

Chapter 21



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Chapter 21: Chapter 21: Potential of A Grandmaster

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In a city in the Southern Snow Kingdom.

The fragrance of wine pervaded the air in a particular inn.

“That day, it was snowing heavily on Frost Thunder Mountain. The snow flew into the faces of those who were there, and no one could see clearly. Talented people from each sect were gathered there to compete for a legendary treasure, the Frost Thunder Crystal. Even Ice Frost Swordmaster Cheng Yefei was there.”

A storyteller said with a smile while he fanned himself. Rows upon rows of customers surrounded him and listened to his stories about the changing situations around the world.

“Before the Frost Thunder Crystals appeared, the cultivators could only wait. However, a six-year-old child silently sneaked near them. A disciple from the Iron Fist Sect noticed the boy and quickly threw a flying knife at him. The six-year-old child had no choice but to expose himself.”

“The disciples from each sect saw him and realized that the intruder was just a little child with an exquisite and handsome face. Based on appearance alone, he did not pose any threat.”

The customers listened seriously as they ate sunflower seeds.

In a corner of the inn’s first floor, sat a man and a lady, and they looked at each other. Only a plate of sliced beef was laid on their table.

The man was elegant and handsome. He wore an exquisite blue robe and was apparently from a wealthy family.

The lady wore a white skirt and a white veil. Her skin was fair and tender, her eyes were lovely, and her appearance roused people’s imaginations.

“Well, it looks like Zhao Xuan’s son could be dead indeed,” said the man, whose face showed pity.

The lady raised her brows and looked at him, asking, “Xiao Chengfeng, you don’t want him to die?”

Xiao Chengfeng shrugged and said, “The Empress has given us her orders. My thoughts are not important, I’m just a weapon.”

The lady in white did not say another word. The two remained silent, lost within their thoughts.

The storyteller continued to speak. When he was talking about the battle on Frost Thunder Mountain, his tone was sometimes sorrowful, and at other times impassioned, which made the customers very anxious.

After he finished his story, the customers continued to talk about it.

An oily middle-aged man snorted, “You are bluffing. How could a six-year-old child be so strong?” (TL: “Oily” is an online term used to describe someone fat, unkempt, and rough. It is usually used on middle-age men.)

After he said this, many others joined him in kicking up a fuss.

“Yeah! When I was six, I didn’t even know a word.”

“Old Li, the storytellers nowadays can exaggerate beyond imagination. Are you getting arrogant, or has the wine become cheaper?”

“Ice Frost Swordmaster is a Foundation Building cultivator. A six-year-old child cannot defeat him, no matter how talented he is.”

“Yeah! Do you understand what a Foundation Building cultivator is? Just with his strength alone, he could muster a huge force of ten thousand pounds.”

The storyteller’s face was hot red as he faced the complaints of the crowd. He snorted coldly and folded up the fan in his hand.

He reasoned sternly, “When have I ever lied to you? You can go and ask around. The news about the demon child on Frost Thunder Mountain has already spread across the world. Many sects even sent people to specifically search for him.”

As Xiao Chengfeng heard this, he was in deep thought and muttered, “If Zhao Xuan’s son were still alive, it seems that he would be six years old as well.”

The eyelashes of the lady in white quivered. She asked calmly, "Are you really implying that?"

Xiao Chengfeng laughed, "Even though this incident would be exaggerated if the child was really six years old, he would not be someone that the Empire could nurture."

"Ms. Zhi Shui, you need to understand, it would be best for Zhao Xuan's son to be dead, or else, your Lady Concubine Chen and Princess Ling Ling would be met with trouble."

The incident involving Lady Zhao Xuan infuriated Emperor Yan of Zhou, and it soon became one of vital importance. Not only was the Empress investigating this issue, but other influential persons within the Great Zhou Empire were also investigating it.

They all understood the power of vengeance.

Prince Xuanji must die!

Ms. Zhi Shui took a deep breath and got up quickly. "Let's go to Fallen Celestial Ridge," she said.

"

Ten days had passed after the battle on Frost Thunder Mountain.

Zhou Xuanji did not venture out again but sought refuge in the plain.

When Qiu Baili found out that he snatched the Frost Thunder Crystals from two Foundation Building cultivators, his eyes almost popped out.

That was neither a sneak attack nor taking advantage of someone severely injured.

