saying that, he leapt over the body of a bandit and charged towards the source of the black streaks.

As the armored mercenary charged, the three other mercenaries mentioned leapt to follow him. Using the heads of the bandits to block the streaks of black light, they continued onwards.

The four mercenaries leapt over the fallen bandits; the other bandits standing had no chance against them. Although the Boundless Bandits were strong enough as a whole to rival kingdoms, this small portion wasn’t enough. Moreover, their elite members were already blocked by a few experts during the initial charge, so there weren’t any strong bandits remaining to block the four mercenaries.

Another three streaks of light came flying out at the four mercenaries. Clearly, the hidden dark attributed archers had figured out the intentions of the mercenaries.

Straight after the first three streaks were shot, another three black streaks came flying straight behind, making it a total of six streaks that silently approached the four mercenaries.

The four mercenaries weren’t weak and were actually far stronger than the mercenaries on patrol. Each one of them summoned their Saint Weapons and smashed against the streaks of light with them. When the two collided, the black lights directly dissipated. The mercenaries’ paces didn’t falter in the slightest as they continued to charge towards the bandit archers. All four of them knew that if they didn’t resolve the issues with the archers, then their mercenary group would continue to take on heavy losses.

Although the three mercenary groups had several hundred people, their strengths in the mercenary world were all lower ranked ones. The mercenaries were generally at the level of a Saint. Those who were a Great Saint were very few. There were only a few Great Saint Masters in this group: the three Mercenary Captains and the vice captain. However, the four of them were currently engaged in battle with the experts on the bandit side, and did not have time to find the archers.

The moment the four mercenaries escaped from view, the streaks of black light stopped as well. Whether or not they had taken care of the archers, they at the very least had gained some precious time for the mercenaries. After all, the black streaks of light were detrimental to the mercenaries, since they couldn’t be easily seen under the night. Their travel speeds were also extremely fast, and so the weaker mercenaries would have no way of spotting the lights.

With the hidden danger gone, the mercenaries no longer had to protect themselves from any long ranged attacks. They could now fight against the bandits with 100% of their power and tear them apart.

By this point, every single mercenary threw away all fear they had for the Boundless Bandits. For the sake of surviving, all of them were using their utmost efforts to kill the bandits, only hoping to end up victorious.

The battle rose to an ear deafening point as Saint Weapons clashed against each other and blood splashed everywhere throughout the battlefield. As the war went on, dozens of people from both sides fell victim to the other side.

Jian Chen had also entered the battle, despite using only his Saint power. However, his formidable fighting strength was definitely enough to shock anyone. They could only see Jian Chen's use his Profound Steps to evade the attacks coming from every direction. In his hand, he had only a silver sword that was 1.3 meters long and 2 fingers wide. It constantly flashed in his hand at lightning fast speeds. His pierces were so fast that only a thin ribbon of silver light would flicker across as he moved; there was no way the naked eye could catch a glimpse of the sword's material form.

Jian Chen's sword was not only fast but it was also one that nobody could defend against. Moreover, his swordplay was extremely precise. Every time his sword pierced outwards, he could accurately stab the enemy in the throat, killing the enemy in one attack. There were very few people at the same level of strength as him that could evade Jian Chen's lightning-fast sword.

Chapter 74: Fierce Battle

Jian Chen was able to fight against his enemies alone. The battlefield around him was filled with desolate screams, and blood splashed everywhere. To Jian Chen, this was already a common sight, so it didn't disturb him in the slightest.

Jian Chen continued to stab out with his sword, after every attack another Boundless Bandit would fall. With his lightning fast speed, enemies of equal strength weren't able to keep up with Jian Chen's flow for more than three moves, and even more of them were instantly killed with only a single blow to the throat.

In terms of strength, Jian Chen was lower ranked when compared to the bandits. However, when it came to killing bandits, no one could compare to Jian Chen. In the span of a few minutes, over a few dozen bandits had been killed by him, drenching his Light Wind Sword with blood. Jian Chen's clothes on the other hand, still maintained their pure, cottony, white and brown, as not a single splash of blood landed on them.

Unknowingly, Jian Chen had penetrated into the core of the bandits. Boundless Bandits surrounded him for 20 meters in every direction with no fellow mercenary in sight. The closest few were fighting in small groups of three to five on the outskirts of the bandit's vanguard.

"Kill!" Three of the Boundless Bandits cried as they charged at Jian Chen with a bloodthirsty roar. With a lift of their Saint Weapons, they slashed down in hopes of chopping Jian Chen in half.

Jian Chen immediately flew forward like a speed demon towards one of the incoming bandits. His Light Wind Sword flashed with a blood red color as it shot towards the bandit's throat.

Jian Chen was an expert with the sword, when he made his move he did it fast, the bandit's had no time to react. He could only see the bloody flash come towards his neck, then the next thing he knew, he couldn't breathe. It was almost as if something was blocking his throat, so he couldn't yell either. Immediately, a trickle of blood came flowing from his neck as the bandit fell to the ground without making another sound.

Even in his final moments, the bandit didn't realize that he was dying; perhaps he didn't even know his throat had been pierced by Jian Chen's sword. Because Jian Chen's swordplay was so fast, the bandit didn't have time to react. Moreover, the blade was so thin that he did not even feel pain from the stab.

Even after the Light Wind Sword had pierced the bandit's throat, Jian Chen didn't stop moving. The other two bandits had already gotten close, readying their weapons to slash down towards him.

Facing the two bandits who were preparing their weapons, Jian Chen did not look panicked at all. With a calm face, he grabbed his sword and used the Profound Steps to approach the two bandits at rapid speeds. At the same time, the blood red sword in his hand lashed out and stabbed one of the two bandits in the throat.

The Light Wind Sword met no resistance as the stabbed bandit didn't react at all. It pierced deeply through his throat, and with a fluid motion, Jian Chen pulled it out and stabbed the third bandit as well.

Every single stab from Jian Chen had been extremely fast, the naked eye wouldn't be able to keep up. No one would be able to avoid his strokes, and so the third bandit would definitely not be able to survive a blow to his throat either.

To Jian Chen, killing people was already as common as breathing. Seeing the life escaping from people was nothing uncommon, and he never hesitated over taking a bandit's life. And so the Light Wind Sword continued to fly out towards the bandits.

Amongst the fierce clash, no one was safe from this battle. Even the caravan drivers who weren't Saints were grouped together with a few mercenaries fending off the bandits.

The battle was causing both sides to rapidly lose numbers; both the bandits and the mercenaries suffered from disastrous casualties. Aside from Jian Chen, who was still completely clean of blood, everyone else was drenched in it; some were covered head to toe in both blood and wounds.

Although the bandits had a higher number of people than the mercenaries, their strength and teamwork were lacking in discipline in comparison to the mercenaries, who had spent a good portion of their time with each other. So when the two fought, despite having superior numbers, the bandits were fighting on equal grounds with the mercenaries.

Jian Chen continued to travel back and forth as he dodged attacks from all directions, while stabbing out with his bloody Light Wind Sword towards each bandit's heart and throat. Almost each move was a fatal blow, and for those who did not get hit in one of those two areas, Jian Chen's sword still left severe injuries deep enough to see bone. None of the bandits around him had any way of fighting back against Jian Chen; most of them couldn't even see his sword move. Whenever the bandits slashed with their weapons, at the most crucial point, Jian Chen would evade the swing. Before they could understand what had just happened, they would all fall to the floor dead.

The amount of bandits killed at Jian Chen's hands was growing in number. Gradually, all of the bandits were starting to recognize Jian Chen's strength, and began to distance themselves from him. After all, in such a tense situation like this, no one was willing to send themselves to die that foolishly.

"Your grace has such amazing skill, allow me to test it out." At that moment, a deep voice growled out before a cyan colored ray of light shot towards Jian Chen rapidly.

