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Chapter 41: Chapter 41 – The Evil Sword Showed Its Might

Although the shadow of the Hell King was rather blurry, it was full of bale aura and was extremely horrifying.

Old Qing was frightened by the Hell King, so he asked, “Kid, what is this?”

Zhuang Huisheng looked at Zhou Xuanji in astonishment. Right now, even he, could not see through Zhou Xuanji.

The handsome youth’s eyes were wide open, and he was stupefied.

Zhang Ruyu and Xiao Chengfeng, who were hiding, were also stunned.

All the severely injured people looked at Zhou Xuanji. When they saw how imposing Zhou Xuanji was, they thought about whether the crisis could be overturned.

It was not Little Jiang Xue’s first time seeing Zhou Xuanji possessed by the Hell King, but she did not know whether he could defeat Zhuang Huisheng and Old Qing even after the Hell King Possession.

She dared not make a sound, enduring her pain as she healed herself.

After entering into Hell King Possession, Zhou Xuanji became much more confident.

He smiled smugly. Under the silver mask, his eyes became fervent and arrogant.

Old Qing’s heart trembled as he saw his eyes.

What secret spell did this kid use?

He wanted to ask further, but Zhou Xuanji charged forward suddenly with the Eight-Step Sword Lunge.

Light flashed from his sword!

Old Qing’s pupils expanded. He saw countless Black Sword Qi flooding toward him.

Pffftt!

Zhou Xuanji stopped behind Old Qing. His sword Qi cut across horizontally and swept up countless debris and dust from the collapsed houses that surrounded them.

Blood spurted from Old Qing’s body and spilled onto the ground.

Everyone’s jaws dropped at the sight of this.

Even Zhuang Huisheng said in shock with eyes wide open, “How can it be!”

Zhou Xuanji only had the cultivation of Foundation Building Level Six; how could he injure Old Qing who was at Fourth Rank Level Nine?

Cultivation for the demon race was not as varied as the humans. The stages of their cultivation were only

categorized in ranks from one to nine.

Each rank corresponded to one stage in human cultivation.

Rank Four Level Nine was equivalent to Inner Pellet Level Nine.

Killing an enemy who was two stages higher?

Hold on!

That sword!

It must be an evil sword!

Zhuang Huisheng fixed his stare on the Hell King Sword in Zhou Xuanji's hands.

There were countless weapons in the world, but some weapons were possessed by spirits. It could be a god-spirit, immortal-spirit, or it could be an evil spirit.

The evil spirit temporarily surged Zhou Xuanji's cultivation tremendously, such that he could wield such powers.

Old Qing knelt down slowly as his body trembled. He transformed into a giant squirrel, covered in blood. His limbs twitched as he laid on the ground.

“Impossible! what kind of sword is that! impossible!”

Old Qing chanted with a shivering voice that gradually softened, and eventually, he ran out of voice and stopped breathing. He laid dead.

On the training ground.

Northern Valiant Sword's eyes were wide open, his whole body was trembling, as though he had seen a legendary sword technique.

“This sword technique! This is the sword technique that I seek! The Sword generates all things! Unparalleled in the world!”

He forgot his pain and experienced a feeling of happiness that he never had before.

He would never forget that sword move he just witnessed.

Zhou Xuanji walked towards Zhuang Huisheng with the sword in his hand. The tip of the sword made an ear-piercing sound as it was dragged across the ground.

He stared at Zhuang Huisheng and said in a cold voice, “Since you dared to hurt her, I will surely make you pay for it!”

The demon prince did not lose his mind because of Old Qing's death, but shouted with a frown, “You are using such an evil sword, aren't you afraid of losing your mind and falling into the Way of Evil?”

“Even if I become a devil, I will slaughter you!” Zhou Xuanji said.

His voice sounded tender even though it was filled with killing intent.

Boooom!

He stomped his right foot and left a deep footprint on the ground. With the Hell King Sword in his hand, he leaped up and stabbed straight toward Zhuang Huisheng.

Tri-Source Vein Severing Sword Will!

At this moment, in his eyes, Zhuang Huisheng's gaps in defense were already revealed.

Facing the child warrior who was charging at him fearsomely, Zhuang Huisheng did not lose his cool but responded with a palm strike.

The demonic energy turned into a Giant White Tiger that roared as it shot out from his palm. Its power shook the entire city.

