

Chapter 10



[Prev Chapter](#)



[Next Chapter](#)

Chapter 10: Chapter 10: Four Years Old, Bloodbath Sword

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As Qiu Baili was looking out at the horizon, Little Jiang Xue’s voice came from behind, “Grandpa, come here, I’m having some trouble with my cultivation.”

Qiu Baili paused his thought and walked toward her.

Little Jiang Xue had already taken him to be her grandfather. Zhou Xuanji also acknowledged him and became somewhat familiar with him.

However, Zhou Xuanji was busy internalizing Qi at the shoulder of the mountain, and he kept his distance from Qiu Baili.

It was only because Qiu Baili’s stage of cultivation was too high, that he could not compete with him in gathering the spiritual Qi where the man cultivated.

“I’m turning four soon.”

He looked forward to it. One day, he took out his Frost Wave Sword to practice his sword techniques. After Qiu Baili observed Zhou Xuanji for a while, his expression changed drastically. He pulled him aside and sincerely warned him, “Xuanji, from now on, if your life is not in danger, you must not take out those two swords of yours, or else you will find yourself endlessly troubled!”

The Frost Wave Sword was only a bronze grade sword, but it was enough to make Qiu Baili so worried.

Zhou Xuanji was full of expectations for gold, amethyst, and glorious gold grade legendary swords.

Time continued to pass at a rapid rate.

In the blink of an eye, another three months passed.

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

“Ding! Congratulations, the Sword Owner obtains [Silver] Bloodbath Sword, Eight-Step Sword Lunge, and a hundred pieces of level three spirit stones.”

He heard the sound of the Sword Spirit and was pleasantly surprised.

Another silver grade legendary sword!

The information about the Bloodbath Sword appeared before his eyes.

Sword Name: Bloodbath Sword

Grade: Silver

Description: A sword that drinks blood. The more blood it takes in, the stronger its aura.

“!

A blood-drinking sword?

This is a demonic sword?

Zhou Xuanji was even happier. It would be more effective to have swords of varying attributes when he faced different enemies.

Regarding the level three spirit stones, he naturally already knew about them.

Spirit stones are the common currency used throughout the world of cultivation. And at the same time, they could be used for cultivation. They were graded in nine levels, from lowest to highest. The stones of each level were worth ten of the one a level under them. A level-two spirit stone is equivalent to ten level-one spirit stones, and so on.

It could also be said that he obtained ten thousand level-one spirit stones straightaway.

Moreover, he had quite an amount of spirit stones in his Supreme Storage, which he obtained from Ye Feifan, as well as the Fang Clan’s Shen Hua and her two subordinates.

“What is Eight-Step Sword Lunge? Is it a sword technique, or a piece of equipment?” Zhou Xuanji asked curiously, and a portion of memory entered into his mind.

Eight-Step Sword Lunge is a movement technique driven by sword Qi. With each step, one can travel up to a hundred meters. One could slay all their enemies within eight steps.

Of course, this was an exaggeration.

He began practicing Eight-Step Sword Lunge as soon as he had integrated the memory of it.

The movement technique of Eight-Step Sword Lunge was extremely eccentric. Just a single movement could make him fall face down.

Qiu Baili, who was on the peak, opened his eyes and looked at his weird movements. His face displayed curiosity.

What was this little brat up to now?

Zhou Xuanji could only finish the Eight-Step Sword Lunge’s entire set of sword techniques once after training for half an hour.

He continued to practice and would trip and fall occasionally, but he stood up again and again.

After the day ended, he was barely able to practice it eighteen times. Even until night time, he persevered in his training.

He continued until the early morning, and he finished fifty rounds of practice. It became easier as he progressed.

After a hundred rounds of practice, his Eight-Step Sword Lunge had only progressed to the stage of small accomplishment.

The difficulty of training it was greater than the White Crane Sword Technique.

On the second day, he was still as passionate and continued in his training.

On that day, he finally performed it five hundred times, and his Eight-Step Sword Lunge progressed to the stage of complete accomplishment straightaway.

As Qiu Baili watched Zhou Xuanji stride about swiftly at the mountain shoulder, as though he was teleporting, Qiu Baili’s jaw dropped in awe.

He initially thought that the boy had no idea what he was doing. He did not expect him to achieve progress in a real technique!

He immediately took hold of him and asked, “What is this movement technique?”

“Eight-Step Sword Lunge,” Zhou Xuanji said calmly.

A four-year-old like him pretended to be mature, it was quite humorous.