Feeling the energy leak away from the cyan streak of light, Jian Chen's face changed suddenly as he realized this newcomer was very strong. The enemy was so strong, in fact, that Jian Chen did not dare to go head on against him; otherwise he would take on serious injuries.

The cyan streak of light traveled quickly through the air. In a flash, it had already reached Jian Chen. At that moment, Jian Chen's face hardened, as he immediately focused his body to the extreme and leapt to the side to dodge it.

The attack had brushed against Jian Chen's shoulder before slamming into the ground with a loud "Bang!", leaving behind a huge hole.

Jian Chen immediately retreated 15 meters away from his enemy, before stopping to take a look at the hole in the ground, then lifting his head back up. In the night, Jian Chen could make out the figure of the one that had attacked him so fiercely.

Seeing his attacker to be around 30 or 40 years old male, Jian Chen didn't think the man was sturdy looking at all. His plain looking clothes caused the man to appear extremely ordinary. If the man didn't have his right hand raised up to its full height with a cyan colored Guan Dao in his hand, he would not look threatening at all. Nothing about him was remarkable enough to draw a person's attention towards him.

Translation Note: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Guandao>

While Jian Chen was measuring the male in front of him, the man was calmly staring back at Jian Chen while saying, "You're quite strong, so your opponent has to be me!" He looked at Jian Chen with an even stare. It seemed as if Jian Chen was the only one in his eyes right now; the man seemed to completely ignore the screams and shouts ringing out around them.

Jian Chen's vision slowly swept his surroundings. The man stood in a position amongst the bandits that clearly stated his status wasn't low. Although there were still plenty of bandits around Jian Chen, once they had seen the man fight against Jian Chen, they had all started to drift towards other mercenaries to fight.

Jian Chen's face changed as he realized that this would be the first life or death battle he would be involved in ever since his arrival in this new world. Despite being a veteran of over a hundred battles, and having confidence that he was unrivalled in the ways of the sword, Jian Chen was not at all sure that he would be able to land a killing blow on this new person. Based on the man's previous attack, the man's strength was stronger than his own, and since the man's attribute was wind, his movements wouldn't be any slower either.

The middle aged man looked at Jian Chen and slowly brought his Guan Dao higher into the air. The blade of the Guan Dao enwrapped itself in a cyan glow as the wind slowly revolved around the man.

Taking note of the man's movement, Jian Chen's focus reached its peak as he prepared himself. Even if he were to use the Profound Steps, his enemy's strength was far too strong, and with his wind attribute Saint Force that made him specialized in speed, he didn't dare find out what the outcome would be.

"Ha!"

Suddenly, the man shouted loudly and dashed forward at a mighty speed towards Jian Chen. The middle aged man's speed was almost terrifying, and in the blink of an eye, the Guan Dao was almost invisible as it swung down onto Jian Chen's neck.

Jian Chen's head tilted to the side as the Guan Dao swept past his head. As the blade came downwards, a few strands of hair were cut from Jian Chen's head.

As Jian Chen's head bent to one side, he leaned his body forward and immediately strided out. Rapidly closing in onto the man, his Light Wind Sword flashed with a bloody red as it lashed out like lightning towards the man's heart.

Against the stronger male, Jian Chen was pulling out all of the stops without hesitation. Jian Chen's speed was so fast that it was his current physical limit; in the blink of an eye, the Light Wind Sword had already hit the middle aged man's stomach. The tip of the sword immediately became wrapped in Sword Qi as it pierced through the man's body.

Seeing the tip of the sword pierced his body, the middle aged man's expression suddenly changed to one of shock. However, the middle aged man reacted soon afterwards, and the strong Saint Force from within him had been drained. The ultimate form of a weapon being to able to fiercely attack and defend at close range was important. Although, the Saint Force surrounding his body was just as thin as he thought it was initially.

Chapter 75: Fighting a Saint Master

The Light Wind Sword was like a hot knife cutting through butter as it split apart the man's Saint Force. Despite this, the force of his thrust decreased as it was forced through his protective shell. The tip of the sword didn't falter at all as it continued to stab through towards the middle aged man. The initial two defenses the man had put up had been smashed to pieces, but by the time the Light Wind Sword broke through the hindrances, the man had already drawn upon his wind attribute Saint Force to immediately propel himself backwards.

The middle aged man stood a few meters away as he stared at Jian Chen hard in the face. His own expression hardened as he spoke, "What incredible speed."

Jian Chen looked back at the man without saying a word. He felt okay even after pushing himself to his limits. He had pushed his speed to a rate he had never achieved before. But his attack was essentially dodged by the man, so if Jian Chen wanted to land a killing blow on this man in the future, it would be a lot harder. After all, the man's strength was not weaker than Jian Chen's, and he was also a wind attribute Saint. He would definitely specialize in speed. In other words, it could be said that against this middle-aged man, Jian Chen had lost any type of advantage.

Regardless of how exquisite his swordplay was, if it wasn't faster than the opponent's reaction time, everything would be of no use. In addition, since there was a great difference in their strengths, Jian Chen didn't dare to fight the middle-aged man at close quarters.

"Your strength has already reached Saint Master, right?" Jian Chen asked, his gaze fixed on the middle-aged man opposite of him.

The man didn't bother to hide his shock, "Correct, my strength is at the Middle Saint Master level." After saying that, he broke off from talking before looking at Jian Chen with an odd stare, "Your strength on the other hand isn't all that strong, and neither is your wind attribute. Your speed just now wasn't slow at all though, so I'm not sure how exactly you reached such a speed." The man said in a curious tone. Right now his mind really wanted to know the answer. As a person with the wind attribute, if he was beaten in any other aspects, he wouldn't have thought much about it. But in terms of surpassing him in speed, this raised a question that he couldn't easily give up on solving. Jian Chen had beaten him in speed while having much less strength than him and without having a wind attributed Saint Force, so the man couldn't help but be curious.

"My apologies, but I have no comment about this question." Jian Chen replied evenly.

Hearing this, the other man's stare hardened as he sneered, "If you tell me what trick you did in order to make yourself faster, then I will let you leave this place alive. Otherwise, hmph, do you think you could be a match for me with that type of speed?"

"Whether or not I am able to keep up, why don't you come and see?" Jian Chen replied to the man's threat. Jian Chen wasn't scared; on the contrary, he was now fully prepared to fight as he clenched the still bloody Light Wind Sword. It continued to emit Sword Qi from the tip of the blade, and it surrounded Jian Chen's entire body.

The man continued to stare at Jian Chen; the glare in his eye never receded. In his mind, he still had some misgivings about Jian Chen's speed. Although Jian Chen had such a fast rate of speed, he did not have a wind attributed Saint Force, so he did not have the inborn advantage that the middle aged man had. Still, he wasn't able to replicate Jian Chen's speed himself—dodging the sword strike from earlier had taken all of his strength to pull off. If he was just a tiny bit slower, then the man had no doubts that his own heart would have been pierced straight through. For that reason, he was somewhat afraid of the consequences of fighting against Jian Chen.

Not only that, but looking at Jian Chen's unblemished clothes, he could roughly guess how fast Jian Chen could move without breaking a sweat. If Jian Chen could move so fast continuously like this, then it would eventually take a huge strain on him.

Seeing how the man wasn't attacking, Jian Chen also began to idle about, and began to slowly watch every single movement. Jian Chen knew that in this case, where his speed was slower than his enemy, then his chances of landing a fatal blow on the man would be practically non-existent. All he could do now was to hinder the man so that he wouldn't be able to kill the weaker mercenaries. If he waited long enough, then the mercenary experts would come back and help deal with him instead of Jian Chen.

The fighting didn't stop as the two stared at each other. The sounds of battle could still be heard, as both sides kept losing more of their numbers. The floor was dyed red with blood to the point that on some bumpy ground, puddles of blood had formed.

The bandits continued to fight with everything they had. The people who managed to survive were excellent figures that had either outstanding brains or brawn. At the moment, both the mercenaries and bandits had an equal amount of people.