Zhou Xuanji stabbed and penetrated the White Tiger with his sword. He pointed the tip of his sword at Zhuang Huisheng's forehead.

The demon prince opened his eyes wide in disbelief.

But the attack did not land on him. He leaped back with the handsome youth in hand and dodged the stab.

Baaam!

The ground beneath him cracked and crumbled as it was bombarded by the sword Qi, sweeping up pieces of rocks.

Zhou Xuanji's eyes were gleaming like the light reflected off the sword's blade. He leaped again as soon he landed, and charged towards the demon prince in pursuit.

Zhuang Huisheng was furious. This kid really intended to kill him!

His left hand turned into a tiger claw suddenly and clawed at the child warrior from a distance. Multiple streams of visible and forceful Qi swept toward Zhou Xuanji.

Zhou Xuanji quickly swung his Hell King Sword to deflect the demonic Qi, while the Swine Culling Sword appeared beneath his feet suddenly.

He landed on the Swine Culling Sword and used the momentum to activate the Eight-Step Sword Lunge. He shifted swiftly and charged to the demon prince's face.

Clang!!!

The Hell King Sword clashed with Zhuang Huisheng's claws. Sparks flashed with the clash, but with the momentum, the sword cut into his flesh. Blood spilled. Zhuang Huisheng was in such pain that his face was twisted.

The handsome youth's eyes were wide open and looked blankly at the child warrior who was so close to him.

Those eyes were fearsome and cold, absolute confidence could be seen in his eyes, as though there was nothing in this world that he could not cut in half.

There was also a frantic desire to tear Zhuang Huisheng into pieces.

The handsome youth was mesmerized at the sight.

Zhou Xuanji raised his left hand, and the Crimson Dragon Sword appeared in his hand out of nowhere. With a dragon's roar, he slashed forward. Zhuang Huisheng was so frightened that he immediately dodged backward.

Although the Crimson Dragon Sword missed its target, a crimson dragon soul appeared with a roar. It grew in size swiftly and charged at the demon prince to swallow him.

Zhuang Huisheng turned into that a white tiger suddenly and roared. The sound waves materialized, and the vibration caused billows in the crimson dragon soul, reducing its speed drastically.

At that moment, Zhou Xuanji suddenly appeared above the tiger-faced demon. His body turned and twisted with the Hell King Sword and the Crimson Dragon Sword, sweeping up a strong gust of wind, and slashed at Zhuang Huisheng like a tornado.

Damn!

Was he that easily bullied?

Zhuang Huisheng was thoroughly furious. His eyes turned brown and two streams of white radiance beamed from his eyes and pushed Zhou Xuanji backward.

But before Zhou Xuanji hit the ground, the Swine Culling Sword flew up, and he landed on it. He then used the momentum to leap and charged at Zhuang Huisheng.

As Northern Valiant Sword witnessed that Zhou Xuanji and Zhuang Huisheng were on par in their fight, his entire body was trembling with excitement.

The casualties on the ground also saw hope.

“Do your best, Sword God Zhou!”

“Kill this demon! I beg you!”

“So powerful!” He is the Sword God indeed!

“You must win!”

“Why isn’t the army here yet?”

They tried their best to cheer for Zhou Xuanji, but he could no longer hear. The demon prince was all that he saw.

The more he looked at the demon prince, the more furious he got.

An indescribable ruthlessness filled his heart. He must tear Zhuang Huisheng into pieces.

From a distance, as Little Jiang Xue connected her fractured bones with spirit energy, she looked towards Zhou Xuanji.

The Hell King Possession gave Zhou Xuanji a look of a demon, but in her eyes, he was still her pillar.

“So powerful!” Zhuang Huisheng was a Rank Four Level Ten demon and was with the talent in his bloodline. He is almost unrivaled in Rank Four!

Xiao Chengfeng mumbled to himself. At this moment, he was a little hesitant.

Such a Sword God Zhou, could he really rope him in?

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Zhou Xuanji’s dual blades moved faster and faster, his strength increased as well, like a frenzied fiend, he hacked towards Zhuang Huisheng.

Although his attacks looked random, he had yet to disengage the Tri-Source Vein Severing Sword Will.

If any of his slashes managed to land on Zhuang Huisheng, they would surely destroy all the vital channels

of the demon prince.

“How could it be! what kind of evil spell is this!”

Zhuang Huisheng thought in horror as he guarded against the oncoming attacks. If this continued, things could go very badly.

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