

Chapter 3



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Chapter 3: Chapter 3: A Legendary Sword Each Year

Translator: Exodus Tales **Editor:** Exodus Tales

When the small girl heard his voice, she raised her head and looked at him.

Zhou Xuanji was of royal birth. His skin was fair and tender, and his facial features were exquisite. At two years old, he could earn the love of most people around him. He often acted cute and pitiable in the royal palace, and all the concubines loved him dearly.

Well, all except the Empress. She did not even attempt to hide her hateful expression whenever she saw him.

The girl stopped crying as soon as she saw his face.

“You are awake?” she shouted with surprise.

She forgot about her grievances and poured some water immediately for him.

She went to the wooden bed with a bowl in one hand, and picked him up with the other, to give him some water.

Zhou Xuanji finished it all in one gulp. The area around his mouth had become wet. He said, giggling, “Sister, you are so good.”

The young girl chuckled and asked, “What’s your name?”

“I am Zhou Xuanji. I’m two years old. How about you, sister?” He said with a smile.

He was not worried about raising her suspicion since she was a young girl.

“Zhou Xuanji? What a weird name. I am Jiang Xue, I’m six years old.” (TL: The Chinese character for Xuanji could be interpreted as mysterious opportunities.)

The girl sucked her finger and mumbled.

He sat in her lap, raised his head, and asked, “Are you the one who saved me?”

“Yeah, I am.” Jiang Xue nodded. “Where are your parents?” She asked, continuing, “Do they not want you anymore?”

He answered, “They were eaten by demons.”

Lady Zhao Xuan was most likely dead. As for Emperor Yan of Zhou, Zhou Xuanji already considered him dead.

Little Jiang Xue showed sympathy now knowing that his parents were eaten by demons, but she was not surprised.

Villagers were eaten often by demons while hunting. This was nothing rare to her.

The two children started to chat.

Zhou Xuanji discovered that he was in Green River Village, positioned at one of the corners of the Southern Snow Kingdom.

The Southern Snow Kingdom was a subordinate kingdom under the Great Zhou Empire.

Jiang Xue had never seen her parents before. She lived with her grandma, who was over sixty years old.

No one knew her grandma’s name. The villagers called her Crazy Old Woman.

Since she turned five, Crazy Old Woman would go out often and leave her alone at home.

She was afraid initially but got used to it.

It must be acknowledged that the children in this world mature much earlier than those on Earth.

Something worth mentioning is that Crazy Old Woman sometimes took loans from others, but no one knew for what purpose.

She had left behind a huge debt, and what happened just now was that people came to collect the debt.

They even claimed they were willing to sell Jiang Xue to some cheap brothel.

“Sister, I will protect you from now on.”

Jiang Xue had saved his life after all.

Little Jiang Xue hugged him and laughed, but she did not respond to what he said. She only muttered, "Grandma has been gone for half a month, did she leave me here for good?"

Zhou Xuanji was heartbroken when he heard this. He pat his chest and said, smiling, "Your grandma left, but I came. Isn't this the will of Heaven? I can accompany you."

He had no place to go anyway. If he went into the city, he could be caught. It was better to stay in a village in the mountains.

Little Jiang Xue grinned ear to ear at what he said. She pinched his little cheek, and laughed playfully, "Okay! From now on, you will be my younger brother."

She had no reservations about Zhou Xuanji since she was still young, and he was little after all.

"Sister."

Zhou Xuanji called her sweetly.

Once he noticed that the person who saved him was overjoyed, he did not feel exhausted at all.

What a cute little girl.

Suddenly, his tummy started grumbling.

"Sister, I'm a little hungry," he said, his little face pouting.

Little Jiang Xue heard him, and she covered her mouth, chuckling, "Let me cook you some porridge."

She put him down after she finished speaking, and got off the bed.

Zhou Xuanji got off the bed too. He wanted to have a go at displaying the Crimson Dragon Sword's prowess.

