

## Swordsman 33

### Chapter 33: Confusion

Hua!

A dazzling bloody sword light swept directly out. Killing intent began to emerge and rise.

“Sword-killing Movement!” Bai Chong stood up instantly, stunned by this dazzling bloody sword light, and said, “The second move of the Formless Sword Art, Sword-killing Movement! He managed to put it to good use?”

“Sword-killing Movement?” Shui Hanxin was also surprised by this, apparently knowing the prestige of the second Formless Sword Art, Sword-killing Movement.

“Shui Hanxin, hurry up! Help your disciple,” said Bai Chong.

Lowering her eyesight slightly, Shui Hanxin gazed at the two nearly-colliding sword lights in the arena and sighed in frustration. She moved quickly.

CLANG!

Having collided with each other in the arena, the two horrifying sword lights instantly witnessed victory and defeat.

“What?”

Ye Mo, with his eyes wide open, found it rather hard to believe that the most powerful attack, with all of his strength, had been totally defeated without any struggle. Then the dazzling bloody sword light, still concentrating all its power, hacked straight towards him.

An unprecedented crisis of death immediately shrouded him.

Shui Hanxin’s figure suddenly flashed in front of him at the last second, and the bloody sword light dissipated with just the wave of a hand. Only complete silence remained in the arena.

Ye Mo clenched his teeth, gazing firmly at Jian Wushuang, his heart full of unwillingness.

He accepted this defeat unwillingly and helplessly. After all, he knew clearly that he would have died if his Great Master had not given him a hand. Such a terrifying sword stroke could easily tear his body apart.

At this moment, Jian Wushuang gazed passed Ye Mo. He was suffering great agony from using the Soul-Devouring Secret Skill. Even his face looked extremely ferocious. This skill was far more fearful than he ever imagined. It reached the extreme limit in only a short amount of time.

BZZZZ... The Soul-Devouring Secret Skill ceased spontaneously, and the soaring aura around Jian Wushuang faded away rapidly, even to an ignorable extent. Jian Wushuang could not be more feeble, and his entire body was trembling.

On the contrary, his inner unyielding willpower was the source of standing still. When he raised his eyes, the Triple-kill Sword in his hand headed precisely towards Shui Hanxin.

“Unconvinced? Then fight!”

The rising sword essence suddenly erupted.

It was this moment that impressed the entire audience on the Drill Ground. They all saw how Jian Wushuang had become so weak, yet the battle intent and sword essence around him never faded away.

Shui Hanxin’s complexion was pale and cold, she was already overwhelmed with helplessness.

Fight back?

How... is this possible?”

Since it stemmed from the conflicts between Jian Wushuang and Jian Meng’er, Ye Mo had helped the defeated Jian Meng’er, which was far too excessive. A putative second fight was not only excessive but extremely shameless.

As one of the Elders of the Tianyuan Sword Sect and an expert at the Peak of the Gold Core Realm, Shui Hanxin had somewhat retained her gentility and self-respect.

“Meng’er.” Shui Hanxin glanced at Jian Meng’er with a pale face and stupefied expression. She said, “You have no choice but to cultivate with me in the Tianyuan Sword Sect from now on, and are forbidden to step outside for three years, during which I will promptly teach you all my skills.”

Suddenly Jian Meng’er was astonished, showing a very complicated look. But then she let out a deferential, “Yes,” nodding her head.

“Jian Wushuang.” Shui Hanxin gazed coldly back at Jian Wushuang. “You won today. It only shows that there are some limitations on teaching my disciple, not for a shortage of some more exceptional disciples in my Tianyuan Sword Sect. In three years we will witness another competition between you and Meng’er.

“Another competition in three years?” A slow sly smile crept at the corner of Jian Wushuang’s mouth. He looked Jian Meng’er up and down, then snickered silently.

Jian Wushuang himself was deeply aware of it. Jian Meng’er had been defeated by someone not even qualified to compete. After all, the gap between them was bound to increase because what he had been cultivating was the Heavenly Creation Skill.

Silently turning as if Jian Meng’er had no presence, he headed downstairs slowly.

“Anytime!”

An icy utterance came from Jian Wushuang, resounding throughout the Drill Ground. Everyone focused on the heavy footsteps below as if each individual step was terrifically tough. Everyone could feel how the existing sword essence was growing more and more powerful with each step.

Nowadays, from the perspective of the audience, Jian Wushuang was spontaneously endowed with something peculiar.

No one could figure out what it was exactly.

As Jian Wushuang's figure gradually disappeared from their sight, they were all amazed at the strong soaring sword essence. There were no words, only silence.

On one of the top floors of the arena tower, four figures stood still.

The four seniors looked very ancient. The gray-haired leader wore a long robe.

The Four Great Elders of Sword Pavilion!

The senior leader with a long robe was the impressive Elder Hong.

On such a critical day, a decisive time for the Sword Pavilion, Jian Wushuang hadn't let the Four Elders down, even growing enough to create a miracle. He had defeated Jian Meng'er with only two months of cultivation. Such an unprecedented achievement was surely a great shock within the Sword Pavilion, even to these four. However, the Four Elders, stood still, more depressed than ever before.

Deep misgivings, rather than any joy, emerged on their withered faces.

With a low voice, one of the Elders said, "brother, I assume you see it?"

"Hmm..." Nodding, Elder Hong, concentrated on Jian Wushuang's back, his eyes never leaving it.

"Despite being tired physically and mentally, he still stands firm and tense. Sword essence surges upwards, but never disperses!"

"The awakening of Sword Soul, the same as our Pavilion Master. Absolutely."

Once they heard "the awakening of Sword Soul", their looks suddenly became respectful and earnest.

Meanwhile, Elder Hong looked up at the immense sky and wondered how the previously sunny day somehow now showed a hint of darkness. Elder Hong lifted up his hand, covering the upward universe, and slowly uttered.

"Oh... It's about to change..."

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