The two continued to stand there before finally, one of them made a move. With the wind enwrapping the Guan Dao, the blade resembled a crescent moon in the night as the man ran towards Jian Chen with the 2 meter long blade in hand.

Seeing the man come forward to attack, Jian Chen's eyes flashed dangerously as he brought his Light Wind Sword up in preparation to defend.

The man brought his cyan Guan Dao down towards Jian Chen's head at an extremely fast speed.

Since he was fighting a Middle Saint Master, Jian Chen didn't plan on meeting this attack head on, and nimbly dodged to the side.

However, as Jian Chen stabbed with his sword, the man's Guan Dao changed direction in midair and whistled through the air, as it parried Jian Chen's sword.

Jian Chen's face changed as he immediately brought back his sword, reluctant to go against the man's Guan Dao.

Jian Chen's Light Wind Sword was the equivalent to his Saint Force's life. His life was connected to the frail looking sword, so if his sword were to be injured, then Jian Chen's own life would be too. And if his Light Wind Sword were to break then Jian Chen would lose all of his cultivation, and his life would be threatened.

On the Tian Yuan Continent, the cases in which people had died due to their Saint Weapons being broken were commonly seen. It practically happened everywhere. But with the Saint Weapon being a representation of one's inner Saint Force's condensation, when summoned outside the body, it would become unimaginably hard. Moreover, it would grow harder as the owner improved. Thus, unless one were to fight someone stronger than him by a large amount, their Saint Weapons would never break.

Since his opponent's strength was already at the Middle Saint Master, he was higher than Jian Chen's strength by two whole levels. So if Jian Chen's Light Wind Sword were to collide against the man's Guan Dao, then he would definitely take some damage. Jian Chen couldn't afford this happening, so he had to try to avoid a collision between the weapons at all cost; after all, he would be the only one to suffer from a loss.

Once again dodging the man's attack, Jian Chen noticed the man's defenses momentarily showing a large gap. Taking advantage of the rare opportunity, Jian Chen immediately moved towards the man with a silent Profound Steps and stabbed the Light Wind Sword towards the man's back with a red flash. The sword whistled silently as it traveled through the air, the sound making it seem like the sword had cut through the air itself. Its speed had reached its peak as it approached the man's back. Enveloped with Sword Qi, the sword slashed through the man's clothing, and then embedded itself into his back, breaking through his skin.

Feeling a painful sensation in his back, the man's face changed immediately, but he displayed no signs of immediate panic. He hadn't been fully prepared for Jian Chen's speed, so the wound on his back continued to spray blood as his Saint Force condensed itself to take care of his wounds. At the same time, the man began to glow bright with cyan light as his speed started to increase rapidly. Before he could even leave a shadow on the ground or for Jian Chen's Light Wind Sword to completely stab into his back, the man immediately leaned towards the side and escaped from the Light Wind Sword's range.

The man had already guessed that Jian Chen would stab out with all his strength. At this moment Jian Chen's own guard was at its weakest. Thus, the middle aged man also grasped onto this difficult opportunity. Dodging the stab, he immediately brought his Guan Dao high into the air, causing the twinkling cyan color of light to resemble a dazzling moon in the night. With the Guan Dao left high in the air, it emitted a sharp glow as it flew towards Jian Chen. This blow contained all of the man's remaining strength.

Seeing how Jian Chen had fought earlier, the man had already known from previous experiences that Jian Chen would be a hard opponent. Due to Jian Chen's bountiful battle experience, he never had any holes in his defenses. So no matter if it was his attack or defense, his style of fighting could be said to be flawless, with absolutely no gaps. This was especially true since his sword had used all of Jian Chen's abilities this time. Most likely, the only situation where the man could've heavily damaged Jian Chen was if Jian Chen's technique wasn't strong enough. Thus, the middle-aged man didn't have the slightest intention of holding back this attack of his.

The Guan Dao streaked across the air so quickly, that if it was aimed towards weaker people, then they would have had no time to react at all.

"Hua!"

With an explosive shout, the man brought the cyan colored Guan Dao down towards the defenseless Jian Chen's head. From his upper body stroke, the Guan Dao did not decrease in speed at all and smashed fiercely into the ground.

The smash contained all of the man's strength as the Guan Dao exploded into the ground. The blade of the Guan Dao sent all of the surrounding dirt flying into the air, creating a huge hole a meter in diameter. At the same time, Jian Chen's silhouette had completely disintegrated due to this sudden move.

However on the man's face, not a single trace of happiness could be seen; instead, his face hardened in annoyance.

"An afterimage!" The man cried out in alarm. However, as his mind came to this conclusion, an intense feeling of a crisis struck the man's thoughts. Without hesitation, the man leapt towards the side with his natural reflexes, simultaneously picking up his Guan Dao from the ground and blindly swinging it behind himself.

"Ding!"

A loud sound could be heard as the man's Guan Dao swung back and suddenly collided with the Jian Chen's bloody sword.

Just as the sword and Guan Dao collided, Jian Chen's face suddenly changed. He immediately paled as he felt an intense churning sensation in his stomach, and he immediately retreated.

Chapter 76: Using Tai Ji Against the Enemy

Jian Chen retreated 20 meters before stopping. There was no longer an easy-going look on his face. Instead, he was now deathly pale.

There was just too much of a difference between their strengths. Jian Chen could only compete on even ground in terms of agility, but he had just taken a huge loss from the collision between their Saint Weapons. Although it hadn't done too much damage to him, the middle aged man's Saint Force was many times stronger than Jian Chen's, and that blow alone had caused his Light Wind Sword to transmit a huge shock wave which caused some minor internal injuries.

The man steadied himself as he stared down Jian Chen. This had been the third time he had nearly taken damage, so he didn't dare belittle Jian Chen anymore. Although Jian Chen was weaker than him, he was relying on a speed that was faster than the man's own. This was a major threat to the man, and he had acknowledged that Jian Chen was stronger than someone of the man's level.

However, as he looked at the state Jian Chen was in, he suddenly understood what had just happened and began to laugh, "Brat, I admit that you are very fast, but your strength is just far too weak." Without even waiting for Jian Chen to catch his breath, he immediately flew forward with his 2 meter long Guan Dao ready to cleave him in two.

Because of the collision between the Light Wind Sword and the Guan Dao, Jian Chen had suffered some damage. Since his opponent was two levels higher than himself and had reached Middle Saint level, the impacts of these light injuries were fatal. After all, Jian Chen had been able to use the Profound Steps to fight against his opponent during his peak state only. But now that he was in an injured state, he was no longer capable of being so nimble; dodging attacks had already expended his energy.

As the man continued to exchange blows with Jian Chen, he had realized that the threat Jian Chen originally was to him was slowly decreasing, causing his guard to similarly slacken. Using all of his strength, he struck out towards Jian Chen, hoping for a fatal blow. His speed was even faster than before.

With the man's speed growing faster, Jian Chen was using up more and more energy. If he was in perfect condition, then not only would Jian Chen have an easier time dodging the man, but he would have been able to fight back as well. But now that he was injured, he could only dodge without attacking, and since the man was quickly increasing his movement speed, Jian Chen's every dodge was getting more and more dangerous.

The man's blows were getting exponentially faster. He managed to attack dozens of times within an instant, and at this point, blood-stained cuts had appeared in Jian Chen's clothes, since he no longer had the ability to counter. However, it could be seen that Jian Chen's wounds weren't very deep.

The cyan colored light lit up the night as the man's Guan Dao cut through the night air towards Jian Chen.

Although Jian Chen tried his best to dodge the blade, his movements had already become a lot slower than before, and so he failed to dodge it completely. The Guan Dao left a cut so deep that the bone could be seen on his chest, and a torrent of blood started to leak out onto Jian Chen's clothes.

The man gave a fierce laugh as he continued to slash at him. Taking advantage of how Jian Chen didn't move away, the man drew closer. Lightning fast, he kicked out his right foot covered in a cyan light at Jian Chen's chest.

