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Chapter 80: I'm Going to Attack

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The white moon shined brightly in the midnight sky. Roars of demons resounded under the night sky at times, adding to the horror of the night.

On top of the mountain, before the cliff, Zhou Xuanji and Meng Tianlang still stood facing each other.

The bone-chilling wind blew powerfully. Only the two of them were standing, while the others were cultivating.

To prevent Meng Tianlang from attacking him out of impatience, Zhou Xuanji said, "Very good! Great Zhou's knight general indeed. I admire your endurance!"

Meng Tianlang had both courage and schemes. He could see that Zhou Xuanji had some tricks, but because he loved his pride and was confident of his own power, he continued to face Zhou Xuanji.

When he heard Zhou Xuanji's praise, he replied in disdain, "The terrifying battles that I, Meng Tianlang, went through are not something that you can know."

Xiao Jinghong shook his head.

Meng Tianlang was good at everything, except his emphasis on his morals. He would never give empty promises.

This was why Xiao Jinghong took him as his lifetime rival.

But Zhou Xuanji was too scheming. He saw Meng Tianlang's flaws in an instant and focused Meng Tianlang on such a situation.

Now, Xiao Jinghong was very curious about what Zhou Xuanji would do.

Could he be waiting for Meng Tianlang to lax his defense and then attack?

Even if so, it was extremely difficult to hurt Meng Tianlang.

Meng Tianlang was neither at Inner Pellet nor Soul Fountain, but Astral Infant!

No matter how powerful a sword technique is, one could not skip three cultivation stages! Moreover, Meng Tianlang was not someone ordinary. He was extremely talented in battle.

Time continued to pass.

The moon descended while the sun rose.

When the first sliver of sunlight shined from the horizon, Zhou Xuanji's spirit energy reserve only left with less than a quarter.

Even though he continued to internalize Qi, it was not as fast as how much he was channeling into his sword.

He was still deliberating to himself as to whether there was enough spirit energy in the Furious Ape Sword.

Seeing that he knitted his brow, Meng Tianlang thought that he became anxious, so he mockingly asked, "Why? Can't find the gaps in my defense? Admit defeat and give me your Dragon Eagles!"

Zhou Xuanji muttered, "I have yet to attack, so the victor is not decided. If you are too impatient, you can cancel your promise. If you are the one to cancel your promise, then you cannot ask for my Dragon Eagles!"

Meng Tianlang snorted when he heard him, "The book of strategies said, improvisation is not as important as seeking opportunities patiently. I have fought in many wars. How could you win me in terms of patience?"

Compared to the Dragon Eagles, he was more eager to suppress Xiao Jinghong.

To win Zhou Xuanji was to win Xiao Jinghong!

"Good. Let's continue. Remember what you said. If you regret it, then you are my son. If you dodge, then you are my grandson!"

Zhou Xuanji acted valiantly and shouted. His eyes glanced at Xiao Jinghong.

If not for Xiao Jinghong's presence, he could not have provoked Meng Tianlang.

The two continued to face off.

Two hours.

Four hours.

Noon came.

Beixiao Wangjian and Zhao Congjian began training, while Fang Junsheng looked and waited.

Xiao Jinghong continued to sit nearby to Zhou Xuanji to support him.

In the afternoon, two cultivators flew past the cliff. When they saw Zhou Xuanji and Meng Tianlang, they were both stunned.

“That is General Meng, Meng Tianlang!”

One of them shouted. They were both Heaven Selection participants and had seen Meng Tianlang before.

The two turned their eyes to Zhou Xuanji.

How could a kid come to Immortal Sundering Mountain?

It could only be—

The Unparalleled Sword God Zhou!

“Is General Meng facing off with Sword God Zhou?”

The other person shouted. The two immediately flew to the top of a nearby mountain and watched the fight.

They were very excited because both Sword God Zhou and Meng Tianlang had great reputations. The battle between the two of them would surely be splendid.

But neither Zhou Xuanji nor Meng Tianlang attacked even after a long while.

One of them muttered, “What are they doing?”

The other person rubbed his chin and speculated, “A battle between powerful cultivators is decided in an instant. They must be searching for gaps to attack. The winner will be decided with one move!”

