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### Chapter 77: The Return of the Sword Noble

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Ranked ninth on Great Zhou's Reputation Ranking?

Zhao Congjan?

Long Yangtian opened his eyes wide and looked shocked. His brain froze at that instant.

He shouted with a frown, "Zhao Congjan? How can it be? Are you the new disciple of Great Zhou's Sword Monarch? Why are you here?"

Disciples of the Sword Monarch could not participate in Great Zhou's Heaven Selection. This was the Sword Monarch's strict command.

Zhao Congjan heard and frowned immediately.

Ever since he participated in the Sword Conference, news about him being the Sword Monarch's disciple somehow began to spread, but he had not even seen the Sword Monarch before.

The Sword Monarch, on the other hand, sent someone to tell him the Sword Monarch's intention of making him a disciple. However, he rejected it on the spot because of his pride.

But after that, news about him becoming the Sword Monarch's disciple spread and became more and more dramatic.

After a long time, the world believed that he was a disciple of the Sword Monarch, which made him dislike the Sword Monarch.

When Long Yangtian mentioned this, his eyes turned cold. He lept up with his sword and charged at Long Yangtian.

Zhao Congjan's speed was tremendous. He got close to Long Yangtian even before Long Yangtian could run.

Long Tianji lept, and the fan underneath his feet landed back into his hands. He then fanned toward Zhao Congjan.

Zhao Congjan jerked his long sword, and countless sword sparks inundated Long Yangtian.

In an instant, Long Yangtian's clothes received numerous cuts, and blood was spurting everywhere.

Vibrant Raindrops Sword!

Now, Zhao Congjan's sword technique was close to Great Accomplishment. It was enough to deal with Long Yangtian even though he had yet to fully master it.

Zhou Xuanji waved his hand at Beixiao Wangjian. He asked curiously after Beixiao Wangjian walked close to him, "Zhao Congjan was not even at Soul Fountain, how come he is ranked ninth?"

Meng Tianlang and Xiao Jinghong were both at Soul Fountain. The latter killed Fifth Rank demons and other Soul Fountain cultivators easily like slaughtering chickens and dogs. Could it be that there was a vast parity in the Great Zhou's Reputation Rank as well?

Beixiao Wangjian smiled bitterly and said, "Great Zhou's reputation Ranking is a ranking for people under 100 years old. Master, you think that everyone is like you, Enlightening Level Seven at just 12 years old?"

With such speed, Zhou Xuanji might reach Soul Fountain at 20 years old.

Looking at him, Beixiao Wangjian could not help but sigh. Talent was ruthless.

Zhou Xuanji blinked and said, "Looks like talents are rare in our Great Zhou."

Beixiao Wangjian,

The fight between Zhao Congjan and Long Yangtian continued.

Long Yangtian was no match for Zhao Congjan at all.

He lost within 100 blows.

Eventually, he was tossed onto the top of the cliff by Zhao Congjan. All his storage rings and storage bags were taken away. He fell into despair and began to lay there as though he was dead.

Beixiao Wangjian asked, "After all, this guy is ranked 30 on Great Zhou's Hero Ranking Board. Does he qualify as your sword slave?"

*Sword slave?*

Long Yangtian was shocked and looked at Zhou Xuanji instinctively.

*A child?*

*Hold on!*

*Child!*

*Two Dragon Eagles!*

Long Yangtian seemed to have remembered something. Fear could be seen on his face as he said with a trembling voice, "The Unrivaled Sword God Zhou!"

At this moment, he really wanted to slap himself. He was too reckless!

Zhou Xuanji walked up to Long Yangtian and looked down on him. He frowned and said, "He does not know the sword. Let him go."

Long Yangtian was excited when he heard this. He tried his best to get up and spoke with a stammer, "Thank you! Sir Sword God!"

After this, he carefully walked past everyone. When he reached the cliffside, he flew toward the horizon on his fan, swaying left and right.

"Make an inventory of the loot," Zhou Xuanji said to Zhao Congjan.

Zhao Congjian nodded.

Long Yangtian was only a beginning. In the days to come, some cultivators passed by. Most of them were attracted by the Dragon Eagles, or Huang Lianxin and Long Yangtian. Most of them ended up dead or injured, while Zhou Xuanji's wealth grew tremendously.

Apart from cultivators, even Demon Kings came visiting. They were often the Fourth Rank and could barely maintain their form.

In the blink of an eye, another three months passed. Zhao Congjan and Beixiao Wangjian had attained Great Accomplishment for their sword techniques, respectively.