"Bang!"

The man's kick sent Jian Chen flying backwards like a bullet. While his body was in the air, Jian Chen couldn't help but spit out a mouthful of blood. As he flew 20 meters backwards past a few bandits before falling to the ground. Afterwards, Jian Chen spat out another mouthful of blood. By now, his face had turned deathly white.

With a cyan flash of light, the man strode over 20 meters towards the floored Jian Chen and sneered, "I'll give you this one last chance. If you tell me whatever secret it is that made you so fast, then I'll spare your life. If not, then you will die!" The man's eyes flashed with blazing curiosity, and his heart raced at the thought of becoming faster with Jian Chen's technique. To a wind attributed person, speed was an extremely crucial thing to him. Although he didn't dare to think that his speed would reach a new level, he was certain it would improve his strength and increase his position within the Boundless Bandits.

Thinking about this, the man felt extremely excited. He trembled almost as if he was angry, but he was actually stirred up from his emotions.

Jian Chen wiped away the blood from his mouth and slowly stood back up as he glared at the man with an icy look. With a small sneer, he said, "I'm afraid you're not strong enough for it." Despite just being dealt a serious injury, Jian Chen didn't seem to fear the difference in strength between them.

As he talked, Jian Chen was readjusting himself into a relaxed position, almost as if he wasn't bothering to guard himself. His right hand had loosened up his grip on his sword; his current state was completely different from the previous him..

Jian Chen's words caused the other man's face to sink. He snorted, "Brat, with your strength, you don't have the qualifications to say that. If you're not willing to tell me, then you'd better be prepared to suffer for your own actions." Mid-speech, the man had already started to run towards Jian Chen with his Guan Dao swinging down at Jian Chen's right shoulder.

Despite seeing the man approach, Jian Chen showed no signs of wanting to dodge. Instead, he brought his sword back up. Although his sword was moving at the same speed, it appeared as if the sword was as light as a feather, and was floating elegantly in the air. This was completely different from the killing intent he had previously displayed.

The Light Wind Sword and Guan Dao collided with each other without making any sound. Afterwards, the softer looking Light Wind Sword attached onto the Guan Dao like a maggot on a wound, and diverted the Guan Dao's original trajectory. The sword twisted itself in a circle a few times, and immediately transferred the momentum of the Guan Dao cleanly towards the side, causing it to fall to the ground.

The man's face changed as he looked at Jian Chen with amazement. Just now, he had been unable to control the movements of his own Guan Dao. If he had been facing an opponent that was only slightly weaker than him, then he wouldn't have been so amazed. But against Jian Chen who was by far the inferior person, the man was not really able to accept what had just happened.

"What technique was that?" The man asked with a look of disbelief.

"Tai Ji Jian" Jian Chen answered. When it came to Tai Ji Jian, he wasn't all that proficient at it. However, he had still been in contact with it enough times to understand the Tai Ji Jian's philosophy of "using softness to conquer strength"; it was the principle of deflecting weapons. Now that he was not only

weaker than his opponent, but also in a state where his energy was all but gone now, Jian Chen was forced to use the Tai Ji Jian techniques that he wasn't very proficient in to block the attack.

TL Note: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Taijijian>

Tai Ji Jian emphasized the idea of "using softness to conquer strength" in order for the weak to beat the strong. With the ability to deflect attacks in such a way, this would prove to be extremely beneficial to Jian Chen at this current moment. The only flaw was that Jian Chen only had a few ideas on what Tai Ji Jian was like, and was not good at it at all. After all, he was a master of the One Hand Swift Sword style. Nonetheless, it was proving helpful to Jian Chen against the man at that moment.

The man's eyebrows creased together as he ran the word through his head. Soon after, he shook his head and said, "Tai Ji Jian, I've never heard of it." His eyes looked at Jian Chen in a confused manner before laughing, "Brat, although you're quite weak, I didn't think you would know so many techniques. It seems that killing you would be a waste; I should capture you instead. This would be a pretty great favor towards you as well." The man moved towards Jian Chen once more with his Saint Force enhanced Guan Dao in hand. He had come to a decision that no matter what, he would capture Jian Chen. Although the Tai Ji Jian technique wasn't something he was extremely determined to learn, the man seriously wanted to figure out the technique that had allowed Jian Chen to move so fast.

Jian Chen used his Tai Ji Jian to deal with his opponent. With its profound ways of dealing with each attack from the man, the man felt as if he no longer had any control over his own Guan Dao.

Although he wasn't very proficient in it, Jian Chen's Tai Ji Jian made the man's strong strength seem practically non-existent. However, it was taking an extraordinary amount of effort on Jian Chen's part. Despite Tai Ji Jian allowing one to deflect and divert another person's attacks, Jian Chen was only just a Saint, so it was taking all of his energy to break away the man's monstrous strength from his Guan Dao and send it elsewhere. So while it looked easy to do, it was actually hard to pull off.

But using Tai Ji Jian was only a temporary defensive method, and not an offensive one. He could only block attacks without being able to capitalize on an opportunity to attack. If it weren't for the fact that his opponent was pressuring him with his attacks, then Jian Chen would definitely not use the Tai Ji Jian.

After a few more moments of close combat, the man was gradually getting angrier and angrier. Every single time he had struck out towards the weaker person, Jian Chen had used his strange technique to change the trajectory of his attack. This caused him to lose control of his Saint Weapon, and to him, this was utter humiliation.

"You bastard, I don't believe that this is all I can do to you!" The man flew into a rage. He was no longer able to contain his fury, as he continued to curse at Jian Chen fiercely.

Soon after, the man's strength grew even stronger, causing Jian Chen to struggle even more to defend himself. His face was already drenched with sweat as his Saint Force was slowly starting to dry up.

Chapter 77: Battle Skill

The man's wild attacks were pushing Jian Chen to his limit. After all, Jian Chen was still using all of his might to use his barely proficient knowledge of Tai Ji Jian to deflect the man's moves. Each time Jian Chen had blocked and diverted the enemy's Guan Dao, a large part of his Saint Force was used up. With

the both of them fiercely fighting it out, they had already used up more than half of their Saint Forces'. Since Jian Chen had a serious gash across his chest, he was starting to feel quite weak as time went on, even just blocking was getting harder now.

Jian Chen's beginning Saint strength was able to contend with a Middle Saint Master thanks to his higher expertise with the sword and his past experiences from the countless number of battles he had been in his past life. If it was another person with Jian Chen's strength, then it would be hard to say if they would be able to last 10 rounds against the man's storm-like blows.

After all, the difference between a Saint and a Saint Master was huge; there were at least two levels separating the two.

The cyan colored blade ripped through the air once more as it slashed down towards the Light Wind Sword. At last, Jian Chen wasn't able to deflect the Guan Dao's frightening power, and his sword was sent recoiling backwards. While the Light Wind Sword wasn't hurt in any way, it had been forced back into Jian Chen's chest with a loud bang.

The crash caused Jian Chen to be sent flying backwards 10 meters, before falling onto the ground. He spat out yet another mouthful of blood, filling the sky with droplets of it.

"Brat, I can tell that you don't even have the energy to escape from my blows now. Just be obedient and come along with me." The man sneered. Without waiting for Jian Chen to answer, he moved once more, and in a flash, he appeared 10 meters ahead where Jian Chen was. He reached out, and grabbed at Jian Chen neck with both hands.

Coldly looking at the man come closer with his hands outstretched, Jian Chen's eyes flashed with a dangerous glint as he inwardly sighed, "Ai, seems like I have to use my last resort."

The last resort was Jian Chen's ultimate life saving skill. It was the one skill that only he within the Tian Yuan Continent would know—the Soul Sword.

The Soul Sword was learned back when he had fought against Dugu Qiubai a long time ago. At his moment of death, he had made a breakthrough and learned this supreme skill.