He went to the courtyard and scanned the surroundings. The yard was not huge. There was a dog and a brood of chicks. There were also three wooden huts in total. One of them was used as living quarters, another as a kitchen, and the final as the toilet.

After he saw Little Jiang Xue enter the kitchen, he secretly went behind a wooden hut.

You could part of a mountain from behind the wooden hut. Trees surrounded the place, and there was no one to be seen.

Zhou Xuanji manipulated his will, and the Crimson Dragon Sword appeared in his hand.

Crimson Dragon Sword looked huge in his hands, but it did not feel heavy to him; it was light as a feather.

He swung toward the wall of the mountain with the sword.

Clink "â€"

The Crimson Dragon Sword effortlessly cut into the body of the mountain. It felt as though he was slicing bean-curd; he sliced downward and hit the bottom effortlessly.

He was overjoyed.

How sharp!

It could be said that it cut metal as easily as cutting mud.

One must know that he was only two years old, and his strength was puny.

Finishing his thought, he kept the sword out, turning around and leaving.

He returned to the courtyard and walked toward the kitchen after some hesitation.

He wanted to see how the six-year-old girl cooked porridge, and whether she would burn the kitchen down.

He stepped over the doorsill and looked inside. In front of the stove, Little Jiang Xue was standing on a stool, holding a metal ladle in her hand. The ladle was not proportional at all to the size of her body.

Based on her appearance, it was evident that she was already an experienced cook. So experienced that one felt sorry for her.

Little Jiang Xue seemed to sense someone looking at her. She turned her head and saw Zhou Xuanji standing by the door. She was a little shocked, and then, with her left hand on her hip, acted like an adult and reprimanded him, "Little brother Xuanji, go back to bed and rest. The porridge will be ready soon."

He chuckled playfully, "Sister, let me help you with the fire."

He walked toward the stove.

"Don't! Stay away, don't burn the house down."

Little Jiang Xue tried to stop him immediately. She put down the metal ladle, hopped off the stool, and stopped him.

Zhou Xuanji said, “Sister, don’t worry, I’ve done this before.”

“Do you think I believe you? You are only two years old. When I was two years old, I was still drooling!” Little Jiang Xue snorted with both hands on her hip.

“But you are only six years old as well, and it worries people to see someone so young cooking,” he said grudgingly

“You realize that I’m six years old, correct? I am not a three-year-old, yet you are not even three years old!”

Little Jiang Xue did not back down. He did not know whether to laugh or cry at her words.

This girl is getting into the role of being a sister.

The more mature a child is, the more love it means they lacked.

He sighed silently, turned around, and walked to the door. He sat on a small stool and said obediently, “Then I will just keep sister company.”

Little Jiang Xue seeing how adorable Zhou Xuanji was, could not help but walk to him and rub his little cheek. She said, giggling, “Good boy, I will be quick.”

She was only satisfied enough to return to the stove after rubbing his face a few more times.

He looked at her and thought of Lady Zhao Xuan.

He must find Lady Zhao Xuan!

Whether dead or alive, he must see her!

Not only that, but the Empress of the Great Zhou Empire must pay the price!

His eyes burned with determination at the thought of this.

“Oh yes, Sword Spirit, how do I get more legendary swords and techniques?” Zhou Xuanji asked in his heart.

The White Crane Sword Technique was merely a sword technique, and he had not cultivated any energy technique.

If he could develop spiritual energy, the White Crane Sword Technique’s power will increase tremendously!

“Sword Owner will receive a Gacha opportunity once a year as you grow. Each Gacha will guarantee one legendary sword, and a randomly picked energy technique, legendary sword, sword technique, special ability, or elixir. Additionally, when the Sword Owner breaks through a stage of cultivation, you will receive another Gacha chance, but this does not contain the condition that guarantees a legendary sword,” the Sword Spirit replied.

“A legendary sword a year? Is it so easy?”

“Sword Owner, wasn’t that your logic when you created this?”

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