

Chapter 40



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Chapter 40: Chapter 40: Ask The Sword In My Hand First

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Zhuang Huisheng's expression turned grave instantly after he heard Zhou Xuanji's furious swearing, his eyes emanating with killing intent.

Old Qing was even angrier. His body grew taller and his muscles expanded until his clothes were almost torn. He stared at Zhou Xuanji and said, "How bold! Daring to insult the young master! Do you want to die?"

Although Sword God Zhou was talented, what was the point of nurturing a disobedient dog?

"Xuanji! Be careful!" Little Jiang Xue reminded him.

She saw with her own eyes the things that Zhuang Huisheng did. He was like a devil.

In her eyes, Zhou Xuanji was too weak to defeat Zhuang Huisheng.

But she chose to believe in him.

Her little brother always performed miracles.

Under the silver mask, Zhou Xuanji's eyes were burning with fury and killing intent.

In this world, Little Jiang Xue was the most important person to him. He had never treated her fiercely, let alone hit her.

Seeing that she was injured, he felt even worse than he would if he was injured instead.

At this moment, he forgot the fear he felt toward the Gulan Demon Monarch.

Although he could not stand up to Zhuang Huisheng, he still had to do it.

Regardless of who it is, he would fight with his life against those who hurt Little Jiang Xue.

He walked toward Zhuang Huisheng with his sword in hand. The blade was being dragged on the floor such that it caused an ear-piercing sound.

Zhuang Huisheng frowned. He did not expect the child to offend him just for a little girl.

Could this be the daughter of Sword God Zhou?

He thought through many possibilities, but he was not satisfied.

His love for talented people and his anger put him in a dilemma.

At this moment, Old Qing walked toward Zhou Xuanji.

"Brat, since you don't want the opportunity that I gave you, go ahead and die!"

Old Qing's laughter became sinister and fearsome. His demonic appearance was fully revealed as two sharp tusks grew out from his mouth.

At the training ground, Northern Sword Valiant wanted to speak to Zhou Xuanji, but he had no strength to do so.

He knew how powerful Zhuang Huisheng was and that Zhou Xuanji could not defeat him.

And so what if he defeated Zhuang Huisheng?

If he were to offend the Gulan Demon Monarch, he would surely die for it, unless he could escape into the royal palace of the Great Zhou Empire and hide there.

The handsome youth that was immobilized by Zhuang Huisheng's side also looked at Zhou Xuanji.

He remembered how powerful the Sword God was previously, and there was a glimmer of hope in his eyes.

The people that laid around the training ground were not all dead, and many were alive. Some were pinned under the rubble, while others were lying on the streets.

At that moment, they put all of their hope into the child-faced warrior.

Old Qing and Zhou Xuanji got closer and closer.

But the child ignored Old Qing and locked his sight onto Zhuang Huisheng.

“Sword God Zhou! Defeat him!”

A weak voice came from below the rubble of a collapsed house.

Taaa!

Zhou Xuanji immediately took a step forward with his right foot, and the ground cracked as he took his first step, charging toward Zhuang Huisheng.

Old Qing raised his right-hand oppressively. His hand turned into a beast claw, and it expanded instantly to a giant size that was not proportional to his body.

It was like a huge fan that smashed toward Zhou Xuanji. The palm attack was so forceful that it could shatter a hill into pieces.

Just when Zhou Xuanji was about to be smashed, he went to Old Qing’s back suddenly with the Eight-Step Sword Lunge.

Boooooom!”

Old Qing’s palm strike missed and landed on the floor. The ground trembled from the smash, and multiple cracks rippled outward like a spiderweb.

Before he could turn around, Zhou Xuanji charged toward Zhuang Huisheng again with another Eight-Step Sword Lunge.

With the Hell King Sword in his hands, he entered into the Tri-Source Vein Severing Sword Will Mode straightaway.

His mind was infused into the sword!

He unified with the Hell King Sword.

Even so, in his eyes, there was no gap in the demon prince’s defense.

He stabbed toward him, and a cold light flashed, it was so bright that the handsome youth chose to close his eyes.