Yet, just as Jian Chen was about to use his ultimate skill in this predicament, a bright red glow of light suddenly filled up the night sky. It headed towards the middle aged man, who was currently about to capture Jian Chen.

Seeing the giant red sword out of the corner of his eye, the man let loose a look of disdain as he gave a gentle snort. Moving away from Jian Chen, the cyan colored glow in his right arm began to brighten dramatically, essentially covering his entire arm in a shroud. The man's wind attributed Saint Force enhanced arm lashed towards the fiery red sword, firmly catching it in his hand.

Taking advantage of this situation, Jian Chen immediately crawled up from the ground and looked at the person who had rescued him with a gratuitous look.

The owner of the red sword was a mercenary that looked to be around 20 or 30 years old with an ordinary appearance—the type of person that would blend in with a crowd easily. Yet, this mercenary was no stranger to Jian Chen; this was the kind person he had talked to on the road—Mu Yun.

The middle aged man sneered at the sword wielding Mu Yun, "You overestimate yourself."

Hearing the man talk, Mu Yun expressed a strange smile and laughed, "You're only just a Middle Saint Master yourself, not all that much stronger than me. I can say what I please." Mu Yun's sword emitted a splendid glow as well as a high temperature. In the night, his sword lit up the area around them with a strong glow. The temperature around them also steadily increased. In just a few moments, the red sword became entirely enshrouded in a blinding fiery red. The light constantly pulsed, making it seem as if the sword was actually on fire.

Feeling the Saint Force surge in endless waves from the sword, the man furrowed his eyebrows together. He let go of the blade, and then fiercely slammed his hand against the blade.

"Bang!"

Receiving the energy-filled blow from the man, Mu Yun's sword was sent towards the side. But with Mu Yun's battle experience, he took advantage of this sudden movement to whirl around. The sword traveled in a circular motion as Mu Yun immediately slashed at the man once more.

"Since you want to die, I'll grant you your wish!" The man bellowed, his Guan Dao flashing with a cyan glow as he waved his weapon around. A gentle breeze accompanied his weapon as it flew towards the fire red sword.

"Clang!"

Mu Yun's sword and the man's Guan Dao collided with each other, causing a loud metallic sound to ring out. The moment the two Saint Weapons separated, Mu Yun staggered 10 meters backwards. On the other hand, the middle-aged man stood as steady as Mt Tai, without any indication of moving.

A single glance was enough to see who was the weaker one, and who was the stronger one.

Standing on the side, Jian Chen knew that Mu Yun was still weaker than the other man by a large amount. However, Mu Yun was still stronger than himself, and by Jian Chen's estimates, Mu Yun's strength should put him between a Middle Great Saint or a Peak Great Saint. Despite this, he was still much weaker than the other man. Since the man specialized in speed thanks to his wind attribute, he was weaker in terms of attack strength than the fire attributed Mu Yun. The fire attribute was the rarest attribute after the light and dark attributes, and it was publically known as the strongest attribute in terms of strength.

If the man relied on his wind attributed Saint Force to fight, then he would be able to dominate the fire attributed Mu Yun. And if the man were to show the special characteristics of his wind attribute and fight against Mu Yun, then Jian Chen was certain that Mu Yun would not be able to last long in a fight against him.

But if he and Mu Yun were to join together and fight, then he was sure that they would be able to beat the middle aged man.

The unfortunate thing was that Jian Chen had taken in heavy damages already; the vital parts of his body had each taken a beating from the fight. In his current state, helping Mu Yun was out of the question. Just standing there was already an abnormally strenuous task.

Attacking Mu Yun, the middle aged man's eyes flashed with strong killing intent. He didn't give Mu Yun time to even readjust himself before gathering the wind around his Guan Dao, and rushing forward, leaving only an after image where he had stood earlier. In an instant, he appeared in front of Mu Yun, and chopped at his head with extreme speed.

When it came to Mu Yun, the other man didn't restrain himself. The moment Mu Yun appeared, the man had tried to kill him. After all, Mu Yun didn't have any special characteristics that peaked his interest.

Mu Yun's face hardened. He shouted in anger as the sword in his hand suddenly grew even more red, emitting a boiling hot temperature. At the same time, a flame burst into existence and engulfed the sword within itself. With the fire sword, Mu Yun then brandished it towards the wind wrapped Guan Dao.

The moment Mu Yun waved his sword, it transformed into three giant snakes of fire. The first two flew out towards the Guan Dao, while the last one flew towards the enemy himself.

"Bang!"

The Guan Dao and the fire snakes collided with a huge crash. The two flaming snakes had been cut in half by the Guan Dao, causing sparks to fly out everywhere. If one were to look at it from far away, the sight looked like it was a flower that was getting ready to bloom.

While the first two snakes had been stopped by the Guan Dao, the third snake had become like a fierce tiger, increasing in temperature as it traveled through the air towards the man.

Just as the third fire snake was flying towards the middle aged man, his right hand loosened its grip on the Guan Dao. The man gathered the wind Saint Force into his fist, and blew it out towards the fire snake.

The fist made contact with the fire snake causing a resonating crash. Dispersing into the air, the fire snake sent sparks flying throughout the night sky for a while before disappearing into the night.

After blowing the fire snake apart with his fist, the man stopped his attack to glance at Mu Yun in astonishment as he cried out in alarm, "This is a battle skill, to think you actually knew one." No one had discovered that the man's right fist had actually turned bright red, and had even swelled up in size.

Hearing what the man said, Jian Chen looked at Mu Yun with an amazed look. Jian Chen wasn't very familiar with battle skills, but he knew that they were a cultivational treasure within the Tian Yuan Continent. It was possible to increase one's strength multiple times with them, and were not things that ordinary people would be able to get their hands on. Jian Chen hadn't thought that the ordinary looking mercenary like Mu Yun would unexpectedly have such an expensive item. Since battle skills were so rare and expensive, even Great Saint Masters couldn't possibly possess them.

Battle skills had both high and low points. Although this was the first time Jian Chen had left his home to travel in the Tian Yuan Continent, he had read many books in the library, and thus was not inferior in any way to some of the more experienced mercenaries in terms of knowledge. With his foresight, he could tell with a single glance that both Mu Yun's battle skills and cultivation methods were definitely

top-ranked. This was because ordinary battle skills and cultivation methods were nowhere adequate enough to be able to produce material flames based on just Mu Yun's strength as a Great Saint.

Chapter 78: Cruel Victory

Mu Yun smiled coldly and said, "You do know something after all. That's right, this is indeed a battle skill!"

The man inhaled sharply as he looked at Mu Yun with a greedy expression. Battle skills were highly treasured on the Tian Yuan Continent, and aside from the clans that spanned across multiple generations and experts, no other ordinary cultivator would have one. Although some cultivators came across some battle skills by luck, such occurrences were very few in Tian Yun Continent. If one didn't have a profound destiny and extreme fortune, then the chances of getting a battle skill were practically nonexistent.

Although the man was a Middle Saint Master and was considered a strong expert in the Boundless Bandits, he still hadn't grasped a battle skill yet. Just the sight of one had him drooling. Unfortunately for him, his strength didn't reach the qualifications necessary to receive a battle skill from the bandits.

The middle-aged man lightly moved his right fist, and felt a flash of burning hot pain. But he did not have any anger in his heart, and was feeling quite excited instead. With his knowledge, one look was enough to distinguish that the battle skill that Mu Yun had used was highly advanced. Although he was a wind attribute, this did not stop the man from desiring the fire attributed battle skill at all. After all, battle skills were priceless treasures on the Tian Yuan Continent, and the stronger the skill, the more expensive it was.

"Haha, the gods have certainly been looking out for me today. Youngsters, your techniques will become mine!" The man laughed loudly with extreme excitement. To him, both Jian Chen's secret speed technique and Mu Yun's battle skill would be easily taken and learned.