The two of them concentrated and waited quietly.

Time passed by the minutes and seconds.

Six hours later, another four cultivators passed by and joined them to observe the fight.

Far away, on a mountain top.

Two giant snakes coiled around the cliff wall and transformed into the Nanheng Snake Lord and his wife.

Nanheng Snake Lord frowned and muttered, “How come Meng Tianlang came?”

He could not defeat Meng Tianlang. Meng Tianlang was equivalent to a Sixth Rank great demon king in the demon race.

The snake lady said anxiously, “Then, we cannot attack.”

When she heard Meng Tianlang’s name, she could barely stand firm.

She did not agree to hunt down Sword God Zhou in the first. Now, she was against the idea even more.

Nanheng Snake Lord nodded and said, “Let’s observe first.”

Meng Tianlang might kill Zhou Xuanji, then he could take the opportunity to take his head, and his job could be considered done.

Time passed.

The moon rose. Another night came.

Zhou Xuanji had almosts depleted his spirit energy, so he reduced the speed of charging.

After a day and night, the billowing energy in Furious Ape Sword shocked him.

Of course, only he could sense it.

The Astral Infant cultivators, Meng Tianlang and Xiao Jinghong could not detect the energy building up in the Furious Ape Sword.

“Not enough yet. I must endure a little longer, wait until this guy could hold it no more, then I will attack.”

Zhou Xuanji thought to himself while he continued to look at Meng Tianlang.

Meng Tianlang could sense the determination to fight in his eyes and admired him in his heart. This guy really has the determination.

The two continued to face off.

The moon descended while the sun rose.

The third day.

The cultivators who were observing felt sleepy and tired. So they began internalizing Qi while they watched.

Last night, someone disseminated news about this through spells. This morning, another six cultivators came and joined the group of observers.

“It’s really General Meng. Why is he battling with Sword God Zhou?”

“No one made a move yet, but the silence of the scene suffocates me.”

“I heard that they have been facing off for a few days but did not make a move. Such perseverance, can you guys do it?”

“Is the one sitting beside Sword God Zhou the Sword Noble?”

“Wait, Sword Noble?”

The cultivators talked among themselves, and Xiao Jinghong was quickly recognized by some of them, which made them even more excited.

Sword Noble, Meng Tianlang, and Sword God Zhou!

Three lofty and mighty cultivators gathered together!

They all cast their spells to send the news out.

In the next few days, more and more people knew about this. The news even shook the Great Zhou’s royal family and its generals.

More people rushed toward the cliff where Zhou Xuanji and the rest were at.

After six days.

Zhou Chengxin, Princess Xuanya, and the other princes arrived consecutively.

After he saw Zhou Xuanji, Zhou Chengxin exclaimed, “Sir Zhou is powerful indeed to face off General Meng in such a short time. So that’s what he meant by Great Zhou’s Heaven Selection. Naturally, with his prowess, why would there be a need to participate in Great Zhou’s Heaven Selection.”

Princess Xuanya, who was not far away, looked at Zhou Xuanji with her face full of admiration. It was as though the entire world was spreading the news about him. He was so radiant.

On the other side.

Zhou Xuanji’s hands began to tremble. It was not because of exhaustion, but because the energy charged up in the Furious Ape Sword was too great.

Meng Tianlang sensed that the number of spectators around them grew, which gave him more reasons to not attack first.

When he noticed Zhou Xuanji’s right hand trembling, he could not hold it but said, “Kid, are you getting tired?”

Zhou Xuanji was sweating but grinned, “How could I be tired?”

Meng Tianlang sneered.

Another two days have passed.

Zhou Xuanji’s legs began to tremble.

Meng Tianlang mocked, “Just admit defeat. I’m still filled with energy. You will not win me!”

Zhou Xuanji stared at him with his face covered in a cold sweat. He pretended to be calm and said, “I’m going to attack.”

Meng Tianlang was a little surprised. He thought that this kid could not find any gap in his defense and so decided to try his luck.

He laughed, “Attack now? It seems that you have miscalculated. If you knew this, you should have attacked immediately when the duel started!”

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