

Chapter 39



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Chapter 39: Chapter 39: The Son of the Demon Monarch

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“The Sword generates all things! The Man is the Sword! The Sword is the Man!”

“The Man and the Sword unified! Unparalleled in the world!”

Northern Sword Valiant seemed to be trapped in a trance, continuously chanting.

That line was made-up by Zhou Xuanji, but it could trick Northern Sword Valiant.

All because Zhou Xuanji’s sword move previously was too powerful!

This caused Northern Sword Valiant’s impression of the child warrior to inflate tremendously.

As Zhou Xuanji was about to leave, his opponent woke up in shock.

He quickly shouted, “Revered Master!”

“Waahhh!”

All the observers were shocked. Northern Sword Valiant was going to take Sword God Zhou as his master?

Zhou Xuanji stopped his footsteps and said, “I already have a disciple.”

The Sword Valiant was stunned but was not surprised that he already had a disciple.

But the Sword God used this as an excuse, could it be that the Sword God’s disciple was more powerful than him?

He asked instinctively, “Who is he?”

Zhou Xuanji said without looking back, “The next one to execute two sword wills simultaneously is my disciple.”

After he said it, he leaped up and flew toward the horizon on the Hell King Sword.

Northern Sword Valiant knelt on the training ground and was lost.

The next person who uses dual sword wills.

The people surrounding the training ground discussed this in excitement. No one cared about the severely-injured Northern Sword Valiant. They were all talking about how powerful Sword God Zhou was.

“The Sword generates all things, well said! Sword God Zhou is really a grandmaster of the Way of the Sword. He may become like the Sword Monarch of Great Zhou in the future!”

“How is that possible? The Sword Monarch of Great Zhou cannot be compared with Northern Sword Valiant! He can destroy him with one strike!”

“Didn’t Sword God Zhou defeat Northern Sword Valiant with one strike? If not for Sword God Zhou’s benevolence and righteousness in not killing someone that had no grudge against him, he would have killed him on the spot!”

“Useless words. The Sword God and Sword Monarch, which do you think is the more powerful?”

“I can only laugh. If you don’t know how great the Sword Monarch of Great Zhou is, don’t speak recklessly.”

As the people commented about how powerful Sword God Zhou was, they even brought the Sword Monarch of Great Zhou up.

All the more powerful cultivators understood that Sword God Zhou could not be compared with the Sword Monarch of Great Zhou, but they could not overcome the weaker ones that outnumbered them.

The man in purple watched Zhou Xuanji back as he left and said, “Follow after him and tell him of my intention.”

“Yes!”

Old Qing nodded. He transformed into green smoke instantly and disappeared from the room.

Amongst the crowd, Zhang Ruyu grasped the collar of someone beside him in excitement and roared furiously, "You see that? I said that Sword God Zhou was more powerful! You did not believe me!"

That person's face turned red from being choked and they almost fainted from suffocation.

On the other side, Xiao Chengfeng took a deep breath and said to Ms. Zhishui, "I have an errand to run. At noon in seven days, we will meet at the Northern Gate of Cloud Swallow City. We will return to Great Zhou together then."

After he finished speaking, he pushed through the crowd and left.

Ms. Zhishui looked at his back and muttered, "You want to rope Sword God Zhou in? Xiao Chengfeng, are you loyal to the Empress? Or are you scheming something?"

Tens of yards away, the handsome young man left quietly.

But he did not notice that someone was looking at him.

It was the man in purple who was now standing on the rooftop.

Once Old Qing left, he went up to the roof to find Princess Xuanya.

Soon, he found her.

As he looked at the handsome young man, he had an expression of greediness on his face and muttered, "The Qi signature of the embodiment of the way is indeed delicious."

At the training ground.

Northern Sword Valiant, who looked lost just now, was full of determination. He said to himself, "Sword God Zhou! I must become your disciple!"

He saw hope in Sword God Zhou.

He might learn something from Sword God Zhou to defeat the Sword Noble!

"!

In a small alley, Sword God Zhou stopped suddenly.

He asked in a low voice, "Who is it?"

A green smoke floated into the alley and turned into Old Qing's body.

Old Qing chuckled, "Sword God Zhou indeed. That sword move just now was really something, but you were more reliant on the sword in your hand, right?"

Zhou Xuanji turned around and looked at him. "What are you trying to say?" he said.

