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### Chapter 99: An Elite Became A Slave

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Seeing how arrogant Hang Shenbo was, the group could hardly control their anger.

Zhao Congjian gritted his teeth and charged toward Hang Shenbo again. But he was blown back by Han Shenbo's fan before he could even touch him.

Han Shenbo's iron fan was apparently no ordinary weapon. With one swing, a strong gale was generated. Even Jiang Xue, Beixiao Wangjian, and the others had to take out their enchanted artifacts to block.

The severely injured Zhao Congjian fell to the ground pitifully. Blood spurt out from his mouth unstopably.

“Too weak.”

Han Shenbo shook his head and mocked, “If Xiao Jinghong was around, he might have the capability to battle with me. A pity. This guy has already fallen into the hands of the Sword Monarch. You will never see him again.”

The group did not reply to him but were all thinking about how to deal with him instead.

Han Shengbo curled his lip and felt bored by them.

“When will Sword God Zhou come back?” He kept his fan and asked, “After I defeat him, I still have other matters to attend to. I don't want to be delayed here.”

Huang Lianxin snorted coldly. “You sound like you pass by unintentionally, but aren't you just using our master as a stepping stone to climb higher in your reputation?”

“Our master is first on Great Zhou's Reputation Ranking, but you are merely first on the Hero Ranking Board. Have you any idea about the big gap between both of you?”

With this, Han Shenbo's expression turned grim immediately.

No matter how high one was ranked on Great Zhou's Hero Ranking Board, these were only rankings for a younger generation.

On the other hand, everyone in the world competed for Great Zhou's Reputation Ranking. The two of them could not be compared.

If someone shook the entire world with what he did, how could he not be someone supremely powerful?

“Humph! Wait until your master comes back and you will see who is!”

Han Shenbo snorted. A killer's intent could be sensed in his tone.

Although he was ranked first on Great Zhou's Hero Ranking Board, he had never entered the top ten on Great Zhou's Reputation Ranking.

Those who were ranked in Reputation Ranking's top 10 were all people who had done something that made the world aghast.

Han Shenbo was powerful, but he had no impressive achievements.

He could not defeat those that were too powerful.

He dared not challenge those who were weak but reputable.

*Shwoooooosh!*

At this moment, an air-piercing sound interrupted Han Shenbo.

He tilted his head instinctively, and the Windcutter Sword flew past his ear.

*Clang!*

The Windcutter Sword landed before Zhao Congjian.

Seeing the sword, Zhao Congjian became excited immediately.

Jiang Xue and the rest were so too.

“Such a fearsome sword!”

Han Shenbo was appalled in his heart and instantly knew who it was.

He turned around and saw Zhou Xuanji flying towards him with a sword in his hand.

The White Dragon Golden Robe danced in the wind. He looked elegant and extraordinary, even like a sword immortal.

Zhou Xuanji’s face was expressionless. The way he looked at Han Shenbo was filled with the killer’s aura.

“You are Sword God Zhou?”

Han Shengbo asked, with eyes sparkling.

*You are finally here!*

He immediately introduced himself, “I am Great Zhou’s Hero!”

Zhou Xuanji came to his face with the Eight-step Sword Lunge and slashed at him with the Sky-sundering Emperor Sword.

*Damn!*

Han Shenbo cursed in his heart. *I’m not finished speaking!*

He instinctively swung his iron fan to block. Clang! His right shoulder turned numb from the vibration, and his body flew backward from the impact.

Zhou Xuanji said coldly, “You dare to bully my sword slave. Even if you are a god, I will beat you up!”

After that, numerous legendary swords appeared around him.

Crimson Dragon Sword, Frost Wave Sword, Bloodbath Sword, Tiger Roar Sword, Swineculling Sword, Golden Rock Sword, Heaven Sound Sword, Hell King Sword, Residual Image Sword, Thunderclap Sword, Formless Sword, Furious Ape Sword, Chicken Slaying Sword, Water Driving Sword, Falcon Sword, Magnetic Sword, Ghost Curse Sword, Bookcutter Sword!

The 18 legendary swords were all pointing at Han Shenbo.

He immediately activated the Ten-thousand Sword Dragon Incantation. Every legendary sword was enveloped by a dragon-shaped sword Qi.

The 18 legendary swords were coming for Han Shenbo just when he stabilized his body.

Even the Windcutter Sword in front of Zhao Congjian was also shot toward Han Shenbo.

Han Shenbo was surrounded by 19 legendary swords and was immediately at a disadvantage. He was caught off-guard.

The Crimson Dragon Sword conjured its Dragon Soul and surrounded Han Shenbo, while the Thunderclap Sword sent bolts of lightning, forcing Han Shenbo to dodge.

The other legendary swords’ effects were also activated.

Looking at this, Zhou Xuanji summoned the Bookcutter Sword back into his hand.

The Ordinary Ore Grade legendary sword was just too weak.

It could be easily broken into half by Han Shenbo’s iron fan.

Han Shenbo’s spells were ingenious. Although he was surrounded by the legendary swords, he was yet to be injured. However, he was apparently barely holding on.

“How could it be! These swords!”

Han Shenbo was aghast. He felt like he was attacked simultaneously by 18 sword cultivators who were masters in the sword techniques.