The fame of Sword God Zhou became widespread in the Immortal Sundering Mountain.

All the participants in Heaven Selection knew that Zhou Xuanji was training in the Immortal Sundering Mountain with Zhao Congjan.

Many Sword Cultivators began to search for Sword God Zhou.

Even the one-of-a-kind Zhao Congjan was willing to take Sword God Zhou as his master, how profound was Sword God Zhou's Way of the Sword?

On this day, a young man dressed in black flew past the cliff. He halted suddenly and looked at the Dragon Eagles, and then Zhou Xuanji.

"Across the vast sky, the Dragon Eagles' roar resounds, the unrivaled Sword God Zhou! A body of a child! It's him!"

The young man in black became exhilarated and landed on the mountain top immediately.

Zhao Congjan and Beixiao Wangjian turned around and looked at him coldly, as though they were looking at a prey.

At this moment, the young man dressed in black knelt down with a loud thump.

He could barely hold his excitement and shouted, "Sir Sword God! Please take me as your disciple!"

Although he did not have a handsome face, a mole right above his left brow made it easy for people to remember him.

*Take him as a disciple?*

The group was stunned and could not understand what was happening.

Zhou Xuanji looked at him and asked, "What's your name?"

The young man said, "I am Fang Junsheng. I am ranked 19 on Great Zhou's Hero Ranking Board. I have long admired how powerful your Sword's Way is. Dual Sword Will, Nine Sword Mode. Even the Sword Monarch does not know these. I came intentionally to become your disciple. If you are willing, I will forsake the Heaven Selection and follow you to the corners of this world!"

Zhou Xuanji knitted his brow and said, "Are you dumb?"

*To follow him and forsake the Great Zhou's Heaven Selection?*

Zhou Xuanji tried to put himself in his shoes but could not understand him.

*Could this person have another intention?*

Fang Junsheng scratched his head and said in a smile, “Actually, I don’t want to participate in the Great Zhou’s Heaven Selection, but my family forced me to join. I wanted to leave my family for a long time ago.”

Sword God Zhou came out of nowhere and had not tasted defeat before. He even dared to reject the recruiting of the Sword Monarch, burned Xie Sect’s Sword Library. He had already become a person who was admired by many.

Especially among the Sword Cultivators. Many were displeased with how the Sword Monarch tried to gain all the fame and benefits. It was only until Sword God Zhou appeared that they saw the hope to overturn the Sword Monarch.

Of course, that was merely a hope.

From his performance, Sword God Zhou was still much weaker than the Sword Monarch.

Zhou Xuanji gave Zhao Congjan a glance. The sword slave understood immediately and charged at Fang Junsheng with his sword.

Fang Junsheng knew that it was a test and withdrew his sword to fight back enthusiastically.

The two people fought fiercely on the mountain top, and sparks burst out from the clashing of the swords. It was a spectacular fight.

Little Jiang Xue, Beixiao Wangjian, Huang Lianxin, Ah Big and Small Er, the Three-Eyed Drought Rodent, and the little black snake were all looking at them.

At this moment, a silhouette leapt over the cliff and landed in front of Zhou Xuanji.

Beixiao Wangjian’s face turned drastically when he saw him. The little black snake was so frightened that it hid behind the Three-Eyed Drought Rodent.

It was Xiao Jinghong!

He wore a white robe, a straw hat on his head, and held a sword in his hand. He looked like a wandering swordsman.

He walked up to Zhou Xuanji and half-knelt before him. “Greetings, Revered Teacher.” He said.

Zhou Xuanji was a little surprised and asked, “How come you are here?”

Beixiao Wangjian and the little black snake gulped. Although they knew that Xiao Jinghong was Zhou Xuanji’s disciple, it still shocked them greatly to see it with their own eyes.

Xiao Jinghong looked up and said with a smile, “There are still two more years until my appointed battle with Meng Tianlang. I want to come and continue to train under you, to completely master the Dual Sword Will.”

The eyes of Zhao Congjan and Fang Junsheng, who were sparring, almost popped out.

The Sword Noble

*He’s Sword God Zhou’s disciple?*

The two were both terrified, even Zhao Congjan. He previously thought that Beixiao Wangjian was only bluffing. He did not expect it to be real.

Xiao Jinghong turned a blind eye on how they were looking at him and stood up. “These years, I’ve been to the deep areas of Gulan Forest and challenged the Gulan Demon Monarch. A pity. I was terribly defeated and almost died. But fortunately, I broke through to the Astral Infant stage. If I can master the Dual Sword Will, I will surely defeat Meng Tianlang!”

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