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Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Supreme Legendary Sword

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The colors of dusk spread across the sky, the clouds red as blood.

In a desolate mountainous region, a carriage pulled by two black Pegasi was flying and weaving through the multitude of mountains. The wind howled as the carriage sped through the air.

On the edge of the carriage sat an old, armored man with a robust and muscular build. Although his hair was pure white, he looked as ferocious as a tiger and was extremely imposing.

In the carriage, there was a mother and a child. The mother was young and beautiful. She wore a long dress embedded with jewelry, and in her hair was a golden hairpin made of phoenix feathers. She looked like an empress.

She was full of tears and hugged her son tightly, shivering as she cried.

Her son was only two years old, laid in her arms. He was wearing a gold-laced garment and had a delicate face, like a porcelain doll.

The two-year-old stared blankly, his eyes showing a level of fear and discontent that did not belong to children his age.

“I have only been reincarnated for two years, and now I’m going to die?” The two-year-old bellowed desperately in his heart.

In his past life, he was from Earth, but he passed away before he was able to thoroughly enjoy life. He played computer games for four days and four nights straight and died suddenly while still at the keyboard.

He reincarnated into this world, which seemed like a world of heroes and cultivation from ancient times, but he retained the memories from his past life!

Compared to his past life, this life was dramatically better.

His father was the Lord of the Zhou Empire—Emperor Yan of Zhou!

Emperor Yan of Zhou is an immortal. He has in his control over tens of kingdoms and over ten billion people. He raised an army of tens of thousands of soldiers and conquered the entire Northern Wastelands.

His mother was a concubine of Emperor Yan of Zhou, named Lady Zhao Xuan. She was much favored by the emperor. Even after she had given birth to a son, Emperor Yan of Zhou still visited her palace regularly.

This continued until last month when Lady Zhao Xuan’s father was reported to be starting a rebellion, and the Emperor became furious. Although Lady Zhao Xuan pled to the Emperor that her father was innocent, the evidence was overwhelming. In his fury, the Emperor threw her into the cold palace.

Five days ago, Lady Zhao Xuan heard that the Empress wanted to murder her with poison, so she asked her sister concubines, who were close to her, to help her escape the Zhou Imperial Palace.

During this time, Emperor Yan of Zhou went out to visit other kingdoms and planned to return in a few months.

If Lady Zhao Xuan were to stay, she and her son Zhou Xuanji would both perish.

His heart ached as he saw his mother in this life crying so miserably. He raised his small hand and touched Lady Zhao Xuan’s face and said, “Mother, don’t cry!”

The physicality of people in this world was stronger than that of humans on Earth, which was why the two-year-old could open his mouth and speak.

Zhou Xuanji usually kept his sentences short, so as not to give those around him a shock.

In the Royal Palace, those who were outstanding will be persecuted.

Lady Zhao Xuan sobbed even harder after hearing what he said.

“Lady, there is a huge river ahead which converges with the Huang Chuan River. If we place the young prince in it, there may be a slimmer of hope for him to survive,” the old general uttered solemnly.

Throw me down?

Adrenaline rushed through his body. This old man was indeed ruthless.

After she had heard the old man, Lady Zhao Xuan took off her necklace, which had a small wooden bead as its pendant.

The thumb-sized bead was just an ordinary bead.

She put the necklace on his neck and kissed his little face, and said, "My son, this wooden bead was born with you. It is also a symbol for you as a prince of the Zhou Empire. When the Emperor finds out the truth in the future, he will send someone to find you."

After she finished speaking, her right hand pressed lightly on his body. A semi-transparent golden light appeared and enveloped him.

She carried him out of the carriage, looking down.

Below them was a valley as broad as a thousand feet. The river water was rushing down ferociously. Water slapped the rocks by the riverside and threw countless droplets of water into the air.

Any ordinary person would surely die horribly from such a fall.

Zhou Xuanji was freaking out at the sight of it.

My previous life ended with sudden death, and in this life, I have to die so horribly with my body and bones torn and crushed into pieces?

