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### Chapter 93: Soul-eater Slash, Emperor Sword!

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“You already knew this sword technique, right? And acting like you were learning it for the first time?”

Wang Xiaofei’s hundreds meter shadow asked. There was fury in its tone.

Zhou Xuanji raised his brow. “It’s my first time learning this sword technique.” Zhou Xuanji said.

“I don’t believe it!”

“No one can realize the sword will of an Earth Grade sword technique in such a short time.”

Wang Xiaofei said with a low voice. He sounded like he was about to end the trial immediately.

Zhou Xuanji said impatiently, “If you don’t believe, give me another sword technique.”

You dared to doubt me!

The Supreme Legendary Sword System that I designed is just so overpowered!

Another ancient tome appeared before Zhou Xuanji.

He took over, scanned through, and realized that this sword technique was even more challenging than the Moonlit Wind Sword Dance.

It was not only a little more challenging.

Soul-eater Slash!

This name sounds bold and rash. He was not sure what kind of power it will show after he attained Great Accomplishment.

He took out the Swineculling Sword and began practicing.

In the first round, he used 20 breaths time.

In the second round, he used only 10.

After 100 rounds, he attained Small Accomplishment for Soul-eater Slash.

After 300 rounds, Great Accomplishment.

After 500 rounds, he realized the sword will of Soul-eater Slash.

Zhou Xuanji stored his sword and was pleasantly surprised in his heart.

If this technique was used with the Ghost Curse Sword, it could destroy his enemies easily.

It’s just too destructive!

He acted calmly and said, “What do you say?”

Wang Xiaofei was silent.

Zhou Xuanji stared at him, “You want to go back on your words?”

Wang Xiaofei said with a complicated tone, “Whose incarnation are you?”

Zhou Xuanji replied, “I come from the Sacred Ground of China. I am Sword God Zhou.”

“Sword God? Such learning capabilities! Can be considered a god indeed.”

Wang Xiaofei said quietly. Next, his tone changed sharply and said, “Forget about the next dozen stages. You pass the trial straightaway.”

*A dozen stages?*

Zhou Xuanji opened his eyes wide. *How cunning!*

*Who can endure such a long trial?*

“You have two choices. The first is the Emperor’s Sword that I left behind. The second is a sword technique of mine.” Wang Xiaofei continued to speak.

Zhou Xuanji frowned and asked, “You are one of the Nine Emperors of the Sword’s Way, are you that petty?”

Wang Xiaofei snorted and said arrogantly, “Whichever you choose, you will be unrivaled in the world!”

Zhou Xuanji thought about it and decided to have the sword.

No matter how powerful a sword technique is, it was based on one’s spirit energy.

“Emperor Sword!”

Zhou Xuanji said. If it was a good sword, he might be able to combine it with his other legendary swords.

He might even be able to obtain an Amethyst legendary sword!

Of course, he could also just use it.

“Wait until you get out, the Emperor’s Sword will be in your hands. Okay, the inheritance is over.”

Wang Xiaofei’s tone became indifferent again.

Zhou Xuanji blinked his eyes and asked curiously, “I want to know. Are you dead or alive?”

“Humph!”

Wang Xiaofei waved his hands and Zhou Xuanji felt like everything around him broke into pieces immediately.

It was as though he had woken from a dream. When he opened his eyes, Jiang Xue’s face entered his vision, which frightened him.

“What are you doing?” He cried.

Zhao Congjian, Beixiao Wangjian, Xiao Jinghong, and Huang Lianxin turned toward him.

Jiang Xue was shocked too. She pressed onto her chest and pouted, “I’m just looking at you. Do you need to be so nervous?”

Zhou Xuanji rolled his eyes. You are so close up that you might scare me to death!

Zhao Congjian asked promptly, “So fast? Could it be that you failed?”

Zhou Xuanji stared at him, “You look down on your master?”

He told them about the process of trial. The group was all amazed.

A dozen stages?

That was such a scheme!

Beixiao Wangjian asked curiously, “Master, where is the Emperor’s Sword? Let us see.”

*Oh yeah.*

*Where is the Emperor’s Sword?*

Zhou Xuanji looked at his hand, but only the small gold sword was in his hand. There was no Emperor Sword.

“That old man cheated me?”

Zhou Xuanji frowned. At that instant, the small gold sword immediately exploded and became countless golden sparkles, before quickly coagulating into a five feet sword.

The sword was golden in color with a blade that was about a foot wide. Two golden dragons coiled around the handle, which looked extremely mighty.