"How arrogant! You look too highly upon yourself." Mu Yun sneered. Raising his hand, the red sword immediately ignited as the flames lit up the night. Slashing at the man, the hidden aura of the sword spread out in every direction. However, the amount was so small that its aura was virtually undetectable.

But for someone like Jian Chen who had a powerful "Soul", this faint aura could clearly be detected. The moment he had realized the source of the aura, his eyes widened in surprise.

Seeing the sword bring forth a blatantly powerful pressure, the man sneered, "Brat, although you have a special battle skill, your strength is still far too weak!" The moment the fiery greatsword made contact with the man's clothes, he disappeared into an after image, causing Mu Yun's sword to swish into empty air.

The instant the man disappeared from sight, Mu Yun's face hardened in concentration. Suddenly, an ear-piercing whistle of a blade could be heard coming from the back. Mu Yun instantaneously changed his sword into three giant snakes and made it fly behind him. While in mid-air, the three snakes fused together, and turned into an even bigger fire serpent.

"Clang!"

The sound of metal hitting something resonated through the air as the fire serpent engulfed both Mu Yun and his opponent. The collision had caused the fire to spread out in every direction for a few dozen meters. When the red ripple of energy swept past Jian Chen, their extremely hot temperatures caused Jian Chen's clothes to blacken from the heat. If it were not for the fact that his clothes were already damp from his blood, then his clothes might have spontaneously ignited into flames.

In the brilliant blaze, both Mu Yun and the middle aged man staggered backwards, the both of them looked haggard from the trade off. Mu Yun's originally tidy hair had become messy, while his face had become pale in color. Even his fiery greatsword had started to lose a bit of its luster.

As for the middle aged man, while he had been enveloped by his wind attributed Saint Force, his clean clothes had already started to show signs of burn spots. Both of his sleeves had already been blown apart.

Because of the use of a battle skill, the fight between Mu Yun and the middle aged man was on a much larger scale than the man's fight with Jian Chen. The blaze attracted both the mercenaries and bandits around them, causing both sides to immediately notice the fight out of the corners of their eyes. The moment they saw the radiant blaze, some of the mercenaries further away cried out in astonishment.

"Those are real flames! Unless one is an Earth Saint Master, it's impossible to summon flames out of nowhere. Could it be...that's a battle skill!?"

"Battle skill? It's a battle skill!"

"So someone here knew a battle skill!"

Whether it was a bandit or mercenary, when they saw that Mu Yun possessed a battle skill, they all cried out in amazement. None of them could believe what they were seeing. Battle skills were extremely rare and expensive on the Tian Yuan Continent. Common mercenaries would normally live their lives without even once witnessing a battle skill.

After their shocks wore off, every mercenary's and bandit's eyes started to fill with greed. Battle skills were what cultivators in the Tian Yuan Continent desired most; their thirst for these skills far surpassed their desires for cultivation methods. Battle skills allowed one to increase their strength many times more than usual, so many people often fought to the death for these skills. Having a battle skill meant gaining an additional source of protection.

Seeing the greed in their eyes, Jian Chen couldn't help but to narrow his eyes. He knew just as much as anyone that people would become jealous of another person's strength. Mu Yun's battle skill had far surpassed what Jian Chen had thought, and now it had been revealed in front of all the mercenaries. Battle skills were treasured greatly, and would bring great trouble to those that had them. Even losing his life over this battle skill wasn't unlikely, since Mu Yun was still considered weak.

Right now, not only did Jian Chen take comfort from Mu Yun, but he was also worried for his well-being. Although the two hadn't known each other for very long, and had only met due to chance, Jian Chen knew that Mu Yun had fought the middle aged man and revealed his battle skill for the sake of rescuing him.

Looking at Mu Yun fervently, the man laughed, "What an amazing battle skill. You even managed to block an attack that contained all my power as a Great Saint!" He paused for a while before sneering once more, "However, you could only temporarily block my Great Saint attack with the aid of the battle skill. Ultimately, it's not your own strength. I wonder how long you can last?" After talking, he lifted his Guan Dao high into the air. Just as he prepared to slash down onto Mu Yun, another strong source of energy suddenly came flying over from the distance.

Feeling the source of energy, the middle aged man grew joyous. He assumed that it was from the experts that the mercenary captains were trying to kill but failed, and his comrades were now coming to provide assistance for him.

Arriving from the far away shadows, a few figures were running towards them at a rapid pace. In a few moments, the figures suddenly came into everyone's line of sight. The moment everyone could clearly see who they were, all the mercenaries cried out in joy.

"The captains! The captains came back!"

"Captain Lang Tian, the captain came back victorious!"

"There's Captain Xia Hou as well, they killed the experts of the Boundless Bandits!"

Lit up by the intense blaze nearby, everyone could see that the five returning members had wounds of all sizes on them. Their clothes were drenched with blood, and some of them were even carrying corpses over their shoulders.

Hearing the shouts from the mercenaries, the middle aged man and the other bandits all turned unsightly. Immediately, the man turned his head and stared at the returning Xia Hou and his men with a look of disbelief.

"How...just how...how were you able to return alive?" The man asked in disbelief as he swallowed some saliva nervously as he tried to get the words out. The middle aged man knew that their return indicated that his bandit group had already faced imminent disaster. Otherwise, the ones returning would have been his own faction's experts, not the mercenary group's people.

The man's words caused all five members to look at him. Immediately, the five slowly put down the bodies they were carrying and glared at him with powerful murderous intent.

Feeling the killing intent of the five, the middle aged man's heart raced. Without hesitation, he opened his mouth to say, "The situation is looking bad, everyone retreat!" Without even finishing his sentence, the middle aged man had already dismissed his Guan Dao and used his fastest speed to run away. Although the five mercenaries were all somewhat injured, a starving camel was still bigger than a horse. With five people, the middle aged man had no hopes of winning.

The moment the man had started to move, two of the five mercenaries immediately chased after him.

Hearing the man's earlier words, the bandits all started to give up the fight and scattered in all four directions.

"Kill! Don't leave a single one alive!"

Hearing that one command, all of the remaining mercenaries immediately sprung to follow it, and began to chase down the fleeing bandits. The mercenaries hated the Boundless Bandits down to their very bones, so they would have never let the bandits run off that easily.

With their experts all dead and the only capable member running away, all of the bandits immediately focused on running away. All of their fighting spirit had practically been wiped out. On the other hand, the mercenaries had their courage bolstered after their captains had returned alive after defeating the experts from the Boundless Bandits. Even the ones who were exhausted had suddenly gained a new spurt of energy and did everything they could to chase and kill the bandits.

The sounds of slaughter rang through the night, but it quickly became peaceful once more as the remaining three mercenary experts led the mercenaries and killed the majority of the bandits. Only a few of the really fast ones had managed to run away with their lives.

“Victory! We’ve won!”

“The Boundless Bandits were beaten by us!”

“We’ve beaten the Boundless Bandits!”

Once the battle came to a close, the remaining mercenaries all started to cheer loudly. The Boundless Bandits were a great nightmare to the mercenaries, the personification of the gods of death that couldn’t be beaten. Beating the Boundless Bandits was definitely an achievement they were extremely proud of.

Chapter 79: Picking Up the Pieces

At that moment, two shadowy figures came running back, only to stop in front of a group of mercenaries. These were the mercenaries that had chased after the middle aged man.

The two males looked to be around 30 or 40 years old. Both of their faces were covered with blood and their bodies were filled with wounds which dyed their clothes scarlet with blood. However while their faces were pale from their fatigue, their eyes were still full of vigor.

Seeing the two come back empty handed, it was clear that the middle aged man had escaped.

“Ai, that guy has a wind attribute, so he had an advantage over us in speed. Although our strength was better than his, in our current condition, we weren’t able to chase him, so he escaped in the end.” One of the two said, his voice was brimming with regret.

