

Chapter 83 - Great Zhou's Bloodline



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

Zhou Xuanji took out his Water Driving Sword. It was an elegant sword that was silver-white entirely. Patterns of waves were carved onto the blade that was 1.4 meters long. It was light and comfortable to hold.

Not bad!

Three lines of words appeared before his eyes:

Sword Name: Water Driving Sword

Grade: Gold

Description: With this legendary sword in hand, one can control all the waters in the world. The range of control is in proportion to the Sword Owner's power.

!

Control all waters in the world?

That's awesome. Other than battling with Water Driving Sword, there could be other ingenious ways of using it.

Zhou Xuanji held the Water Driving Sword in his hands and practiced one round of White Crane Sword Technique. He then stored up the sword after he was familiarized with it.

The others were still training on their own, no one noticed that he received another sword.

He spread out his arms, and the White Dragon Golden Shirt appeared in his hands.

It was like the Cloud-riding Boots, once it recognized its master, the shirt adjusted itself according to Zhou Xuanji's body size and made it comfortable for him to wear.

After he changed into the White Dragon Golden Robe, he looked entirely different.

A golden dragon formed by strands of gold was embroidered onto a clean white shirt. The dragon looked lively, as though it was real.

As the saying went, "the tailor makes the man."

After he wore the White Dragon Golden Robe, Zhou Xuanji's royal demeanor manifested.

His facial features were beautiful and well-defined. With his hair tied at the back of his head, he looked handsome and lively and did not lose to the other Great Zhou's Princes at all.

Little Jiang Xue, who was internalizing Qi in front of Small Er, saw him and ran over with her eyes sparkling.

The others also noticed that Zhou Xuanji changed his outfits.

After they saw his new appearance, they all sighed in exclamation in their hearts. What a handsome young man!

Xiao Jinghong frowned suddenly.

Somehow, he always felt that Zhou Xuanji looked like another person.

"Zhou, 13 years ago! Could it be?"

Xiao Jinghong suddenly thought of something and appeared astonished.

Fang Junsheng, who was chopping firewood, praised Zhou Xuanji loudly, "Master, you are really handsome and strong!"

Beixiao Wangjian rolled his eyes. *Can this guy be more genuine in his bootlicking?*

Fang Junsheng was ranked top 30 on Great Zhou's Hero Ranking Board. With the cultivation of Inner Pellet, he was stronger than Beixiao Wangjian, but he was always obedient and polite toward Beixiao Wangjian.

If no accident happened, Fang Junsheng would eventually be accepted as Zhou Xuanji's sword slave. So, Beixiao Wangjian's

attitude towards him was improving, and now he was even lazy to scold him.

Little Jiang Xue rushed over to Zhou Xuanji and looked at him carefully as she nodded continuously.

“Getting more and more handsome. The heavens have mercy, you did not turn ugly.”

Little Jiang Xue pinched Zhou Xuanji’s face and smiled joyfully.

“Of course, in the future, not only will I be the top sword cultivator in the world, but I will also be the most handsome one.” Zhou Xuanji shot her a stare and said unhappily.

Little covered her mouth and smiled, saying, “Yes, yes, of course, you are most handsome.”

She suddenly thought of something and felt discouraged. “You have such a nice shirt. I’m afraid the shirts I weave for you will never be as good.” She said with a bitter face.

“It’s okay. I appreciate your intention. You can stop weaving, just in case you prick your finger.” Zhou Xuanji comforted.

After 12 years old, he grew much taller and reached Little Jiang Xue’s eyes.

He looked like Little Jiang Xue when she was 17 years old! No, Jiang Xue.

Zhou Xuanji was very moved.

This flower finally blossomed.

Jiang Xue felt a little lost, but when her eyes met Zhou Xuanji’s, the gentleness in his heart dissipated her feeling of lostness immediately.

“Okay, I will listen to you.” She said with a sweet smile.

The two stood at the cliffside and chatted about the humorous incidents that happened in the past, as well as what they hoped for in the future.

As they conversed, they sat down.

Jiang Xue could not change her bad habits. Whenever she was close to Zhou Xuanji, she would always get physical.

