

Swordsman 94

Chapter 94: Crisis!

In the vast sea of consciousness, a streak of sword-shaped phantom floated there silently, looking transparent and dreamlike, just like glass, but brighter than ever.

The moment that Jian Wushuang recognized this streak, he knew that it was the Sword Soul!

Previously, the Sword Soul just began to awaken and had not taken form yet. However, now the Sword Soul had awoken thoroughly and formed a solid sword-shaped phantom.

"I'm wondering what would happen after my Sword Soul evolved into the sword-shaped phantom?" Jian Wushuang was curious, but now the sword-shaped phantom just silently floated in the sea of consciousness, so he could not find out anything.

"Maybe it would be helpful to my sense of sword essence?" Jian Wushuang murmured with a smile.

But at that moment...

"What?"

Jian Wushuang sensed a sudden feeling of fear, and he turned his head in a rush only to see an alluring silver figure dashing toward him with a Purple Soft Sword. The chilling light reflected by the Sword Edge surprised Jian Wushuang, and the cold and murderous look in her eyes frightened him.

"So fast! Much faster and more terrifying than the four Dark Silver Guards that I fought before!" Jian Wushuang wanted to retreat, but obviously, the sword edge flickering with purple light had already approached him.

Jian Wushuang had no time to take out his sword and parry, but he tried his best to force his body to one side.

This move had allowed him to avoid hurting vital parts of his body.

"Shua!"

The cold sword edge crossed Jian Wushuang's shoulder, tearing his clothes up as blood spattered. A two-centimeter blood stain emerged from his chest to his shoulder.

Seeing this blood stain, even as tough as Jian Wushuang was, he could not stop a chill from going up his spine.

Just at that moment, he would have been a dead person if he had reacted even a little bit slower.

He could avoid hurting his vital parts?

That cold-faced woman looked surprised when Jian Wushuang survived her attack, and then she retreated rapidly.

"Trying to escape now? Too late!"

Jian Wushuang shouted, and then he withstood the sharp pain from his shoulder, dashing out with the Triple-kill Sword.

A gust of wind roared.

This sword movement!

Having a look of fear, the cold-faced woman thrust out her Purple Soft Sword.

“Clang!”

The fifth movement of the Formless Swordsmanship, which Jian Wushuang had used, was blocked by the cold-faced woman. She then fled into the woods behind Jian Wushuang.

“Haha, do you think you can escape?”

Jian Wushuang said with a snort and lifted the Triple-kill Sword up high. His tremendous Earth Sword Essence condensed gradually, forming a huge, three-meter-long and half-meter-wide sword-shaped phantom.

Formless Sword Wave, the Eighth Move!

The majestic phantom quaked a little and directly slashed toward the woods, where the cold-faced woman was hiding.

The huge sword-shaped phantom showed its power!

The power struck heaven and earth!

Immediately, a large number of trees collapsed, some were even pulled up from their roots. The cold-faced woman was exposed to Jian Wushuang at once.

“Found you,” Jian Wushuang said with a fleeting murderous gaze.

“What, what the...” The cold-faced woman was deeply shocked by the big patch of rupturing woods. And at that moment, a gust of wind blew over that almost burst her head. Right away, she was buried in the wind.

And then, the wind dropped and the swords fell on the ground.

The surroundings totally calmed down.

Jian Wushuang walked slowly toward the dead body of the cold-faced woman, with his hands covering the bleeding wound on his shoulder.

The dead woman’s wide-open eyes were filled with shock.

“A woman?” Jian Wushuang looked down at the dead body.

Although it was a woman, Jian Wushuang did not dare to underestimate her at all. It was this cold-faced woman that had nearly killed him.

Leaning over to take her Purple Soft Sword, Jian Wushuang stared at the number on the sword hilt.

“Just as I thought.”

Jian Wushuang understood what happened when he saw the number “1” carved on the sword hilt.

“She was the leader of the Dark Silver Guard.” Jian Wushuang was not surprised.

The cold-faced woman was far superior to the Dark Silver Guards that he had met before. Just the time that she chose to attack, the speed that she burst in an instant, the determination that she had to kill, and the sword that she thrust out almost got him into big trouble.

Only the leader of the Dark Silver Guard could possess such powerful assassination skills.

Regarding the points reward of the Stage Two missions distributed by the Dragon Palace: to kill an ordinary Dark Silver Guard could only earn you 1,000 points; to kill a leader of a Dark Silver Guard, however, was 3,000 points.

Such a big difference between the points made it reasonable for such a great difference in their strengths.

“With this Purple Soft Sword of the leader of Dark Silver Guard, I have finished my mission for Stage Two.” Jian Wushuang sighed slightly and looked over his shoulder unconsciously.

The nearly two-centimeter wound from his chest to his shoulder was still bleeding. The blood had reddened his clothes.

“I need to first find a place to bind up the wound and recover a little.” Jian Wushuang left there immediately.

After half a day, near a stream in the Innumerable Huge Mountains—

“Hum~~~!”

The sword lights were brandished one after another.

After binding up the wound, Jian Wushuang had started to practice his swordsmanship.

The wound on his shoulder was indeed very severe, but the elixirs from the Secret Pavilion of the Dragon Palace were magical.

After taking the elixirs for only half a day, the pain from the wound was alleviated, and he was getting better. He would recover in no more than two days.

Flashes of sword shadows fleeted incessantly with straight stabbing or chopping, and every single sword rumbled with a slight heat.

With Jian Wushuang practicing his swordsmanship faster and faster, the heat hidden in his swordsmanship became violent and fierce.

“Hua!”

Shouting out loud, Jian Wushuang brandished the Triple-kill Sword and chopped into a giant tree beside him.

“Bang!”

The giant tree, tens of meters high, burst from the middle.

Watching this, a trace of a smile appeared on Jian Wushuang’s face.

“Sword Essence of Raging Fire. So this is the Sword Essence of Raging Fire.”

After comprehending the Sword Essence of Gale and the Earth Sword Essence, Jian Wushuang had comprehended a third sword essence... Sword Essence of Raging Fire!

“Sure enough, now that my Sword Soul has awakened totally, it is much easier for me to comprehend sword essence,” Jian Wushuang said with a slight smile.

Before the awakening, he had tried to comprehend the Sword Essence of Raging Fire many times, but always failed in the end.

But now, he could comprehend the Sword Essence of Raging Fire with ease. There was only one reason that the sword-shaped phantom was formed in his sea of consciousness. After that, it was much easier and simpler to comprehend the sword essence.