That was a straight-up battle!

Has this kid already become so strong?

That day, Qiu Baili was shocked by Zhou Xuanji once again.

Zhou Xuanji had already absorbed a piece of Frost Thunder Crystal and was breaking through to the Foundation Building stage.

Frost Thunder Crystal functioned similarly to how the spirit stones were used. He just needed to put it on his hand and activate his energy technique, and the energy that it contains will be absorbed automatically.

"Whooo Whooo"

Spiritual Qi poured into Zhou Xuanji's body from all directions and formed a whirlpool above his head.

Little Jiang Xue stood about ten meters away from him, clasping her hands together on her chest and praying continuously for Zhou Xuanji.

According to Qiu Baili, along the path of cultivation, there will be both fortunes and misfortunes. One would face many difficulties during a breakthrough to reach the next stage. Many cultivators died because of the misfortunes they encountered during the breakthrough.

"Don't worry. This kid has great luck."

Qiu Baili laughed as he stroked his long beard. As he watched Zhou Xuanji get stronger each day, he was amazed and relieved at the same time.

After he departs, Zhou Xuanji would live on well.

Maybe the next time they meet, this six-year-old child would already be famous across the world.

"Praapaakraak"

Zhou Xuanji's body suddenly released a clear and crisp explosive sound which made Little Jiang Xue anxious.

Qiu Baili squinted his eyes and muttered, "Metal Chassis"

This kid was indeed simultaneously cultivating both energy and his physique.

His cultivation could progress this swiftly, even when cultivating his body at the same time. It is indeed true that some people are born to be great.

Zhou Xuanji's spirit energy surged in a sudden wave of Qi that blasted out from him and violently shook the grass surrounding him.

Foundation Building Level One!

Zhou Xuanji finally broke through. He noticed the spirit energy within his body had turned from a narrow stream into a vast river, and he was filled with strength.

He could not restrain the desire to let out a loud cry because of the feeling.

Six years old, and he had achieved the Foundation Building stage!

The goal that he set for himself was finally fulfilled!

He did not lose face!

In his excitement, Zhou Xuanji leaped up suddenly, the Frost Wave Sword appearing in his left hand and the Crimson Dragon Sword in his right.

He strode out with the Eight-Step Sword Lunge and activated the White Crane Sword Technique and Fiery Sword Technique. He dashed around endlessly, his swords glittering as he swung them.

Shwoooooosh! Shwoooooosh! Shwoooooosh!

Zhou Xuanji's swordplay was fierce and mighty, and not a single Qi Nurturing cultivator would be able to keep up with his speed.

He seemed similar to the spread wings of a crane, but with sparks of flame that could be faintly seen.

“Dual wielding?”

“Two different sword techniques?”

Qiu Baili opened his eyes wide and looked as though he saw a ghost.

He warned himself many times before that he must not be shocked by this kid ever again, but now

Little Jiang Xue slightly opened her mouth, but her eyes were wide open. Although she could not understand what was happening, she felt that Zhou Xuanji had suddenly become much more powerful.

Just like an ordinary person suddenly becoming a master in the martial art world. The difference between them before and after their ascension was visually impactful and shocking to the mind.

At the same time, Zhou Xuanji had sunk into a state of mysteriousness that he could not explain.

“Ding! Congratulations! The Sword Owner has realized Multi-tasking!”

“Since the Sword Owner broke through to the Foundation Building stage, Gacha initiated!”

“Ding! Congratulations, the Sword Owner obtains [Iron] Swineculling Sword, Qi Obscuring Incantation, and a hundred pieces of level three spirit stones!”

The Sword Spirit's voice resounded continuously in Zhou Xuanji's mind. However, his consciousness was still in the process of realization, so he did not notice it.

His sword speed became faster and faster. His posture was handsome and elegant, and he had the demeanor of a grandmaster.

Qiu Baili's eyes were mesmerized at the sight of him, and he kept chanting something.

As Zhou Xuanji was swinging his sword with such a speed that the sound of the blade cutting through air muffled Qiu Baili's voice, Little Jiang Xue could not clearly hear what he was saying.

She moved closer to Qiu Baili and listened carefully.

All she could hear was Qiu Baili repeating the same line, “The potential of a grandmaster, he is sure to become a Sword Emperor!”

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