“Humph!”

Zhuang Huisheng snorted in disdain. His left palm was swift as lightning, and a surge of demonic energy blasted out from the center of his palm following his palm attack.

Boooooom!

Zhou Xuanji could only feel a strong gust coming from his front. His Qi and blood flow was messed up from the impact. A mouthful of blood shot out from his throat and his body flew out like a kite that had its string snapped.

He flew out over Old Qing’s head and for tens of yards, landing beside Little Jiang Xue.

“Xuanji!”

Little Jiang Xue cried. She quickly pushed her hands against the ground, wanting to stand up.

At this time, he jumped up all of a sudden like a flailing fish.

He did not spit out the blood in his throat but swallowed it and still looked at the demon prince fiercely.

Zhuang Huisheng looked at him with indifference and said, “Sword God Zhou, although you are very talented in the Way of the Sword and have the support of a high-level enchanted artifact, your cultivation is still at Level Six Foundation Building. You will not defeat me.”

“Kneel now and kow-tow to admit you are wrong, and I will mercifully let the two of you live.”

If they were other people, he would have killed them right away.

But Zhou Xuanji’s talent in the Way of the Sword was too extraordinary, and he could not bear to kill him.

Zhou Xuanji signaled with his hand for Little Jiang Xue to keep her distance.

He looked down and said softly, “Heal your wounds first. Leave the enemy to me.”

Old Qing heard him and stomped his feet in anger. He said to Zhuang Huisheng, “Young Master, this kid is totally nuts! He even wants to kill you. You might as well let me eat him!”

About a hundred yards away, at the entrance of an alley.

Xiao Chengfeng tilted his head to observe the battle and frowned heavily. He did not expect Zhuang Huisheng to appear in Cloud Swallow City.

It looks like Cloud Swallow City will suffer tremendously.

Seeing that Sword God Zhou intended to challenge Zhuang Huisheng, he scolded silently in his heart, such recklessness!

He wanted to rope the kid in. Naturally, he did not want him to die here.

On the other side of the training ground, Zhang Ruyu hid behind a fallen tree and looked forward nervously. He mumbled to himself, "Why is my father taking so long?"

Cloud Swallow City was invaded by the demon prince. It was such a great shame for the Southern Snow Kingdom.

However, Zhang Tianjian had been preparing to defend against the Gulan Demon Monarch recently, so he should be here soon.

Hopefully, Sword God Zhou can hold long enough for his father to arrive.

At this moment, they were not the only ones looking at Zhou Xuanji.

All those injured commoners and cultivators were looking at him too. Almost all who were still around had suffered severe injuries and could not move.

When they saw that Zhou Xuanji could not defeat Zhuang Huisheng, they fell into despair.

"Damn! So painful!"

Zhou Xuanji stretched his neck and stood up straight as he endured the pain all across his body.

The palm strike just now made him feel like many of his ribs were fractured. His internal organs felt as though seas and rivers were overturned.

Zhuang Huisheng said with a frown, "Forget it. Just kill him."

Cloud Swallow City was already a mess, and the news of this would reach the capital of the Southern Snow Kingdom shortly. He must bring Princess Xuanya back as soon as possible.

Since this prodigy in the Way of the Sword did not submit to him, he might as well kill him on the spot.

"Okay!"

Old Qing grinned coldly and laughed sinisterly. His demonic face sent chills down people's spines.

He walked toward Zhou Xuanji, licking his lips and coldly saying, "You are talented, so your flesh must be delicious."

Zhou Xuanji took a deep breath and held the Hell King Sword with his right hand in a reverse grip. The blade was in front of his face horizontally.

A terrifying aura exploded from within his body, and a cloud of black smoke emerged from the surface of his body. The black smoke turned gradually into a faint shadow of the Hell King and enveloped his body.

Old Qing stopped moving, and his expression changed slightly.

"Old crap, you want to eat me? Get permission from the sword in my hand first."

Zhou Xuanji said coldly with squinted eyes. In contrast to the cold light reflected off from the blade, his eyes looked extremely fearsome.

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