

Swordsman 37

Chapter 37: Tragic

"My mother?" Jian Wushuang asked enthusiastically.

He had grown up with his father, Jian Nantian, until he was 12, when his father suddenly left and was nowhere to be found. As for his mother... he had never seen her, and his father had never even mentioned her.

So until now, he did not even know what his mother's name was.

"You know my mother?" Jian Wushuang was just about to ask. But all of a sudden, Ji Wuyue threw him directly to the burly man that was skittering beside her.

"Wuyue, you..." The burly man took Jian Wushuang very quickly and looked at Ji Wuyue at the same time. However, what he saw greatly shocked him.

Ji Wuyue's veil had dropped, exposing a horrible face that was completely purulent, with blue veins surging upon its surface as if millions of insects had bitten her. Ji Wuyue roared out crazily and miserably, looking to be in extreme pain.

"Damn. Poisoning." The burly man, Bu's face became gloomy. "This didn't happen earlier, nor later, but now suddenly."

"Poisoning?" Jian Wushuang looked at Ji Wuyue in shock.

"Jian Wushuang." A slightly crazy voice suddenly rushed out from Ji Wuyue's mouth. "Listen... Your mother, Ji Wumeng, was the eldest daughter of the Ji Clan. Three years ago, your father was hunted by Blood Feather Tower, and having no other choice, he fled to the Ji Clan. In order to protect your father, the Ji clan went against Blood Feather Tower and resisted all the experts that they sent.

"In the end..."

"Your mother was killed, your father was taken away by Blood Feather Tower, and our Ji Clan was extinguished. All of the families were slaughtered. I was the only one lucky enough to escape!"

"So you have to remember, you are not only the son of Jian Nantian, but also the last in the bloodline of the Ji Clan, except for me. You have to live well and grow up, improving your strength and ability so that you can destroy Blood Feather Tower and avenge my entire Ji Clan!"

"And... there... and..." Ji Wuyue had an expression of madness as the extreme pain of the poisoning made her words continuously stutter. "You have to keep... Triple-kill... Sword... Well, your father... said that is... the token... enter into the Ancestors'... Land!"

By the end, Ji Wuyue's voice had already turned hysterical.

"Go! Bu, take him and go at once!"

Ji Wuyue suddenly roared and shouted again.

Bu looked into Ji Wuyue's eyes deeply, then carried Jian Wushuang on his back. "Go!"

"Aunt. She is my aunt." Jian Wushuang finally understood who Ji Wuyue was. "No, take my aunt, we'll go together!"

"Once poisoned, Wuyue will instantly turn to unconscious madness and she will attack everyone. If we take her with us, none of us would be able to escape," Bu said in a low voice.

"Even so, we can not leave her behind," Jian Wushuang shouted.

Bu turned a dark expression and slapped Jian Wushuang on the back of the neck, immediately knocking him unconscious.

Taking the unconscious Jian Wushuang, Bu fled quickly from the area.

Soon, a man in a purple coat from Blood Feather Tower found Ji Wuyue, who had gone crazy.

"Haha, Ji Wuyue, come and follow me obediently."

"Old bastard An Ying, you will meet a horrible end!"

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Half a day later, the slaughter in Tranquility Forest had finally calmed down.

Bones and corpses were all over the battlefield, and more than a dozen black-robed men and masks were standing there, led by the man in a purple coat.

"Even sending out more than 30 silver-masked assassins and three gold-masked assassins was not enough to kill the target. More than half of the silver-masked assassins were killed or injured, and even one of the gold-masked assassins died. So many losses, what do you have to show for it?" The man in purple's expression became heavy.

"Clatter, Clatter!" The black-robed man immediately knelt down behind him.

"Send the order. Release the Scarlet Arrest Warrant all over Tianyan Province. You must find him, even if you must completely turn Tianyan Province upside-down," the man in purple said in a chilling tone.

"Yes," answered those black-robed men immediately.

"Although we did not kill the target this time, catching Ji Wuyue counts for a little bit." The man in purple muttered, "With Ji Wuyue, I am not afraid that Jian Nantian will not speak."

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After the tragic battle, the entire Sword Marquis Mansion was in ruins, and the atmosphere was extremely depressing.

Every corpse was moved to the back of the central Drill Ground—up to 100 corpses at a glance.

A large number of the disciples in Sword Marquis Mansion stood on the edge of the Drill Ground, looking at the hundred corpses, each one of them with an ugly face.

“Mansion Master, the casualties have been counted,” said an Elder of Red Martial Hall, coming over to Jian Xinhong.

“Fine, go on then.”

Jian Xinhong’s pale face, and the trace of blood at the corner of his mouth, showed that he had obviously been through a great battle and was seriously injured.

“Eight experts above the Spiritual Sea Realm died. Four of them are the four Great Elders of Sword Pavilion, the rest are the Servants of Sword Pavilion,” that Elder said.

“All of them are from Sword Pavilion?” Jian Xinhong eyes stared and he asked again, “What about the dead disciples?”

“There were 94 disciples of the Spirit Path that died. Most of those disciples did not take the initiative to join the war. Instead, they were helplessly dragged into it. The youngest of them was only 12, and had just gathered Spiritual Power,” the Elder replied, with a trace of grief.

Hearing the number of casualties, Jian Xinhong was shocked from head to toe. His face became green and then turned pale. After a long time, he sighed deeply and said, “Bury them well!”

In the Drill Ground, there were several other people standing there who looked very dismal as well. They were Bai Chong and others from the Gladiator Arena.

But the gold-robed servants that followed Bai Chong had decreased from six to three.

Bai Chong was looking at the corpses spread all over the ground, and his right hand could not help touching his left sleeve, which was empty and covered in blood, impressively lacking an arm.

“Jian Nantian and Ji Wumeng, I no longer owe you a debt of gratitude!”

On this day, with the sudden outbreak of war, even the forces of all the parties involved were not clear about it. The result was...

In the Sword Marquis Mansion, the Four Great Elders of the Sword Pavilion had all died!

Jiu Jun had died!

The four Servants of the Sword Pavilion and nearly a hundred ordinary disciples of the Spirit Path were implicated and killed as well, the youngest of whom was only 12 years old.

Sword Marquis Mansion was full of countless wounded.

Of the six gold-robed servants from the Gladiator Arena—three died and the other three were all seriously injured.

Bai Chong had lost an arm!

Ji Wuyue was captured alive!

What a tragedy! How tragic the war was! The source of this war was the awakening of Jian Wushuang’s Sword Soul!