He could sense that Old Qing was someone very dangerous and much stronger than Northern Sword Valiant.

Old Qing stroked his long beard and smiled, saying, "Have you heard about the Demon Monarch of Gulan? My young master is the prince of the Demon Monarchy of Gulan. He wants to invite you to come under his command."

Gulan Demon Monarchy!

Zhou Xuanji's pupils contracted.

How could he not know about the Demon Monarch of Gulan? That's someone so powerful that he gave even the Great Zhou Empire a headache.

Even if it was the son of the Gulan Demon Monarchy, he would be more powerful than the Inner Pellet Stage, someone much more powerful than he could deal with.

But as a human, how could he join the demon race?

Zhou Xuanji squinted his eyes, "What if I reject you?"

Ahhh"

At that moment, a sharp and miserable shriek came from afar. Even under the bright daylight, it could still give numbness to his scalp.

Immediately, the same shrieks came from all directions.

Zhou Xuanji frowned under his mask. Could it be that the demon race had invaded Cloud Swallow City?

He became anxious immediately. If not for himself, but Little Jiang Xue.

Old Qing smiled and said, "If you reject us, don't even think about leaving Cloud Swallow City alive. Soon, this city will become a city of corpses. Do you want to be one of them?"

Zhou Xuanji said, "Okay, I'm in. But can I bring someone along?"

Old Qing nodded and said, "Of course! You can bring one person, or even two! But not three."

What's his problem?

Zhou Xuanji ridiculed in his heart but dared not to speak out.

Shortly after, following Old Qing's lead, he went to meet with the prince of the Gulan Demon Monarchy.

"The young master's name is Zhuang Huisheng. You call him young master from now on too."

Old Qing reminded as he led the way.

Zhou Xuanji nodded. He was not interested in this.

He was already worrying about Little Jiang Xue.

He prayed silently and hoped that Little Jiang Xue stayed in the inn to wait for him instead of coming out to find him.

Soon, he passed by the training ground. At this moment, there were many dead bodies around the training ground already, their blood painting the streets. Northern Sword Valiant was still kneeling on the training ground. All his vital channels were severed, he could not move at all.

He glanced at Zhou Xuanji with his eyes. When he saw that the child warrior was with Old Qing, he could not believe what he saw.

The man in purple named Zhuang Huisheng stood on the roof of the inn he stayed in. The handsome youth was in his hand.

The handsome youth seemed to be under a spell and was rendered immovable. The youth's eyes showed signs of horror.

"You are here. You are quite timely. Don't worry, I will not mistreat you."

Zhuang Huisheng said with a pleasant and satisfying smile.

Sword God Zhou was not considered too powerful at the moment, but as he was exceedingly talented, he would surely become his righthand man with proper nurturing.

Zhou Xuanji did not reply but looked left and right. Many buildings had collapsed. The inn that he stayed in with Little Jiang Xue was on the other side of the training ground, so he could not see what happened there.

Forget it. He leaped up to the top of a building. He looked over and his face changed instantly.

The inn that they stayed in collapsed too.

He immediately flew over and came to the rubble to sense Little Jiang Xue's Qi-signature.

"Xuanji!"

He heard a weak and soft voice that came from the rubble, and he immediately began to remove the planks from the wreckage.

Soon, he saw Little Jiang Xue, who was covered in dust. She was pinned down under the pillar. Loose limbs were lying around the place, it was a horrifying scene.

If not for Little Jiang Xue's Foundation Building cultivation, she might have been crushed to death.

He clenched his hands in his sleeves into fists and quickly rescued her.

Zhuang Huisheng came to the edge of the training ground with the handsome youth and Old Qing. They were more than ten yards away from the boy and the girl.

He raised his brow and asked, "She is just a girl. How is she related to you?"

Zhou Xuanji laid Little Jiang Xue on the rubble and did not reply to Zhuang Huisheng, but examined her injuries. He found that her right leg was fractured and was swelling severely.

He immediately took out bottles of medicine and put it into her hands and said, "Don't be afraid, sister, I will get revenge for you."

After he spoke, he got up gradually, and the Hell King Sword was already in his hands.

He grasped the Hell King Sword tightly in his hand and was slightly trembling.

He turned around and looked at the man in purple, "Zhuang Huisheng! I will f**k your mother!"

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