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Chapter 68: I Formally Greet You As My Master

“10 days from now, we will open the door of the Sword Library for you. Please rest for a while. The Xie Sect will surely treat you with hospitality.”

Xie Wuyou smiled as he spoke, acting like he was full of passion.

Zhou Xuanji frowned and stared at him in doubt. He asked, “10 days? Are you thinking of emptying out the Sword Library?”

Xie Wuyou was stunned. The rest of the Xie Sect Elders began to feel awkward.

How did he know?

Zhou Chengxin had a peculiar expression on his face. He immediately remembered Zhou Xuanji’s learning capability and understood what was happening.

He gave a bizarre smile and looked at Xie Wuyou with pity.

As both Zhou Chengxin and Zhou Xuanji looked at Xie Wuyou, he immediately felt shameful. “How can that be?” He replied quickly, “How can the Xie Sect do such a thing?”

“Good. With the Xie Sect’s background, if I do not see even one Earth Grade sword technique, then the value of the Sword Conference may need to be re-evaluated.”

Zhou Xuanji said sternly, which made Xie Wuyou want to vomit blood.

Too cunning!

In front of Zhou Chengxin, Xie Wuyou could only face it forthrightly.

Next, Zhou Xuanji and the other injured Sword Cultivators were sent back to Xie Sect, under the protection of Xie Sect disciples. Little Jiang Xue, Huang Lianxin, Northern Valiant Sword, and the others already returned to him.

They were very excited and talked non-stop.

Along the way, they were blocked by many passionate onlookers. Eventually, they had no choice but to fly on swords.

After Sword God Zhou left, the spectators dispersed.

Xia Houjin walked out of his building and looked in the direction of Zhou Xuanji’s departure. “If I want to loop Sword God Zhou in, what kind of gifts do you think I need?” He asked.

The Deputy General behind him said with hesitation, “I guess it would have to be some kind of extremely rare sword technique or legendary sword.”

Xia Houjin nodded and fell into deep thought.

Since he wanted to loop Sword God Zhou in, he could not return empty-handed.

On the other side, Zhou Xuanji left Xie Wuyou and intended to continue staying in Zhang clan's residence.

He intentionally said, "10 days from now, I will go to the Xie Sect. I hope you will not disappoint me."

Xie Wuyou could only nod and grin on his face, but he cursed in his heart.

After returning to Zhang clan's residence, Zhou Xuanji brought Little Jiang Xue to their room to rest.

Zhang Tianjian went back too. During the Sword Conference, he suffered many injuries and needed time to recover.

The others were still excited and talked without end in the courtyard.

Once in the room, Zhou Xuanji took in a deep breath and cursed, "It was so dangerous. Fortunately, I had the Bloodbath Sword to absorb Spirit Energy."

He told Little Jiang Xue about his dilemma.

This kind of thing could not be told to Northern Valiant Sword and Huang Lianxin, because it might compromise his reputation.

But it was alright to say to Little Jiang Xue because she cared about his image even more than he did.

Little Jiang Xue covered her mouth in a smile and ridiculed him, "Who asked you to show off and go to the top right at the beginning!"

She poured some tea for him as she spoke.

Zhou Xuanji sat on the bed and stared at her, "Since I'm going to win, I must win glamorously!"

"Yes, yes yes, my little sword god. You are the most powerful."

Little Jiang Xue carried the teacup over to him. She blew the tea to cool it off, before handing it over to him.

Zhou Xuanji finished the tea in a single gulp and asked, "Where is the Three-Eyed Drought Rodent and the small black snake?"

She shook her head and said, "Maybe they are playing in the courtyard."

Although the small black snake wanted to escape, it did not have the power to do so.

The Three-Eyed Drought Rodent could no longer leave Zhou Xuanji, so it would not escape.

The Three-Eyed Drought Rodent dragged the injured small black snake back after an hour, crawling in from the window.

"I hate it."

The dizzied small black snake grumbled continuously. Evidently, it had been through a lot of torture.

In the next few days, Zhou Xuanji did not leave the Zhang residence, because the entire Swordsman City was stirred up. He did not want to be surrounded by people.

The fight in the Sword Conference also stirred up Great Zhou like a storm sweeping through the entire empire.

Countless people gasped.

This was Sword God Zhou stepping up to fame on the bodies of North Zhou Gale Sword and Zhaocong Sword!

News began to spread to the other kingdoms within Great Zhou. As it became more widespread, Sword God Zhou's position in the hearts of the people began to climb exponentially.

On the eighth day since the Sword Conference ended, an uninvited guest came to Zhang's residence.

“Zhaocong Sword?”

