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Chapter 110: Sixteen Years Old, Golden Glory Sword!

Having heard that the Sword Monarch was deal with Sword God Zhou seriously, all the guests mourned for Sword God Zhou silently.

Xiao Jinghong's brows knitted even tighter. He began to worry about Zhou Xuanji too.

That sword Qi that soared into the sky was so powerful. It was close to invincible.

Could Zhou Xuanji really deal with that?

Everyone in the hall began to chat with one another and did not take Zhou Xuanji seriously.

Those who were not qualified to step into the hall were anticipating Zhou Xuanji's performance.

Disliking the old and favoring the new was the nature of most people.

The Sword Monarch came to fame for a long time. Many hoped that someone could threaten his place.

The extraordinary Sword God Zhou had great hope!

All the paths up the Sword Monarch's Pinnacle were filled with people. There were even many cultivators levitating in the air and looked at Zhou Xuanji.

With one look, there were at least 200,000 people gathered at the Sword Monarch's Pinnacle.

The number was still growing!

Cultivators came from all directions.

News about Sword God Zhou's arrival at the Sword Monarch's Pinnacle was also spread out.

Zhou Xuanji came to the foot of the Sword Monarch's Pinnacle and began climbing the mountain.

“Can you walk faster?”

The little black snake couldn't hold it in any longer and complained. The Sword Monarch's Pinnacle was so tall. It would take a few days to reach the top with such a speed.

Beixiao Wangjian threw it a stare. “What do you know?” He snorted, “This is an attitude!”

Zhou Xuanji did not reply but continued looking carefree and calm.

They did not know that he was calculating time in his heart.

The cultivators continuously cried in amazement along the way. Whether it was the Dragon Eagles, or Zhou Xuanji, Zhao Congjian, Han Shenbo, they were all attracting attention.

Even Jiang Xue and Huang Lianxin's beautiful appearance were also topics of discussion.

After walking for half an hour, Zhou Xuanji suddenly leaped up and flew towards the top of the Sword

Monarch's Pinnacle. The others followed closely behind. Beixiao Wangjian lifted up Han Shenbo.

The group was like gods flying in the sky. The Dragon Eagles roared such a penetrative voice that even the rocks at the mountain top dropped.

Soon, Zhou Xuanji and the rest came to the residence of Great Zhou's princes and princesses.

Zhou Chengxin cried loudly, "Sir Sword God Zhou, please win!"

Zhou Tianyu stared at him and was very displeased.

Princess Xuanya supported her chin with her hands and looked like Zhou Xuanji, mesmerized.

Sword God Zhou was becoming more and more handsome.

Because of the special relationship between Great Zhou's royal family and the Sword Monarch, the princes and princesses did not head toward the mountain top to avoid gossips.

At this place, they could at least say that they were here to watch the fun.

Hundreds of thousands of people gathered to spectate.

Zhou Xuanji and the rest quickly flew towards the top of the Sword Monarch's Pinnacle.

"Sword Monarch of Great Zhou! I'm here to bring my disciple back today!"

Zhou Xuanji channeled a full measure of spirit energy and shouted. His voice reverberated across the heavens and the earth.

With such an explosive cry, it boiled everyone's passion.

This was the Sword God Zhou that they were familiar with!

Fearlessly courageous!

He feared nothing!

He even dared to offend the Empress!

Cheers and cries began again, which shook the sea of clouds and resounded across the mountains and plains.

Zhao Congjian, Beixiao Wangjian, and the rest heard the cheers and adrenaline rushed in their body. They really wanted to draw their swords immediately and the Sword Monarch to death.

The little black snake on Small Er's back said with shock, "The intensity of the cheering! How crazy!"

It had lived for 1,000 years but rarely seen something as awesome as this.

With the cheers that shook the heavens, Zhou Xuanji and the rest landed on the public square in front of the palace at the mountain top.

There were two statues at the front of the palace. Both were holding onto a long sword and looked imposing, as though they could slay all evil!

"Sword God Zhou, come in first to talk!"

The Sword Monarch's calm but deep and firm voice came from within the palace.

Zhou Xuanji looked at Jiang Xue.

Jiang Xue nodded. She held onto her Flaming Fan and looked fearless.

Zhou Xuanji immediately walked ahead, with Zhao Congjian, Jiang Xue, Beixiao Wangjian, and the others following closely behind.

The Dragon Eagles waited outside instead.

When Zhou Xuanji stepped into the gate of the palace, everyone looked at him.

There were more despise than curiosity.

Xiao Jinghong was so excited that he almost stood up, but the lady in the white skirt pressed down on his hand. She shook her head and signaled to him to not do things recklessly.

The Sword Monarch looked at Zhou Xuanji judgmentally with a frown.