“Forget it, if he ran, he ran. I didn’t think we’d run into the Boundless Bandits, no wonder they were so strong. If it weren’t for our mysterious benefactor in the shadows, then I’m afraid we wouldn’t have been able to come back. For him to save our lives, he is definitely a trusted person.” An older person said as he stood next to the brilliant flames, already his skin was starting to look a little tanned.

Hearing the man talk, the other mercenaries who had returned after killing some bandits all were stunned. From their faces, all of them had some joy but some still had some lingering fear.

“Captain Lang Tian, are you okay?” A mercenary went up to the man and asked with a worried tone.

The newly named Lang Tian slowly looked down on the various wounds before shaking his head, "I've some wounds, but nothing that'll kill me." He looked at the few mercenaries around him before sighing. With a sorrowful voice, he said, "It's a shame, Yun Bai Mu, the captain of the Desert Shadows Mercenaries was killed by the experts of the Boundless Bandits."

Hearing the announcement, many of the mercenaries started to grieve, especially the mercenaries of the Desert Shadows. It was a heavy blow to their mood, however, for travelers of the Tian Yuan Continent, seeing someone die was an experience many of them were used to. After a small period of mourning, many of the mercenaries had already become peaceful once more.

"My comrades, although we managed to beat back the Boundless Bandits, this was only just a small group. If we were to come across a larger group or even their elites, then we will die on the road. So we cannot afford to stay here for long, hurry up and dress your wounds and bury our dead brothers. We will have to leave immediately afterwards." Lang Tian announced.

Each mercenary immediately got to work by helping each other bandage their wounds and applying herbal medicine. Those who were healthier and less injured went to help dig holes and transport the bodies.

Everyone set themselves to do their tasks in silence. No one talked at all, and as each mercenary did their own thing, the atmosphere was incomparably heavy.

Jian Chen looked around himself before inwardly sighing, they had ultimately won against the Boundless Bandits, but to him, this was a wretched victory. After the course of one battle, the three mercenary groups had dwindled down to less than a hundred people that were for the most part injured. Their entire fighting capabilities had been reduced to a third of their original power, and from the original ten experts that had led the charge, only five of them returned with heavy wounds. One of the mercenary captains was killed in battle, causing another sharp decline in their power.

"Jian Chen, are you alright? Are your wounds serious?" A familiar voice called out behind Jian Chen.

Hearing this, Jian Chen turned his head around to see Mu Yun. He didn't know when Mu Yun had got behind him, but he was there now.

At the moment Mu Yun's condition wasn't all that good. His facial color was an abnormally pale one, and although he had looked fine while fighting against the middle aged man, the battle skill placed a heavy burden on Mu Yun after using it to surpass his strength.

Jian Chen softly shook his head, "I'm fine," Pausing slightly, he looked at Mu Yun with a complicated look. "Mu Yun, your battle skill was revealed to every mercenary here. On the road, you'll have to be even more careful now, and when you reach a safe spot, get away from the group as far as possible. Otherwise, I'm afraid they'll try to do something."

Mu Yun looked around at the busy mercenaries, "Jian Chen, I thank you for your concerns, I'll be careful from now on." Although he had said that, Mu Yun's expression did not look at all concerned at the people around him. When it came the mercenaries, Mu Yun did not see them as a challenge at all.

Taking note of Mu Yun's unconcerned stare, Jian Chen was slightly amazed. Despite the strength Mu Yun had shown during his fight, Jian Chen didn't think would be able to protect himself within the group.

Mu Yun took out a white jade bottle from his Space Ring and held it towards Jian Chen, "This is a top notch healing medication, drink it and heal yourself up."

"Thanks!" Jian Chen didn't decline his offer and took the bottle from him.

"Don't worry about it, I'm going to treat my own wounds first and then go help the others." Mu Yun waved before walking away from Jian Chen.

Two hours later, everything was in order as all the dead mercenaries were buried while ignoring the corpses of the Boundless Bandits. The mercenaries hated the Boundless Bandits even after they died, and so they wouldn't bother to pay their respects by burying their bodies.

During those two hours, Jian Chen had casually treated his wounds and already swapped out the bloody clothes from his fight with the middle aged man with a new set. Before they had set out on the trip, Jian Chen had prepared a few dozen sets of clothes, so he wasn't worried about running out.

"Let's go!"

After everyone was ready, someone called out for them all to start moving. Everyone was prepared to move into the night without stopping for rest or sleep. Ever since the ambush by the Boundless Bandits, the caravans no longer wished to stay around any longer. Even taking a break would not do.

After the ambush from the Boundless Bandits, the caravan's strength had been greatly diminished, leaving them with very little manpower. Since many members of the Boundless Bandits had escaped, if they were to bring back a bigger unit to attack them, then the caravan would not be able to survive, let alone think about trying to reverse such an abysmal situation.

Jian Chen painstakingly climbed onto his own horse, and began to blindly follow the caravans in the dark. Atop the horse's back, Jian Chen sat with his eyes closed, as he quietly manipulated his Saint Force to heal his internal injuries. He had previously received quite a few heavy attacks from the middle-aged man, so the damage Jian Chen was suffering was quite severe. Moreover, he had consumed a large chunk of his internal Saint Force already, so his current body's condition made even the simplest movements difficult to carry out, let alone fighting. Since Jian Chen was currently traversing the Tian Yuan Continent, and could encounter danger at any moment, his strength was most important. Thus, Jian Chen continued to expend all his effort in trying to recover his own strength, without daring to stop for even a second.

The caravan quickly advanced on the road. Since the people were afraid of reinforcements from the Boundless Bandits chasing them, their current speed was many times faster than their previous traveling pace. Despite this, it was still only slightly faster than the average person running at their peak speed. After all, the carriages contained many goods, so speeding up further was impossible, even if they wanted to. The current speed had already nearly flipped the carriages multiple times whenever they had passed through uneven parts of the road.

Because of the current situation, Jian Chen didn't dare to completely enter a self-healing state. Thus, his severe injuries were only recovering at a snail's pace.

At that moment, Jian Chen couldn't help but recall his mother, Bi Yuntian. He still clearly remembered that time a few years ago when he had injured his third brother, Changyang Ke. Bi Yuntian had

unexpectedly healed his injuries as if it were the easiest thing in the world, without leaving a single scar. If there was a Radiant Saint Master at the scene right now, the internal injuries within his body would've probably recovered faster. Unfortunately, Radiant Saint Masters were really too rare, and their statuses were highly esteemed. With the strengths of the three mercenary groups currently present, there was absolutely no way they could have invited a Radiant Saint Master.

Just as Jian Chen had thought of Radiant Saint Masters, a divine light suddenly flashed within his mind. Immediately, he opened his previously closed eyes, and in that instant, a bright ray of light seemed to shoot out from his eyes in amazement, dying out immediately afterwards.

"That's right, I can sense light Saint Force, and even gather it. I wonder if I can control the light Saint Force like a Radiant Saint Master would, and be able to heal my own wounds." Jian Chen pondered this furiously. When he recalled the possibility that he would be able to control light Saint Force just as Radiant Saint Masters could, his heart momentarily surged from the excitement, and was uncontrollably delighted at the thought.

Ever since he saw Bi Yuntian use light Saint Force to heal Changyang Ke's injuries back at the Changyang household, Jian Chen had realized that this power was exactly the special energy that he felt every time he absorbed the World Essence during cultivation. At the time, Jian Chen had really wanted to test and see if he could control the light Saint Force. Unfortunately, due to the various situations that had occurred since then, he never got to try testing his thoughts. Afterwards, this thought had gradually been pushed further and further back into his mind, and he had forgotten about it until just now.

Chapter 80: Blue Wind Kingdom

Jian Chen took a deep breath and slowly tried to control the emotions in his heart. After he had calmed, he immediately closed his eyes and began to cultivate the World Essence around him. However, there was a difference between the time he had absorbed World Essence in the past compared to now; Jian Chen was able to differentiate the special energy from the World Essence and absorb that specific energy into his body.