“Eight-Step Sword Lunge?” Qiu Baili muttered to himself, as though he fell into some demonic trance.

Zhou Xuanji shook free of his hand and continued performing Eight-Step Sword Lunge.

Based on his current level of cultivation, he could move at most ten meters with each stride. After eight steps, he would use up all his spiritual energy.

Without spiritual energy, Eight-Step Sword Lunge would just be an ordinary movement technique, without the effect of its swift strides.

Qiu Baili looked at him with a complicated face. He was so frustrated that he could feel aching in his liver.

This kid is so devilishly awesome!

Could he be some god incarnate?

“With this kind of talent, he might be able to challenge the highest seats of the Nine Great Sword Emperors!”

Although Qiu Baili was curious, he did not become greedy. Instead, he wanted to make this strange child his disciple all the more.

After he learned Eight-Step Sword Lunge, Zhou Xuanji’s power increased dramatically.

To hone his techniques in battle, he started sparring with Qiu Baili. When Qiu Baili saw his White Crane Sword Will, the man was almost petrified.

It was his first time seeing Zhou Xuanji utilizing White Crane Sword Will.

A four-year-old that had mastered a sword will, there was nobody like this in the Hidden Sword Sect in all its histories.

He had never heard of anything like this across the entire Great Zhou Empire.

After that, Qiu Baili had even higher expectations for him. Each day, he tried to instill views of benevolence in him, like helping out when others are in need and slaying evildoers and demons, and he continued until Zhou Xuanji’s ears were almost calloused.

Half a year later.

Zhou Xuanji had a few breakthroughs and reached the eighth level of Qi Nurturing. He could only advance two levels consecutively after

using up all his level three spirit stones.

Qiu Baili finally accepted his thoughts about him.

Little Jiang Xue, on the other hand, reached the third level of Qi Nurturing, thanks to Qiu Baili's guidance.

Zhou Xuanji did not share his level three spirit stones with Little Jiang Xue, because Qiu Baili did not allow it.

He claimed that Little Jiang Xue's body could not withstand level three spirit stones.

The day finally arrived.

Qiu Baili called him and Little Jiang Xue together and said with a sigh, "I have to leave here for a while. I wanted to stay another year, but some disciples of my sect met with trouble. I have to go and resolve it."

Zhou Xuanji remembered that there was an eagle which came in the night, could that be a message from the Hidden Sword Sect?

Little Jiang Xue nodded and said, "Grandpa, please remember to come back and visit us."

Qiu Baili rubbed her head and said nicely, "Don't worry, I will come back after I have finished my business."

His eyes showed signs of regret and worry. He turned around to look at him, and continued, "Xuanji, take care of your older sister, do you understand? You only have each other, and each of you must not leave the other."

Before Zhou Xuanji could speak, Little Jiang Xue wrapped her arms around his neck, and chuckled, "Xuanji is my family, he will never leave me."

She was full of faith in him. If she had to choose between her brother and her grandmother now, the choice would be him.

Qiu Baili smiled, turned around, and left riding his sword. He turned into a ray of light, disappearing quickly into the horizon.

Unexplainedly, Zhou Xuanji felt that he might not be able to return from this trip.

Because in his eyes, he had the same look as Lady Zhao Xuan when she threw him down.

He did not dwell on his mother further, as he was still unable to seek revenge.

With a sigh, he continued to train with Little Jiang Xue.

His target was to reach the stage of Foundation Building when he becomes six years old.

The days went by as usual. Their area of activity remained within a radius of fifteen miles. At the back of Sword Emperor Slope was a forest in which they could hunt for prey like rabbits and wild boars.

In front of Sword Emperor Slope was a river, and they could catch fish in it.

Two months later.

A roar that shook the earth came from the North, and Zhou Xuanji opened his eyes in fear. Little Jiang Xue, who was training beside him, stood up immediately and hid behind him. She thought that there was a demon attacking them.

Zhou Xuanji knitted his brows. He was sitting on the peak, which allowed him to look far north. The mountain ridge bent up and down. The roar came from the horizon, which caused his heart to palpitate. Could it be some powerful demons were drawing near?

It was his first time hearing such a ferocious, deafening roar.

"Xuanji, should we settle down in another place?" Little Jiang Xue carefully asked.

She was eight years old and was still much taller than Zhou Xuanji, and ever since she started cultivating, her skin became fairer and tender. With an exquisite face, she looked like a little fairy.

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[Prev Chapter](#)  [Next Chapter](#)

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