“This is the Emperor’s Sword? It was thousands of kilograms heavy.”

Zhou Xuanji mumbled to himself. If it were not for his strong physique, he might have been mashed into ground flesh straightaway.

The rest heard and tried to hold the sword.

Jiang Xue and Huang Lianxin could no hold it up at all.

Zhao Congjian could do it with ease, while Beixiao Wangjian was with some difficulty.

“Sword Spirit, what is the grade of this sword?”

Zhou Xuanji asked curiously in his heart. The Emperor’s Sword of the Sky-sundering Sword Emperor should be more than Gold

Grade?

“The Sword Spirit needs to analyze it first. Do you want to store it into the Supreme Legendary Sword System?”

“Store it.”

With Zhou Xuanji’s voice, the Emperor’s Sword disappeared.

Zhao Congjian curled his lip and said, “The inheritance was a little petty. It seems like the Nine Emperors of the Sword’s Way is not as great as people thought.”

Huang Lianxin guessed, “He might not be at his tiptop condition when he was setting up the inheritance, or he merely wanted to help those who come after him. It was not to inherit his body after all.”

The little black snake came up to them suddenly and said with disdain, “The human heart is always greedy without end. Two Earth Grade sword techniques and a sword of the Sword Emperor. What else do you want?”

Beixiao Wangjian said, “Lianxin, how about not feeding it for a week?”

Huang Lianxin nodded, “Sure.”

The little black snake became anxious. *You guys are too petty!*

!

In a quaint inn within the Great Zhou Royal City.

A storyteller was standing at the center of the ground floor, surrounded by close to 100 people.

He fanned himself and said with eyes wide, “Facing Tie Yulong and the royal soldiers’ threat, Sword God Zhou swung his sword at them. The cold light that reflected from the sword radiated the heavens and the earth. That scene was indescribable with words. The more than 100,000 people in Guxia City were all exclaiming that it was a sword from the gods.”

“I heard that, with one blow, Sword God Zhou defeated Tie Yulong and his soldiers. That blow also destroyed a mountain, almost destroying Guxia City.”

The crowd was amazed and showed expressions of admiration.

At this moment, a voice came from a corner of the inn, “Mr., which one do you think is more powerful, Sword God Zhou or the Sword Monarch?”

The storyteller pinched his long beard and pretended to be full of wisdom. “Actually, there was a battle between Sword God Zhou and the Sword Monarch.”

With this, everyone opened their eyes wide.

“Is it true? How come I have never heard of it before?”

A muscular man said with suspicion, with his wine in his hand.

The storyteller smiled and said, “It’s true. I have seen it with my own eyes. They fought to a standstill and showed admiration towards each other.”

“Sword Monarch said that once Sword God Zhou entered the world, his fame will be known across the world.”

“Just as he said, Sword God Zhou is ranked first in this year’s Reputation Ranking of Great Zhou! Even the Sword Noble, Xiao Jinghong, also claimed to be his disciple!”

“The unparalleled Sword God Zhou. He really lived up to his name!”

The crowd cheered and clapped as they heard the stories about Sword God Zhou. They were all exhilarated, as though they were Sword God Zhou himself.

“Bullshit. Sword God Zhou is still far from being comparable to the Sword Monarch! He cannot even be compared to the disciples of the Sword Monarch!”

The voice from the corner of the inn sounded again, displeased.

This time, he attracted the anger of the crowd.

Everyone turned over and looked, but the next moment, they were all shocked. Everyone knelt down and did not dare to look at that person.

The storyteller was also frightened. He knelt down immediately and said with a trembling voice, “My prince!”

The one who spoke was apparently the crown prince of the Great Zhou Empire, Zhou Tianyu!

Zhou Tianyu, who was wearing a white robe, had the look of a 30-year-old. His face was solemn, and they could sense his cautiousness and steadiness in character.

The inn owner was also frightened. He scurried over and asked, stuttering, “Crown Prince, what brought you here?”

Zhou Tianyu drank a bowl of wine and said expressionless, “I passed by this inn and heard that someone was flattering Sword God Zhou and degrading the Sword Monarch. So, I wanted to come and take a look.”

After he spoke, he left the side gate.

At the door, he suddenly stopped and said to everyone in the inn, backing facing them, “Sword God Zhou could not even protect his own disciple. He’s not fit to be a hero. If he dared to challenge the Sword Monarch, I, Zhou Tianyu, will ask to become his disciple, and make him the teacher of the Crown Prince!”

“You can spread the word.”

“I’m sure he doesn’t dare to do it.”

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