Although in theory this was rather simple, it required an extremely strenuous amount of effort when put into practice. However, to Jian Chen who had practiced how to use his "Soul", this wasn't that hard; it would only require more concentration than usual.

To the Jian Chen who was strong in spirit, he could detect the special energy mixed in with the World Essence. Aside from Radiant Saint Masters, no one else would be able to detect it. After he had detected the special energy, he immediately used his "Soul" as a vacuum to wildly bring the special energy towards him. As it gathered, Jian Chen absorbed it into his body.

Jian Chen understood that once the special energy had condensed to a certain degree, it would emit a faint white glow. To prevent this from happening, Jian Chen absorbed the energy extremely slowly; almost at a snail's pace.

After Jian Chen absorbed the special energy into his body, a reinvigorating sensation immediately spread throughout his body. It traveled so quickly that Jian Chen felt as if a ball of warmth had enveloped him. Being bathed inside with this pleasant sensation, Jian Chen's face let loose an expression of satisfaction.

When the special energy fused with Jian Chen's serious injuries, they started to heal at an extremely fast rate, so fast that Jian Chen was flabbergasted and couldn't believe his eyes. With this, Jian Chen finally understood how fearsome a Radiant Saint Master was when they used their light attribute Saint Force to treat other people's injuries.

"The books said that not only could high level Radiant Saint Masters regrow arms, they could even revive the dead. It would appear that this wasn't a lie. If they could heal injuries like this, then perhaps the Radiant Saint Masters who stood at the peak have truly transcendent skills." Before, Jian Chen had doubted that Radiant Saint Masters could regrow an arm and revive the dead, but after seeing the effectiveness of the energy they used, Jian Chen firmly believed that this was the truth.

While riding, Jian Chen continued to use his Soul to take the Light Saint Force from within the World Essence, before slowly absorbing it into his body. As a result of this constant absorbance, Jian Chen was enveloped in a strange misty fog; it was the special energy that Radiant Saint Masters used. Although there were countless mercenaries nearby, some of them being Great Saint Masters, none of them had noticed Jian Chen's strange appearance.

This Light Saint Force was a special type of energy that, aside from Radiant Saint Masters, no other cultivators would ever be able to perceive. Even if there was an expert at the peak of the Heaven Saint Master level, they wouldn't be able to perceive it. Because of this, Radiant Saint Masters were exceedingly rare within the Tian Yuan Continent, since every single Radiant Saint Master had to be born with this innate ability. From birth, their spirits had made special contracts with the Light Saint Force. Thus, Radiant Saint Masters were able to perceive its existence. And as their "Souls" grew, they would gradually be able to control the energy.

When the concentration of the Light Saint Force grew to a certain degree, it would become milky white in color. At this point, a cultivator would be able to see the existence of it with their eyes. However, they would not be able to see the Light Saint Force like they would see the World Essence; the Light Saint Force would only be seen as a blank space.

The night went by quickly for the caravan and its mercenaries. For the entire night, no one slept at all. If they were not trying to clean their wounds, they were trying to heighten their concentration to detect movements in their environment; no one wanted to be ambushed by the Boundless Bandits once again.

Under the tense environment of the mercenaries, the night quickly passed and became day. However, the mood did not lighten at all. Although they had long since departed from their previous resting spot, they weren't safe yet. In this area, many different bandit groups could still attack them.

If the mercenaries were in their prime conditions, then they would not fear any bandit group. However after the Boundless Bandits, they were all heavily injured, and had lost many of their numbers. With their current strength, if they were to come across another bandit group, then they would only be able to put up a bitter struggle.

Although they knew that abandoning some of their goods would help them stay alive, the things that they were delivering were quite precious. Unless it was a last resort, neither the mercenaries nor the merchants were willing to make such a decision.

As the bright, red sun rose overhead, Jian Chen, who had sat without moving for the entire night, finally opened his eyes. Jian Chen could feel a very pleasant and joyous sensation within as he stretched his limbs.

After a single night of therapy, Jian Chen's body, which would have normally taken five or six days to heal from the grievous wounds, had been completely restored. Even his nearly used up Saint Force had reached a level of saturation that put Jian Chen back at the peak of his strength.

Not only that, but Jian Chen could clearly tell that his Saint Force was even bigger than before.

"I didn't think that I would be able to control Light Saint Force like a Radiant Saint Master could!" Jian Chen cheered internally. He was quite ecstatic to discover this, as it was a pleasant surprise to him. Equipped with this special power, his life would gain an additional source of protection. No matter how serious of an injury he would get in the future, he would be able to quickly heal it at any given place or time.

While being happy at this discovery, Jian Chen was also greatly shocked at how effective the Light Saint Force was at healing. If he were to use herbal medicines, then it would have taken him four or five days to completely heal from his wounds. But using the Light Saint Force, he had been completely healed in a single night. In addition, Jian Chen had been absorbing the Light Saint Force slowly; he didn't want to speed up his absorption rate just in case it was revealed that he could do such a thing.

However, Jian Chen knew that he could only use the Light Saint Force as a last resort. It was better to keep it a secret. He had considered this issue very thoroughly. There was a possibility that his ability to control Light Saint Force would raise unexpected issues during a critical moment. Although Radiant Saint Masters were highly revered in Tian Yuan Continent, this empty glory meant nothing compared to what he wanted for his life.

Meanwhile, the road was relatively peaceful for the caravan. There was nothing aside from the occasional weak magical beast; they didn't come across any bandits or stronger magical beasts. With the increased traveling speed, they traveled what would have taken ten days in six, and after the third day, the caravan had finally passed the dangerous roads into a peaceful one. They were finally at the border fort of the Blue Wind Kingdom.

Seeing the huge faraway walls, every single mercenary let loose a smile, as if a huge burden was lifted off their backs. Although they still had a ways to go, the usually unruly road seemed relatively peaceful. There were few cities that were scattered about Blue Wind Kingdom's vicinity. The caravan would be able to hire some new mercenaries at each of these cities to replenish their battle strength.

"We've reached the Blue Wind Kingdom, we've finally reached the Blue Wind Kingdom!"

"We're safe now, we don't need to worry about the Boundless Bandits chasing us."

Many of the mercenaries started to cheer out loud with joyous expressions. Even Jian Chen couldn't help but smile faintly. At this moment, his heart felt lighter; after all, he was still quite weak, so if he were to leave the mercenaries and get attacked by bandits, then even he would be in dire straits.

Although the massive wall could be seen in the distance, there was still five thousand meters of road. On the way, many people and caravans could be seen traveling about.

The caravan finally arrived at the gates to the border fort. However, a guard soldier blocked their path.

“Halt, where did you all come from?” He asked as his eyes swept over to look at the head merchant representative.

This type of event was already prepared by the merchants, who immediately had one of the mercenaries negotiate with him. At the same time, the mercenary flashed a few glittering, golden things, and carefully placed them into the guard’s outstretched palm.

The guard inspected the items in his hand closely before smiling widely at him. With a wave of his hand, he said, “You may enter!”

Afterwards, the caravan finally passed through the giant gates of the border fort and entered the Blue Wind Kingdom.

After passing through the border fort, Jian Chen immediately calmed down quite a bit. At the very least, he had escaped from the powerful grasp of the Hua Yun Sect. Although they held a formidable amount of power within the Gesun Kingdom, Jian Chen was convinced that their powers did not stretch over to the lands of the Blue Wind Kingdom.

Not too long after passing through the border fort, they came across a decently sized city. The merchants stopped to rest, and the mercenaries disbanded in order to rest. Two of them remained to guard the goods.

The marketplace had allocated a place for goods to be parked, so the merchants all dropped off their items there. Since they had a few strong experts to ensure the goods were protected, the mercenaries had no need to worry about the possibility of the goods here being stolen by bandits.

In actuality, no mercenary would dare rob from this place; otherwise, they would be unable to exit through any of the city gates, and would be surrounded by the city guards.