Zhou Xuanji was much weaker than he imagined!

With only such a level of power, how could he have killed Ta Qixue and severely injured Xinhao Sect's elder?

“Inner Pellet Level Five? A joke?”

An old man with a long beard mocked. His face was filled with disdain.

When he spoke, the other guests and sword cultivators also began to scoff at him.

“Inner Pellet Level Five? Hahaha. The great Sword God Zhou has such a low level of cultivation?”

“What a joke. I can defeat him with one hand.”

Young man, take out your swords, let us see what kind of legendary swords that made you so famous.”

“Tsk tsk. He doesn't have the body of a child. He's much taller than rumored.”

“Isn't that Han Shenbo? So the voices outside were real. Even he was following Sword God Zhou. What a shame to the title of Hero Ranking Board's top rank.”

They mocked freely. Most were exaggerating to please the Sword Monarch.

Han Shenbo gnashed his teeth. This bunch of assholes!

The Firebird Old Lady looked at Zhou Xuanji and snorted, “With such cultivation, even if you mastered sword wills, how much more powerful would that make you? Maybe you were lucky to kill an Astral Infant cultivator, but that was because of the power of your sword. The distance between you and the Sword Monarch cannot be filled merely with your swords.”

Jiang Xue, Huang Lianxin, and Beixiao Wangjian were furious.

Zhao Congjian's eyes also flashed with the intent to kill.

The little black snake spat its forked-tongue and thought to itself, “How long has it been since this old lady vented her anger?”

It did not dare to say it out because he might die on the spot.

Zhou Xuanji took one step ahead and looked at Xiao Jinghong. “My disciple, stand up,” He said.

Xiao Jinghong stood up without hesitation. The sword cultivators were all reaching for their sword and prepared to stop Zhou Xuanji and Xiao Jinghong if they try to escape.

“In my view, everyone here is rubbish.”

“You should understand what is rubbish, right? This means you are useless!”

“You are people who are useless, who only know how to talk.”

Zhou Xuanji said calmly. His voice reverberated within the great hall.

All his legendary swords appeared around him. Silver, Gold, and Amethyst legendary swords. Each had its own powers.

But those legendary swords that were of a lower grade, he did not take them out. It would be a waste.

Silence!

The entire palace was silent. Everyone was appalled.

Is this brat crazy?

Such reckless words. Isn't he scared that he might be swarmed?

They immediately exploded into cursing Zhou Xuanji. Some even stood up and were prepared to attack him.

“Sword God Zhou.”

The Sword Monarch spoke suddenly. His intimidating voice shut everyone's mouth, and they returned to their own seat.

Zhou Xuanji looked at the Sword Monarch. Their eyes met.

They were both unfathomable to each other.

“Xiao Jinghong is a rare talent in the Sword's Way. What's wrong for him to follow me. Must you become an obstacle to his future just for your pride?”

The Sword Monarch asked. His tone was indescribably imposing.

He was the Monarch of the Sword's Way!

No one in the entire Great Zhou dared to compete with his mastery on the Sword's Way.

Zhou Xuanji smiled and said, “Just because he is a rare talent, only I can teach him well!”

With this, all the disciples and grand-disciples of the Sword Monarch were furious.

Xiao Wuyou slapped his thigh and stood up. “Sword God Zhou, do you really think of yourself as a sword god?” He pointed at Zhou Xuanji and scolded.

“My Revered Teacher has been cultivating for 3,000 years. He's unparalleled in the Sword's Way. How can you compare yourself to him?”

The other sword cultivators followed and scolded Zhou Xuanji furiously, as though they want to drown him with their saliva.

“Analyzed that the Sword Owner has reached sixteen years old. Gacha started!”

“Ding! Congratulations! The Sword Owner received [Glorious Gold] God Emperor Sword, [Silver] Crazy Paralysis Sword, Legendary Strength Pill, Billowing Spirit Chain!”

The voice of the Sword Spirit resounded in Zhou Xuanji’s mind. His pupils contracted, and he lifted the corner of his mouth even higher in a smile.

Glorious Gold!

A grade higher than Amethyst!

Perfectly good timing!

“Sword God Zhou, sharp talks are the ways of the weak. If you are stronger than me, why would Xiao Jinghong end up in my hands? You have the talents for sure, but for now, what qualifies you to compete with me?”

The Sword Monarch stood up slowly. A horrifying sword will made all the sword cultivators’ swords vibrate uncontrollably.

The Silver Grade legendary swords around Zhou Xuanji were also vibrating.

The faces of Jiang Xue, Zhao Congjian, Beixiao Wangjian, and the rest turned pale.

Such a horrifying sword will!

But Zhou Xuanji laughed. “What qualifies me? What qualifies me is that I’m 16 years old today!”

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