"I'm sorry. If I am still your mother in the next life, I will surely make up for this," promised Lady Zhao Xuan softly.

The tears on her cheeks were wiped dry. With a determined look, she let go of Zhou Xuanji after she finished her words.

The little child swirled in the air, raised his head, and looked at Lady Zhao Xuan.

Their eyes met, yet there was no longer any sign of fear in his eyes, just reluctance.

Lady Zhao Xuan was stunned. It was not an expression that a two-year-old could have.

She reached out with her hand subconsciously and tried to catch him.

Plop!

Zhou Xuanji, who was wrapped in the golden light, dropped into the rushing river and could no longer be seen. One cannot know whether he survived or perished.

Lady Zhao Xuan quickly pulled back her hand and pressed it against her heart as tears flowed unceasingly from her eyes.

She was full of hate!

She hated herself for being incompetent.

If only she climbed higher using the Emperor's love for her, she might not be in such a dire situation today.

"Lady, don't worry. When the little prince was born, there was an auspicious heavenly sign—the mystical beast Qilin came and hovered above the royal palace. Even the Heavenly Master said that the little prince will live an extraordinary life. His life will not end here, rest assured," the old general said as he consoled her.

Just as he finished speaking,

Whoosh!

The sound of an arrow flying through the air was heard, and the old general's head was penetrated by a sharp shaft, his blood spurting out. The two black Pegasi squealed in fear and turned around to flee.

Lady Zhao Xuan quickly grasped the ropes as she was almost flung into the valley.

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In the river currents, with the protection of the golden light, Zhou Xuanji was not harmed at all.

As he watched the withered logs, mud, and rocks speed past him, he was sorrowful.

Although Lady Zhao Xuan cared for him for only two years, and even though it was mostly palace maids who took care of him, she was still his mother by birth.

He sighed silently and said, "If I have the ability in the future, I will surely get revenge for you."

But how hard it was to find the Empress of the Zhou Empire for revenge.

This world is like a world of fantasy with cultivation as the main source of power. Only the strong could climb to the top. Even standard palace guards were capable of breaking mountains and cutting rivers.

How could he, who was only two-years-old and had no contact with methods of cultivation, be able to take revenge?

He felt a sudden ache in his chest. He looked down and saw the necklace that Lady Zhao Xuan gave him had disappeared. A red mark was seen on the fair and soft skin of his chest.

â€œDing! Supreme Legendary Sword System initiated!â€

â€œDing! Supreme Legendary Sword System fused with Sword Ownerâ€™s soul successfully!â€

â€œDing! New Sword Owner random Gacha initiated!â€

â€œDing! Congratulations, you have attained [Silver] Crimson Dragon Sword, White Craneâ€™s Sword Technique!â€

Four continuous digital-like sounds ringed in his mind and rattled him, leaving him confused.

Before he could even react, he felt a mental implosion and fell into unconsciousness immediately.

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Clouds hovered across the blue sky. Clear waters flowed down the mountains covered with greeneries.

Amidst the mountains, the rivers and streams cut and wove through the place. Beside a river, a girl with a ponytail was washing clothes by the bank. She was wearing clothes that had been repeatedly mended, as they were riddled with patches.

The girl had white and tender skin, and her face looked pretty and adorable. Judging from her appearance, she was merely six or seven years old. Her washing board was even larger than her.

She rolled up her sleeves and wiped the water on her cheeks with the back of her hand.

A floating ball of golden light flowing down from the upper stream caught the small girlâ€™s attention.

She was a little lost. She put down the clothes that she was washing and walked carefully toward the ball of golden light.

The ball of golden light soon reached the bank of the river. As she closed in and looked at what was inside, she saw a child who was about two years old and quite small. His fists were clenched and he was sleeping soundly.

Suddenly, the golden light dispersed, and the two-year-old sank into the river. The girl ran toward him immediately and scooped him up, fearing that he might drown.

Even though he had almost drowned and was saved by her, the two-year-old was still in a deep sleep. As she looked at him soundly sleep, the girl giggled.

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