“Zhou Xuanji frowned. What does he want?”

“Sir, do you want to go and take a look?” Zhang Ruyu asked anxiously.

Although Zhaocong Sword was horribly defeated by Zhou Xuanji, the former was still a person he needed to look up to. Even Zhang Tianjian had to face Zhaocong Sword with care.

Zhou Xuanji nodded, before taking Little Jiang Xue out of the guestroom. Soon, they came into the main hall.

Zhang Tianjian sat on the first seat. He wore a big smile on his face as he chatted with the Zhaocong Sword whose face was ice-cold.

Zhang Rutan sat opposite him, looking at Zhaocong Sword anxiously.

When they saw Zhou Xuanji, the three of them all stood up.

Zhou Xuanji did not care about them but found himself a chair to sit down on. “What do you want from me?” He asked.

Could this guy be like Northern Valiant Sword? Does he want to submit to me?

If it were true, it was not bad also.

Zhaocong Sword's talent was comparable to Zhou Yalong. Even Xiao Jinghong might not be comparable to him.

Zhaocong Sword took in a deep breath and cupped his fist as he said, “I want to know the name of the sword technique you used to defeat me.”

He was willing to let go.

Zhou Xuanji replied, “Ten-Thousand Sword Dragon Incantation.”

Zhaocong knitted his brows and began repeating the name to himself.

Ten-Thousand Sword Dragon Incantation!

Could it be that it can use 10,000 swords?

His heart trembled. If 10 swords could already defeat him, what would it like if he had 10,000!

He shuddered.

It was at this moment that he realized how ignorant he was.

He shook his head and prepared to leave.

“Hold on!”

Zhou Xuanji suddenly called him. He turned around to look at Zhou Xuanji, frowning.

Zhou Xuanji asked, “Do you have a teacher? Any Sect?”

Zhaocong Sword shook his head and replied, “I walk the world alone with justice.”

“Anyone to worry about?”

“Yes,” but it’s no longer important.”

“Follow me!”

“Hmm?”

Zhaocong Sword stared at Zhou Xuanji suspiciously. Zhang Tianjian and his sons were all stunned.

He suddenly thought of Northern Valiant Sword, and their expressions became awkward.

Even little Jiang Xue too. She could not help but roll her eyes.

Zhou Xuanji stood up and said, “Follow me. I will teach you the best sword techniques. Eventually, I will make you the best swordsman in Great Zhou!”

Zhaocong Sword knitted his brow and thought to himself, is this guy crazy?

He said, “If I’m the best in Great Zhou, what about you?”

“I’m the best in the world,” Zhou Xuanji replied with confidence.

Boastful!

Everyone was stunned.

Little Jiang Xue covered her face. Why does this guy like to show off so much?

Zhaocong Sword looked deeply at Zou Xuanji, before turning around to walk away.

His character was proud and aloof, how could he be willing to kneel before Zhou Xuanji

Clang! Clang! Clang!

One after another legendary sword landed before Zhaocong Sword. The swords stuck into the ground, block his way.

He turned around and looked at Zhou Xuanji. “You want to keep me by force?” He asked.

Zhou Xuanji shook his head and said, “You had such great talent and power, but only travel alone. Do you have no hatred? You loved the Sword’s Way, but after witnessing my sword techniques, aren’t you moved?”

“Take me as your master, let me teach you sword techniques. Once you defeat me, I will let you go without any condition. What do you think?”

Zhaocong Sword became silent as if Zhou Xuanji’s words hit the right spot.

Especially the last few words Zhou Xuanji said.

Defeat him, and he could leave without any condition!

Zhaocong Sword's heart was moved.

Zhang Tianjian watched as their jaws dropped. If Zhaocong Sword took Sword God Zhou as his master, how terrifying would the both of them be after they fully actualized their potential?

Zhou Xuanji walked to Zhaocong Sword, looked up to him and said, "Most people only have one chance in life, don't make yourself regret it. Powerful ancient cultivators were willing to kneel and bow for 49 years to learn exclusive energy techniques. I defeated you, am I not qualified to teach you?"

Zhaocong Sword took in a deep breath.

He admitted that he admired Zhou Xuanji's sword techniques and wanted to learn indeed.

But he had too much pride in himself.

In an instant, he felt a great dilemma.

Zhou Xuanji looked at him with burning anger. Is it so hard to take me as your master?

He continued to say, "There's always someone stronger, and there's always a world that you have never seen before. Do you really love swords?"

Zhaocong Sword's face changed suddenly. It was as though he remembered something. His expression was mixed.

Finally, he took another deep breath and half-knelt down, saying, "I, Zhaocong Sword, formally greet you, my Master!"

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