And here she was, extending her arms to wrap around Zhou Xuanji’s neck.

Zhou Xuanji said helplessly, “One year from now, your arms will be sore from hugging me like this.”

“It’s okay. When that time comes, you hug me.” Jiang Xue replied without care.

“Hello, you don’t understand? Guys and girls should not get physical like that. We have all grown up.”

“Heh, you want to talk to me about this? Aren’t we sleeping in the same room?”

“Okay then, let’s sleep in separate rooms.”

“How dare you!”

The two played around, while the others looked at them with admiration.

Beixiao Wangjian sighed, “Back then, I had a girl who grew up with me too.”

“What about now?” Fang Junsheng asked curiously.

“She’s gone.”

Beixiao Wangjian replied calmly and left after that, leaving Fang Junsheng standing there alone.

This is a man with a story.

Fang Junsheng thought, rubbing his chin.

Soon, another five months passed.

Zhou Xuanji reached Enlightening Level Nine, while the martial art audition of the Heaven Selection had also come to a close.

Since the news about Zhou Xuanji defeating Meng Tianlang shook the world, no cultivators who passed by dared to create trouble for them, even the Demon Kings did not dare to come close.

But, peace was still broken.

This day, a group of soldiers came on the clouds, along with a carriage. The cabin looked elegant and fanciful. It was more than three times larger than ordinary coaches and looked like a small building.

Zhao Congjian, Xiao Jinghong, and Beixiao Wangjian gathered around Zhou Xuanji.

“Great Zhou Meng Clan’s flag. It will most likely be Meng Tianlang’s elders in the clan.”

Xiao Jinghong said. The soldiers who were leading the group held a big flag, with the word “Meng” on it.

Zhou Xuanji squinted his eyes and did not speak a word.

Soon, Meng Clan’s Soldiers stopped before the cliff. The curtains of the carriage were drawn, and a middle-aged man who wore a black robe with python leather walked out.

His sideburns were like fire, and his body had a strong build. Just by standing there, his muscular body was extremely imposing.

He stared at Zhou Xuanji and asked, “You are Sword God Zhou?”

“Who are you?” Zhou Xuanji asked in return.

“Meng Clan, Meng Changhu. Great Zhou’s Grade Two King General. My nephew, Tianlang’s bet with you, needs to reconsidered at length. This is the purpose of my visit.”

The middle-aged man in black robe lept and landed in front of Zhou Xuanji and the others.

He was much more dominating than Meng Tianlang.

Xiao Jinghong, Zhao Congjian, and Beixiao Wangjian were all prepared to fight.

Fang Junsheng lowered his head and hid behind Huang Lianxin. He did not dare to look at Meng Changhu.

“This bet was not something that I forced him to make.”

Zhou Xuanji said lightheartedly and made Meng Changhu frown.

With his frown, he looked even more imposing.

He carefully sized up Zhou Xuanji’s face, but a peculiar expression flashed in his eyes.

“What demand do you have, speak.”

Meng Changhu said calmly, but his a strange light was flashing in his eyes.

“There is nothing to negotiate.”

Zhou Xuanji replied. If he let Meng Tianlang off like this, it would hurt his pride!

“Good!”

Meng Changhu flicked his sleeves and turned around, pointing to Fang Junsheng and said, “You, come here. Follow me back home. If your dad knows that you are such a coward, your wives and concubines will all die!”

Fang Junsheng heard, and his expression changed drastically. He could only grit his teeth and walked over to him.

Meng Changhu grasped his shoulder and flew to the clouds.

Zhou Xuanji did not stop since Fang Junsheng had yet to become his sword slave after all. Neither was Meng Changhu his enemy, so he had no reason to stop him.

Meng Changhu walked back into the carriage and left with the soldiers.

“Prince Xuanji, the Emperor was right about you. You will become Great Zhou’s top prodigy, completely inheriting Great Zhou’s Royal Bloodline. However, let me give you a word of advice: being so outstanding will surely bring destruction to you.”

Meng Changhu’s voice suddenly came and shocked Zhou Xuanji.

Everyone was shocked and looked over to Zhou Xuanji.

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