

Swordsman 30

Chapter 30: Best in the World, the Formless Sword Arts!

The two streams of sword light formed a stunningly beautiful Sword River.

One of the lights was majestic. The other was cold and dazzling, as well as fleeting.

Both sword lights were frighteningly powerful but very different.

If one would describe Jian Meng'er's Sword River as a colossal giant, capable of overpowering anything in the world, then Jian Wushuang's sword light was akin to an omnipresent assassin, lurking in the void like a King of Assassination.

A colossal giant had the ability to overpower the world. As an assassin and the King of Assassination, was there any need for him to compete with her? It was naturally hopeless.

Swish!

The fleeting sword light resurfaced once again, bypassing the long and splendid stream of Jian Meng'er's Sword River and appearing in front of her. Before she could even react, the sword light swept over her wrist.

Blood splattered and the Triple-kill Sword fell on the ground.

Jian Wushuang was already in front of Jian Meng'er, the Long Sword in his hand pointing at her throat, stopping less than half a centimeter away from her skin. It was so close that she shivered from the coldness of the steel, her beautiful face finally turning pale for the first time.

Time seemed to have come to a standstill.

Everyone stared at the scene unfolding on the arena in disbelief.

"H-Has he really defeated her?"

"Jian Meng'er lost!"

"Oh my God!"

A thundering uproar swept the Drill Ground as everyone exclaimed loudly.

Over on the grandstand...

"Impossible!" Shui Hanxin was the first on her feet. She had been so confident in her disciple's victory. Changing expressions fled across her face.

"How could it be?" Jian Lan was completely stunned. He could not believe what had just happened.

"Jian Meng'er, who uses the Boundless Heaven Sword Art was defeated." The famous experts in the grandstand exchanged looks. They could see their shock reflected in each other's eyes.

Earlier, they had all thought Jian Meng'er would win. There was no suspense in the confrontation, but the result was a slap in their faces.

"Anonymous Sword Art! Jian Wushuang used Anonymous Sword Art!" Jian Xinhong's eyes brightened.

"Anonymous Sword Art?" Everyone turned to him.

"That's the supreme Sword Art of our Sword Marquis Mansion. Only the Masters are qualified to understand it and only three Sword Pavilion Masters have truly comprehended it. I didn't think this boy would be able to comprehend it. His father must have taught him," Jian Xinhong said excitedly. "It must be his father that taught him," Jian Xinhong said excitedly.

It was no wonder he was so excited. After all, Anonymous Sword Art was so advanced that it was incredible for anyone to be able to comprehend it.

"What Anonymous Sword Art? Is it even comparable to our Tianyuan Sword Sect's Boundless Heaven Sword Art?" asked Shui Hanxin, her expression turning cold.

"Shui Hanxin, you're being ignorant about this. Even if your Tianyuan Sword Sect's Boundless Heaven Sword Art is great, it doesn't mean there are only a few Sword Arts that can rival it. Take the Anonymous Sword Art as an example. It's more powerful than the Boundless Heaven Sword Art." Bai Chong sneered, staring at Shui Hanxin. "If you haven't heard of the Anonymous Sword Art, I'm sure you know it as the Formless Sword Art."

"Formless Sword Art? The best Sword Art in the world, Formless Sword Art?" Shui Hanxin was startled. "You're saying what Jian Wushuang demonstrated was the Formless Sword Art?"

"That's right." The corners of Bai Chong's mouth lifted and he nodded. "The famous Formless Sword Art contains nine different movements. The terrifying ones being the last three, but they have been long lost. The middle three are rare and valuable. They're hard to get even if your sect is willing to pay a hefty price."

"The first three movements of the Formless Sword Art are more common. Even a second-rate power, much weaker than your sect, could get their hands on them as long as they're willing to pay."

"As far as I know, the first Sword Marquis Mansion Master, 200 years ago, paid a heavy price for the first three movements, which make up the Anonymous Sword Art!"

"The one Jian Wushuang used was the First Move of the Formless Sword Art, Blood Shadow!"

"Blood Shadow?"

Everyone could not help recalling the move Jian Wushuang had demonstrated on the arena.

The sword moved like a ghost, and when the Sword Edge fell there was a flicker of red. It was like a red shadow, thus the technique was named Blood Shadow.

"It's a terrifying technique." The famous experts in the grandstand were all amazed.

"Shui Hanxin, your disciple lost this battle!" Bai Chong said.

Shui Hanxin's expression turned steely.

Lost!

She really lost the battle.

On the arena, Jian Wushuang's Long Sword remained near Jian Meng'er's neck. If he moved his palm even just slightly closer, he could kill her at once.

"Jian Wushuang, are you happy now? If you're still not satisfied, just kill me directly." She was smiling but it was an incredibly tragic smile.

He looked at her momentarily without speaking before putting down his Long Sword. He bent over to pick up the discarded sword on the ground and stroked the metal slowly.

"Triple-kill Sword."

There was a hint of surprise in her eyes when she saw him pick up the Triple-kill Sword. When she raised her head to look at him, cold words resounded by her ears.

"Two months ago, I told you the Sword Pavilion will always belong to Sword Pavilion. It'll always belong to my father and I. Don't even dream about getting a piece of it!"

"I'll kill anyone who tries to steal it."

"You only have yourself to blame for what happened today!"

"Myself to blame?" A stunned Jian Meng'er had become a little whiter when she heard this. Her smile was self-deprecating and her eyes were wet.

Just then...

"You only have yourself to blame? That's a fine phrase."

A majestic, booming voice reverberated throughout the Drill Ground unexpectedly. Everyone turned and finally noticed the cold-faced young man by Shui Hanxin's side.

The young man carried a Long Sword and had always stood quietly beside Shui Hanxin. He had not spoken since the beginning, but his brows were now uplifted. In two quick steps, he came up to the arena and his voice echoed in the air.

"I'm Ye Mo of the Tianyuan Sword Sect. Do you dare to fight me?"

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