Some of the swords were of a higher grade than even the fan in his hand.

He became anxious immediately and dared not to let off his guard.

Sword God Zhou is powerful indeed!

“With the sword in our master’s hand, he could already control 20 swords simultaneously?”

Beixiao Wangjian mumbled to himself with eyes opened wide.

Zhou Xuanji did not train his sword techniques usually. He did not expect his master to have such a drastic improvement.

Jiang Xue looked pleasantly surprised, while Huang Lianxin and the little black snake were already petrified.

Zhao Congjian looked at the battle with burning passion in his eyes. He had already forgotten about his pain and spectated with thrill.

Even if he trained hard, he was still too weak compared to Zhou Xuanji.

This filled him with more determination!

Only such a grandmaster in the Sword's Way is worthwhile for him to follow.

Zhou Xuanji stored the Bookcutter Sword into the Supreme Storage. He took a step and came up to Han Shenbo, before activating the Six-path Sword Shadow.

Han Shenbo was even more pressurized.

He sensed that his opponent was not just one Sword God Zhou.

It was a group of Sword God Zhou!

He almost broke down. *How can I fight like this?*

If not for the fact that his cultivation was higher than Zhou Xuanji, he might have been killed in an instant.

The Sky-sundering Emperor Sword, which was thousands of kilograms, came hacking down at him. Each time their weapons clashed, Han Shenbo's arms would turn numb from the impact.

Looking at him carefully, his thenar webbing was already covered in blood.

After 10 breaths time, Han Shenbo was injured.

After 20 breaths' time, Han Shenbo's right hand was crippled. He had to use his iron fan with the other hand.

He cast all kinds of spells, yet he could not break out from Zhou Xuanji's enveloping of attacks.

After 30 breaths' time.

Han Shenbo's left hand was crippled too. Just as the iron fan left his hand, Zhou Xuanji and his Six-path Sword Shadow duplicates used the Tri-source Vein Severing Sword.

The sword Qi inundated Han Shenbo. A miserable shriek came from his mouth, which resounded across the grass plain.

With all his vital channels severed, he felt strengthless immediately.

18 legendary swords pierced into his body from different directions, turning him into a porcupine.

*Thump!*

Han Shenbo knelt before Zhou Xuanji powerlessly, covered in blood.

His face was miserably pale and his eyes stared blankly. 'Impossible! Impossible!' He mumbled.

How could there be such an overpowered sword cultivator in the world?

Facing the Ten-thousand Sword Dragon Incantation, he felt so helpless.

Zhou Xuanji raised his Sky-sundering Emperor Sword and pointed it towards Han Shenbo's forehead, which prevented Han Shenbo from falling to the ground.

The skin on Han Shengbo's forehead was pierced. Blood was flowing out along the blade.

The scene seemed to freeze.

Han Shenbo, with 18 legendary swords pierced into his body, knelt before Zhou Xuanji. His forehead was resting against the tip of the Sky-sundering Emperor Sword. Such a scene made Zhao Congjian and the rest breathed rapidly.

He knew that Zhou Xuanji was more powerful than Han Shenbo, but they did not expect the difference to be this big.

It's worth mentioning that Zhou Xuanji had yet to use the Hell King's Possession.

Too powerful!

Zhou Xuanji looked at Han Shenbo mockingly. 'Do you want to die or live?' He said.

The chilling killer's aura made Han Shenbo felt like he was in a cold cellar.

He instinctively said, 'I want to live!'

He was not even 100 years old and was ranked first on Great Zhou's Hero Ranking Board. It was the prime time of his life.

How could he just that like that?

He was not willing!

“But I want you dead.”

Zhou Xuanji said calmly. He twisted his hand, and the Sky-sundering Emperor Sword followed like a drill. Han Shenbo felt a sharp pain on his forehead.

The pain made Han Shenbo even more aware of the situation.

He barely endured the shame and gritted his teeth. “If you let me live, I will become your slave! I will do everything you ask me to do!” He said.

Zhou Xuanji waved his left hand. A pen and paper appeared before Han Shenbo.

Han Shenbo’s pupil contracted in a sudden and smiled bitterly.

“Write down the condition that will convince me. And sign it with your thumbprint with blood.”

Zhou Xuanji said slowly. It would be such a pity for the top rank of Great Zhou’s Hero Ranking Board were to die just like this.

Han Shenbo could barely lift his right hand, which was trembling unstopably.

“

Half a month later.

Zhou Xuanji laid on the grass and bit onto a piece of grass.

Han Shengbo was massaging his leg. “Master, is this okay?” He asked eagerly.

Huang Lianxin sealed off his vital acupoints while Zhao Congjian cast a spell on him. He could no longer channel his spirit energy and was close to a useless man now.

To survive, he had to endure the shame.

He not only had to serve Zhou Xuanji, but he also had to obey the instructions from the rest as well.

Zhou Xuanji nodded slightly and did not speak a word.

He was waiting!

Because today was his fifteenth birthday!

Zou Xunji did not reply, and Han Shenbo could only focus on massaging him.

After a short while.

Zhou Xuanji suddenly sat up and shocked Han Shenbo.

“Analyzed that the Sword Owner has reached 15 years old. Gacha started!”

“Ding! Congratulations, the Sword Owner has obtained!”

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